BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 4 No. 3 MARCH 1932

"The Magic of Montespan": by
F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

"Wind-jamming the Horn":
By SHAW DESMOND

1/-

"BIG BUSINESS":
By Gordon Beckles

"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO"
by F. MATANIA, R.I.

HANNEN SWAFFER FRANK. E. VERNEY
SHIRLEY BAX The EARL of CARDIGAN C. FOX SMITH

"SOLAR" CAST ALUMINIUM WARE IS MADE IN SCOTLAND

Be up to date and do away with your old pots and pans, because "Solar" Pots and Pans are necessary to insure perfect cooking. They stand the heavy knocks of the kitchen, cannot crack, chip or wear away. These are only a few of the reasons why you should instal "Solar." They make excellent wedding presents. Ask your store to show you a double-lipped milk saucepan.

Manufacturers—
THE ALUMINIUM CASTINGS CO., LTD.
GREENOCK, SCOTLAND.

If unable to obtain, write us for nearest stockist.

The added Charm Icilma bestows

YOU cannot find a more delightful Vanishing Cream than Icilma, or one that so effectively protects and beautifies the complexion.

No matter how bitter the wind, how stinging the rain, the skin that is cared for by Icilma can come to no harm.

For those who are too pale, Icilma Flesh Tinted Cream will give a delightfully natural rosy tint to the cheeks, which cannot be detected.

Icilma
Vanishing Cream

Vanishing Cream, 6d, 9d, 1/3. Cold Cream, 6d. and 1/3. Flesh Tinted Cream, 1/- and 1/9.

ICILMA CREAM
Bouquet
Icilma Vanishing Cream
Non-greasy

An inexpensive Tengol Blouse for Sports Wear

The smart shirt blouse illustrated is a useful and decidedly chic addition to your wardrobe. The material is West-end gentlemen's shirting in attractive fine stripes and colours.

Strictly tailored in faultless Tengol style, it is expertly designed to allow complete freedom of movement without undue fullness. An extra collar is provided with every garment.

Dainty yet practical tennis frocks can also be had in the same material, which launders and wears beautifully.

All Tengol garments are entirely British made from British materials.

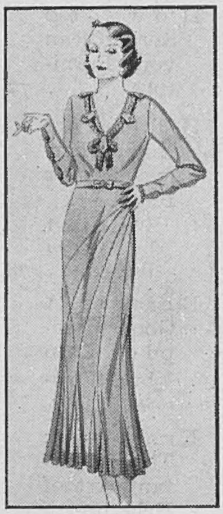
"Tengol" Regd

Obtainable from best class Stores.

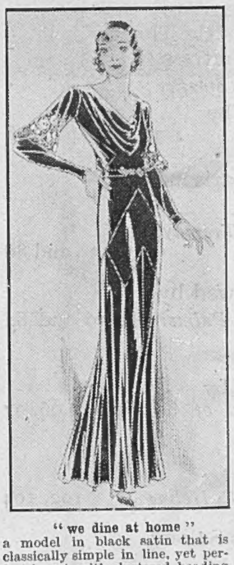
F. & Co., Ltd., Chell St., Longsight, Manchester, and at Morley House, Regent St., London.
Wholesale and Shipping only.

CAUSTON

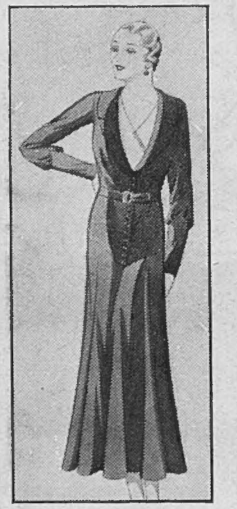
corot models by instalments



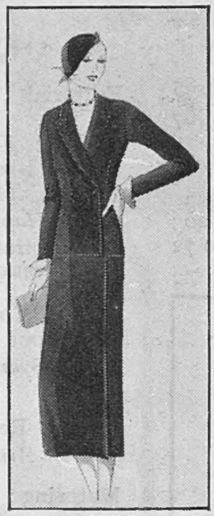
"and so to tea"
"elegant simplicity" aptly sums up this captivating little frock of emerald green georgette. for its colour contrast it depends upon a tricolour plaited tie, held in place by chic little tabs which in turn are echoed on the sleeves. also in other shades.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



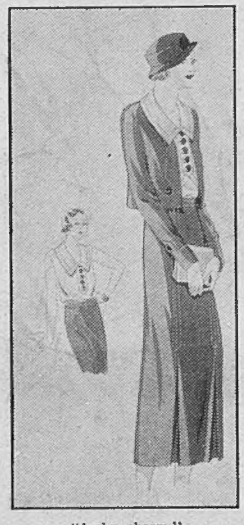
"we dine at home"
a model in black satin that is classically simple in line, yet perfect in cut, with clustered beading that appears above the elbow on the puff sleeve. draped cowl neckline. also in one or two new shades.
cash 7 gns. **21/-** monthly



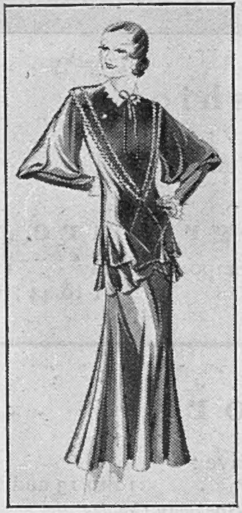
"a bientot"
clever in its simplicity is this street or house frock in a fine woollen weave, for the woman who is larger than the average. it adds a vestee in a contrasting shade. the modified flare of the skirt is also to be noted. may be copied in several new shades, or black.
cash 3 gns. **9/-** monthly



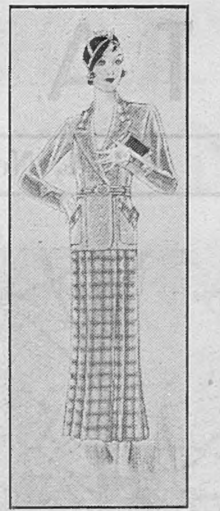
"lady gay"
navy blue serge is the medium in which we chose to tailor this costume on lines of almost classic simplicity. the double-breasted coat, with its satin lining, will fit you like the proverbial glove. the skirt is of the wrapover style. may be tailored in other suitings.
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



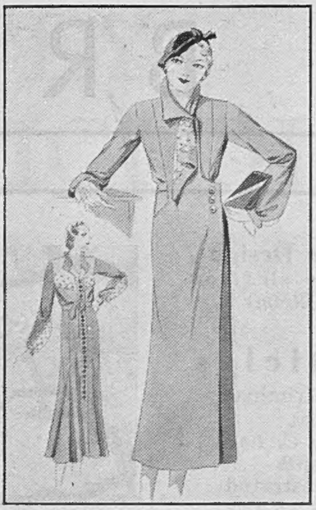
"lucky charm"
here is a suggestion for the first spring days. this three-piece suit shows the eton jacket that is the latest, while below it appears the sleeveless blouse of suede crepe that contrasts with the novelty woollen weave in which jacket and skirt are fashioned. in any one of several new shades.
cash 3 gns. **9/-** monthly



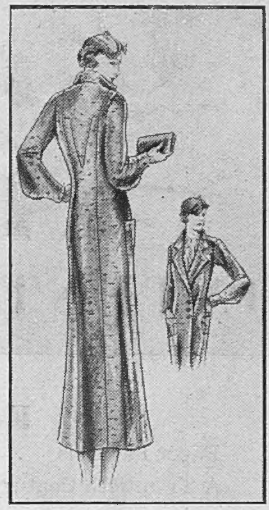
"bitter sweet"
faintly reminiscent of the "gay 'nineties" yet strictly up-to-the-minute. fashioned of art. marocain, with double "V" lines of braid back and front. the sleeves follow the latest dictates; at the elbow they are gathered into long tight-fitting cuffs, which in turn are enhanced by small scalloped cuffs of georgette. neckline is completed by a small georgette collar and two long "shoestring" ties. can be had in many of the newest colours, or black.
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



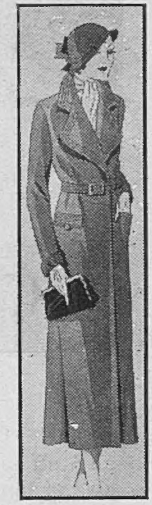
"royal scot"
the costume that shows the sporting trend is given added attraction when, as here, it shows a clever combination of plain and plaided material. the coat was originally designed in a fine black cloth, cut on belted lines, and with an introduction of the plaid, in which the skirt is made, shown on the collar, pockets and sleeves. may also be chosen in colours.
cash 7 gns. **21/-** monthly



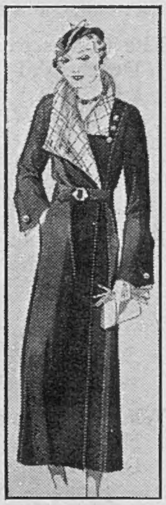
"out of the blue"
an ensemble of soft novelty woollen in the new vivid blue, shows the hand of the artist in its clever use of white as a contrast. the frock has unusual deep yoke of white, extending to the top of the shaped sleeves, and shows finishes of embroidery. the embroidered collar of the lined coat takes a most uncommon line, as does its fastening of three large silvered metal buttons. we shall be glad to copy this in many of the season's new shades.
cash 12 gns. **36/-** monthly



"alfresco"
this semi-fitting model. in beige mixture tweed is cut with a most unusual sleeve and shows the piped motif repeated on the pocket. the collar may be turned up to give the military air. three-button fastening is another style point not to be overlooked. lined throughout, and available in other mixtures.
cash 3½ gns. **10/6** monthly



"stepping out"
in a soft woollen weave and lined throughout, this coat shows new broad-shouldered revers. stitching appears on the belt, collar, cuffs and pocket. new shades.
cash 3½ gns. **10/6** monthly



"round the town"
model in black novelty coating that chooses a becoming wide-revered collar of self-toned woven plaid, in crocus yellow. the use of silvered metal buttons is also noticeable in this style. also in other colours.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly

let corot of bond street supply you with your new outfit on the most practical of instalment plans. take advantage of this offer to open an account with a well-known and popular model house. come along to-day to the delightful showrooms, and choose a costume or ensemble, coat, afternoon or evening gown. the variety of models is irresistible. the prices are reasonable, and the same whether you pay cash or instalments. if you cannot call, post the coupon below for latest corot fashion guide and full particulars.

post this coupon to corot to-day
corot ltd., 33, old bond street, london, w.1.
free please send corot fashion guide and full details of instalment plan.

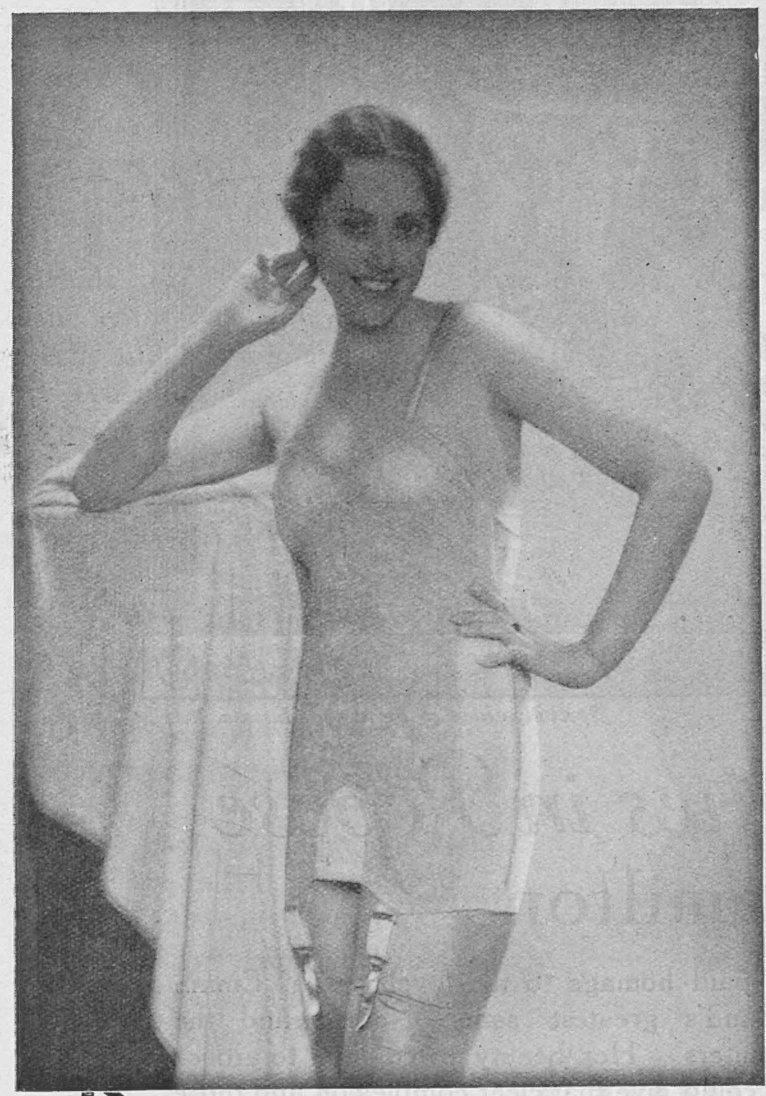
name..
address..
....b. 51 a....

corot

(dept. b. 51 a) 33, old bond st.
london w.1
regent_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _0234

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

FITTED IN 5 MINUTES
so true-to-type



Berlei
ALL BRITISH
FIGURE
FOUNDATIONS

These can be purchased from all Leading Fashion Houses. If any difficulty write for Illustrated Brochure (Y) to manufacturers
Wholesale only
BERLEI (U.K.) LTD.
208a, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

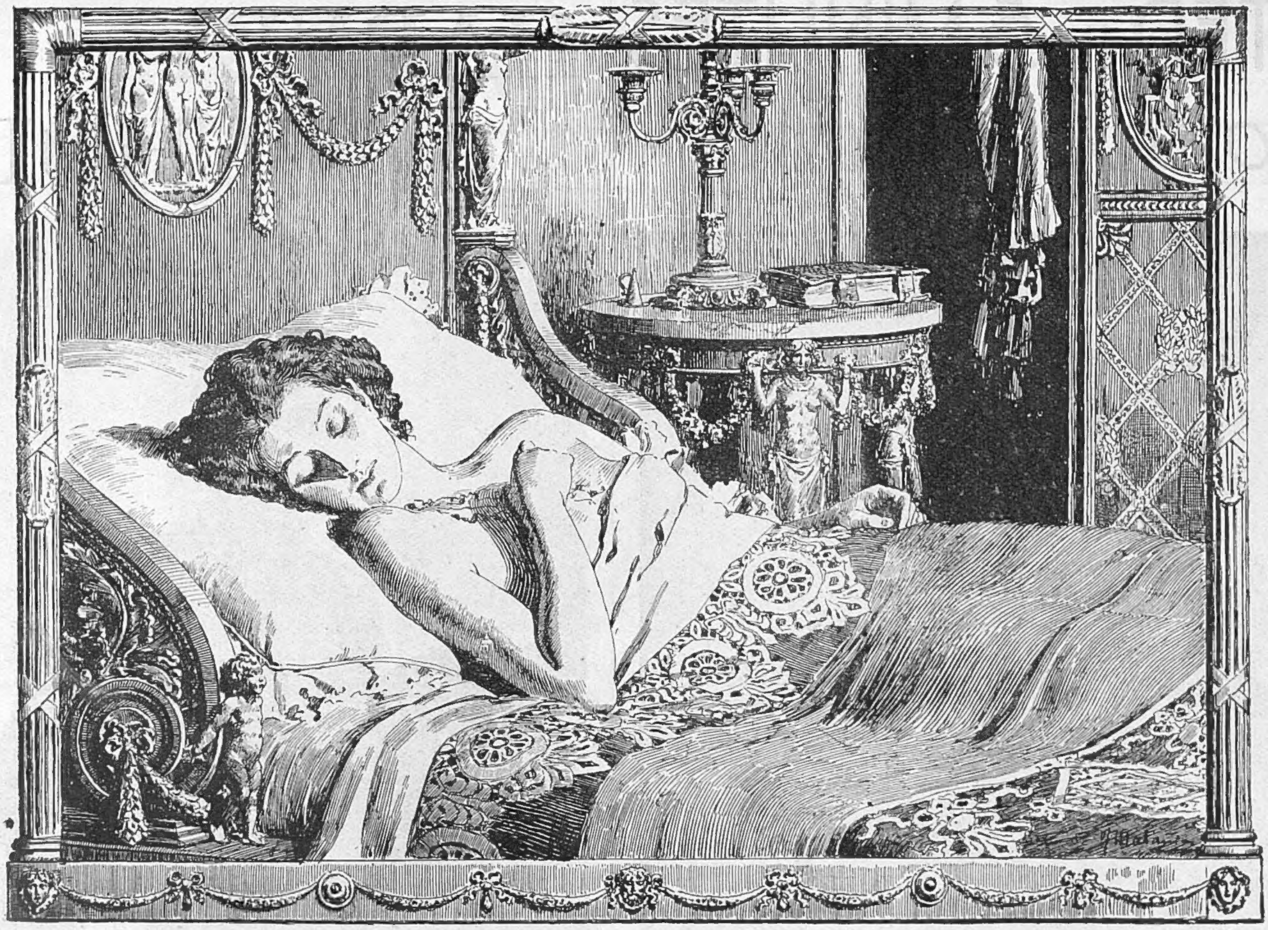
HARVEY
NICHOLS

In the Sports-wear Department at Harvey Nichols you will always find the smartest of sports and country kit. Witness this Golfing Suit of "Vivinette," specially designed to give the utmost freedom in play. Note its trim line and excellent detail—its very smart belt and heavy woven silk tie. New royal blue, green, brown, tomato

9 gns.

Cap, specially made to match, 39/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, S.W.1



Specially drawn by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

Famous Beauties in Repose

Lady Hamilton

THE whole of Europe, 130 years ago, paid homage to the loveliness of Emma Hamilton—the guiding star of England's greatest sailor—Nelson—and the inspiration of Romney and other great painters. Her beauty owed little to artifice but much to nature—for perfect health alone could give that clear complexion and those sparkling eyes. She knew, too, the health-giving value of sound, natural sleep.

For no one can remain radiantly healthy unless sleep is deep and natural every night. In those golden hours of slumber worn nerves are soothed and new health and vitality are created.

But sleep is often wooed in vain unless, before retiring, a cup of delicious "Ovaltine" is taken. This supreme food beverage is unequalled for allaying digestive unrest and soothing ragged nerves—the principal causes of sleeplessness.

"Ovaltine" is made from specially prepared malt extract, pure creamy milk and new-laid eggs. The original and scientific method of preparation is exclusively used for "Ovaltine." There is no food beverage more easily digested or more completely assimilated.

When "Ovaltine" is your "night-cap" you not only sleep well, but you awake with renewed strength and vitality for the coming day.

It is only possible to supply this supreme tonic food beverage at the present low prices because of the world-wide sale it enjoys. Remember, there is only one "Ovaltine"—there is nothing "just as good."

'OVALTINE'

Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3

P.804

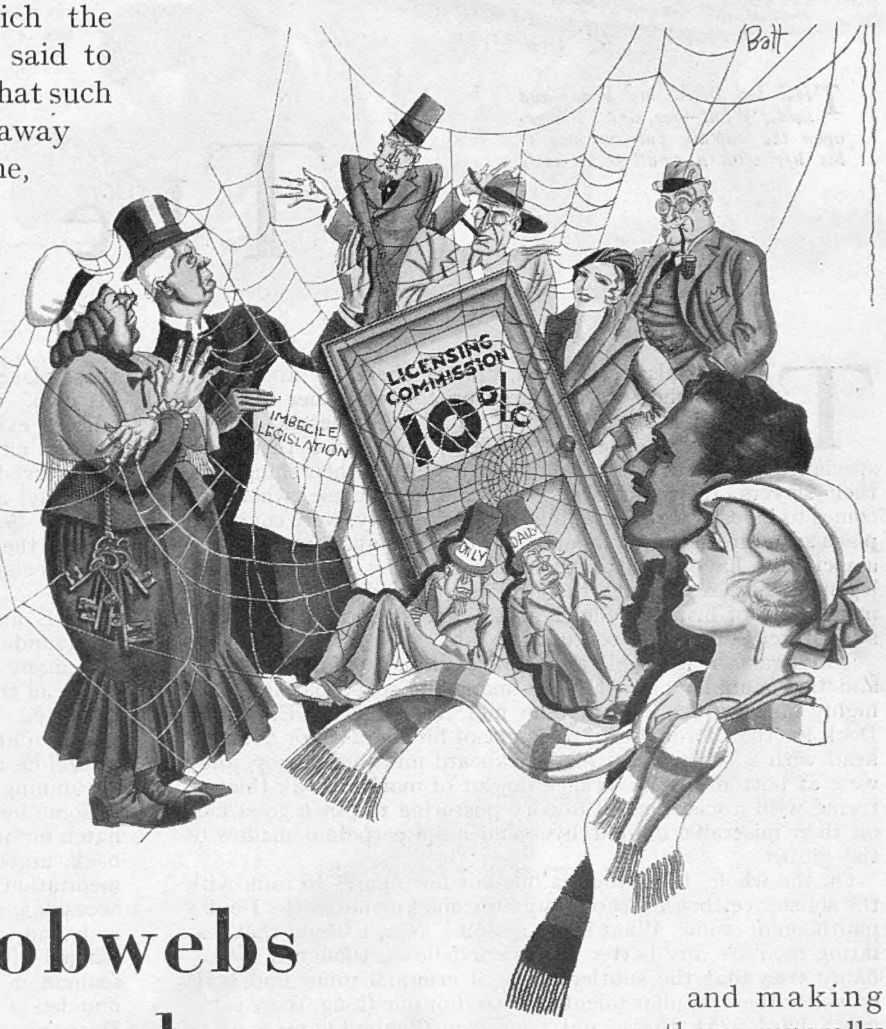
BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 4: No. 3 March, 1932

Editorial

Cobwebs and Common Sense

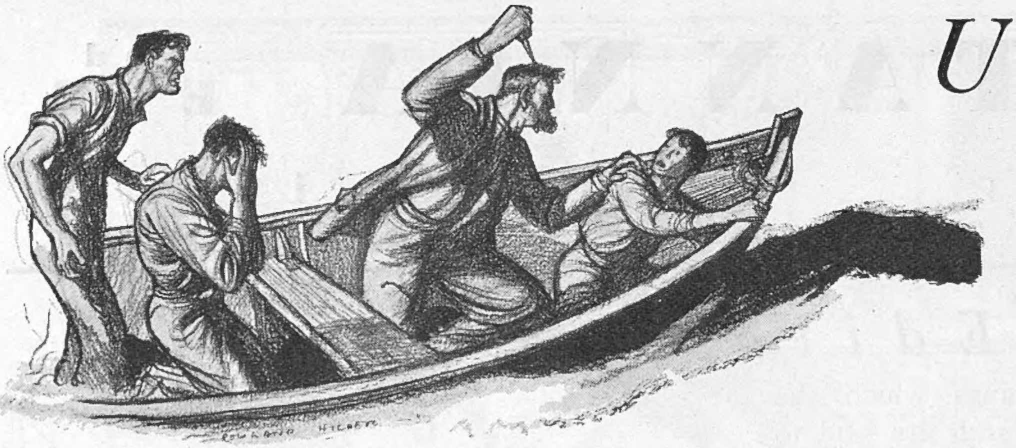
THERE are many things which the boisterous winds of March are said to bring forth, however tardily. That such winds are healthy, that they blow away the cobwebs of winter, that they come, raw and blustering, yet a tonic, as a bracing prelude to the joys of spring is a fact as welcome as they are. So if Cæsar was told to beware the Ides of March, we can rejoice at its winds. They would be still more beneficial to the body politic and to the nation at large if they could blow away the cobwebs not only of winter but of prejudice and petty tyranny. Strong indeed must be the blasts of common sense which can shift bigoted officialdom, particularly when it is comfortably entrenched behind ramparts which a compact and complacent minority know so well how to throw up.



For an overwhelming majority of people in these islands are in favour (and always have been in favour) of personal liberty. They think that England should be allowed to buy what it likes and when it likes, even if the commodity be alcoholic refreshment. They feel that freedom in these matters—in no less a measure than that enjoyed by France and Germany as a matter of course—is their just due. They know that, for a variety of economic reasons, tourists from the Continent and America would flock here this year were it not for legislation which as legislation is imbecile, but as a barrier is only too effective.

Against this weight of public opinion are set a few who have added strength because fanaticism is always strong. Some are wholly sincere. Others are sincere only in their passion for forcing their own opinions on their fellow mortals and making them generally uncomfortable. All are active and well organised, while their quarry is easy-going and rather lazy. They are like a few efficient fleas on the back of an elephant.

But there are signs at last that the elephant is bestirring himself. The report of the Licensing Commission did good in that it revealed the essential fatuity of that costly business. Laughter is as healthy as a sea-breeze, and does more to kill absurdities than any solemn denunciation. If " this rough and rousing March " can lend its aid, bringing with it a real onslaught on what is conveniently known as DORA, it will surely be a harbinger of a smiling summer. If not, it will prove but a windy consolation.



THE lad lifted his head and said, "What—me, sir?" Whereupon the captain put an end to his life with a small pocket-knife

Unlawful

By C. Fox Smith

The Criminal

THE annals of the sea, taking them by and large, cannot show a very large proportion either of really exceptional crimes or of what are generally known as "great criminals." True, they have their own special categories of lawbreakers—their pirates, their smugglers, their slavers, their mutineers. But most of these, when one comes to investigate their doings dispassionately, were commonplace scoundrels enough, apart from the false glamour time and association have lent to their proceedings; and even the legendary figures among them dwindle surprisingly under the microscope of history. Sir Henry Morgan was an Elizabethan adventurer born half a century too late.

Kidd was a respectable merchant captain but for one lapse, and that a minor one. He was made the scapegoat for more highly placed offenders, and he met his death at Execution Dock for the thoroughly prosaic act of hitting a sailor over the head with a bucket. As for Blackbeard and his kidney, they were at bottom a poor swaggering lot of marine sneak-thieves, trying with a vast deal of tawdry posturing to put a good face on their miserable hunted lives under the perpetual shadow of the gibbet.

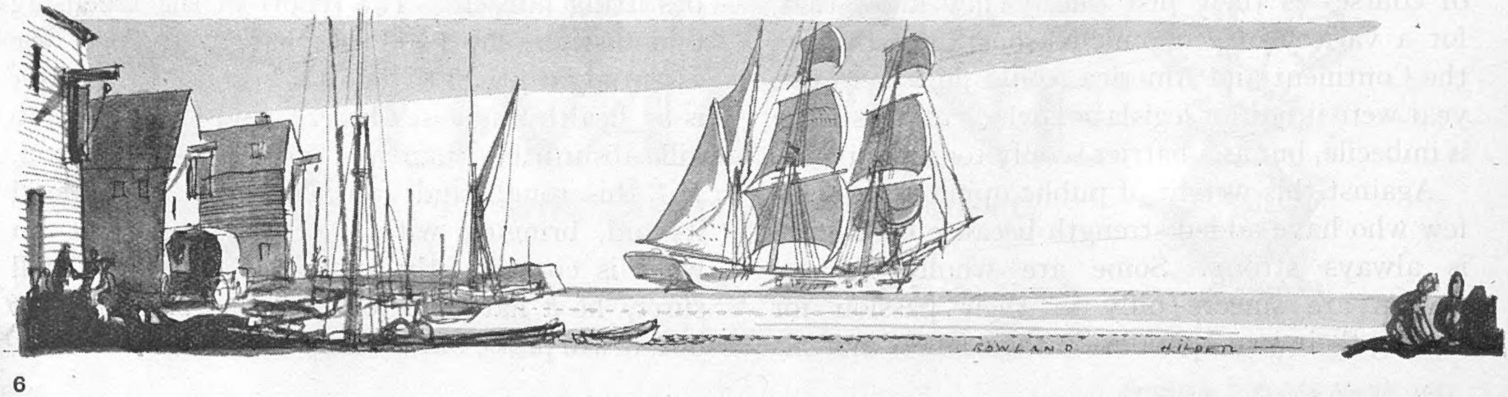
On the whole, then, the sea has but few figures to rank with the sinister celebrities who occupy the chief niches in the Devil's pantheon of crime. What is the reason? Not, I think, that seafaring men are any better than their fellows, though it is probably true that the subtler types of criminal mind find little scope for their peculiar talents at sea. For one thing, there is too much hard work there, and your true criminal hates work as much as he despises it.

LACK of motive has, no doubt, something to do with it. Criminologists tell us that one of three causes will be found to be at the bottom of nine out of ten great crimes—money, women and drink. And none of these three can operate to any great extent in a ship at sea. Lack of opportunity, too, seems another likely explanation. The watery element would appear, on the face of it, the ideal means of disposing of such a thing as a body! But it is not so good as it looks. A ship, it must be remembered, is never asleep. No hour so dark and dead but someone is sure to be stirring. And, moreover, it is one of those places where a man is never really alone. His time is not his own. He is either below or he is at work, with a watchful officer's eye on him to see he doesn't shirk. Not much chance for him either to plan or carry out a crime, still less to dispose unobserved of the "corpus delicti."

Lastly, as the popular saying goes, "there is no back door at sea." Ashore, the fugitive criminal is one of millions. Afloat, even in the largest of liners, he is one of a few thousands at most, and his chance of losing himself effectually correspondingly less.

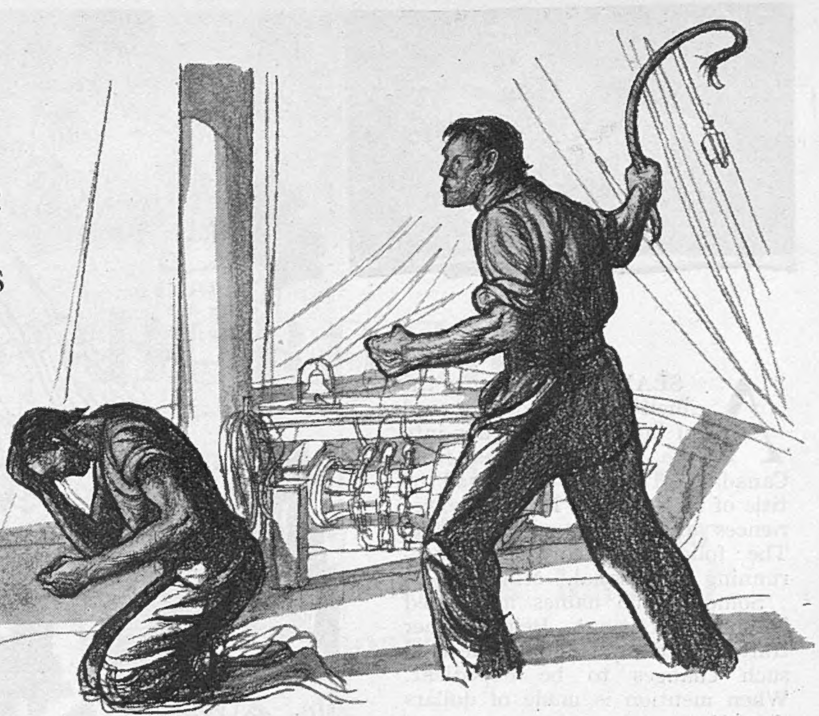
THE majority of crimes committed at sea, then, will be found to have been brutal, violent and unpremeditated, and many among them have been the outcome of unbridled power in the hands of men tyrannical and cruel to the point of insanity. The captain's authority in days gone by was practically of life or death, and on the whole the wonder is that it was so seldom abused.

Running down the Trades, in the dog-watches, or at anchor in some foreign port, when the crowd gathered round the forehatch for an impromptu singsong, very often some ancient shellback, urged to "tip a stave," would clear his throat after due meditation, and, in the approved nasal drone proper to such occasions, embark upon the doleful ballad of "Andrew Rose," a ballad which unenviably immortalised a man who was hanged with his mates for the murder of a wretched, half-witted seaman in 1842. His name was Henry Rogers, and he commanded a vessel called the "Martha Jane," of Sunderland. Rose, his victim, was a poor miserable creature, diseased and dirty in his habits, so much so that his shipmates refused to have him in the foc'sle with them, and Rogers conceived a furious hatred for him. The cruelties the poor creature endured are almost unbelievable. He was driven aloft naked, while the mate thrashed him with a rope's end, headed up in a water cask for twelve hours without food or water, worried by a fierce dog belonging to the captain, gagged, when he sang songs (some sacred, some far from it), with an iron bar fixed between his jaws and lashed at the back of his neck, and hoisted up by his neck into the rigging until he was half dead. A few days after this last piece of cruelty, the poor wretch was found washing about in the scuppers dead, and thrown into the sea.



Occasions:

Dark Deeds in retrospect: the Sea's Gallery of Crooks Afloat



THE cruelties the poor creature endured are almost unbelievable. He was driven up aloft naked, while the mate thrashed him with a rope's end

Illustrations by Rowland Hilder

Rogers and his two mates were tried at Liverpool Assizes, and there was a great popular demonstration outside the court when the sentence of death was passed. The execution was, of course, carried out in public, and just as the noose was placed about the captain's neck an old seaman in the crowd was heard to call out :—

"Luff, luff, and weather Hell!"—a thoroughly nautical form of admonition to a last-minute repentance.

A CASE of a rather similar kind was the murder of an apprentice named Pepper, in a Hull fishing vessel in 1882, by the captain, Osmond Otto Brand. The occurrence, into whose revolting details there is no particular point in entering, aroused a great deal of public indignation, and gave rise to more than one question in Parliament. This also was made the subject of a popular ballad, of the "Andrew Rose" type, which was still remembered so recently as 1916, when I heard it sung by a young soldier whose father was an East Coast fisherman. Two of its lines ran :

"They torched (tortured !) that poor boy in a most cruel way,
And gave him hard biscuit to eat many a day."

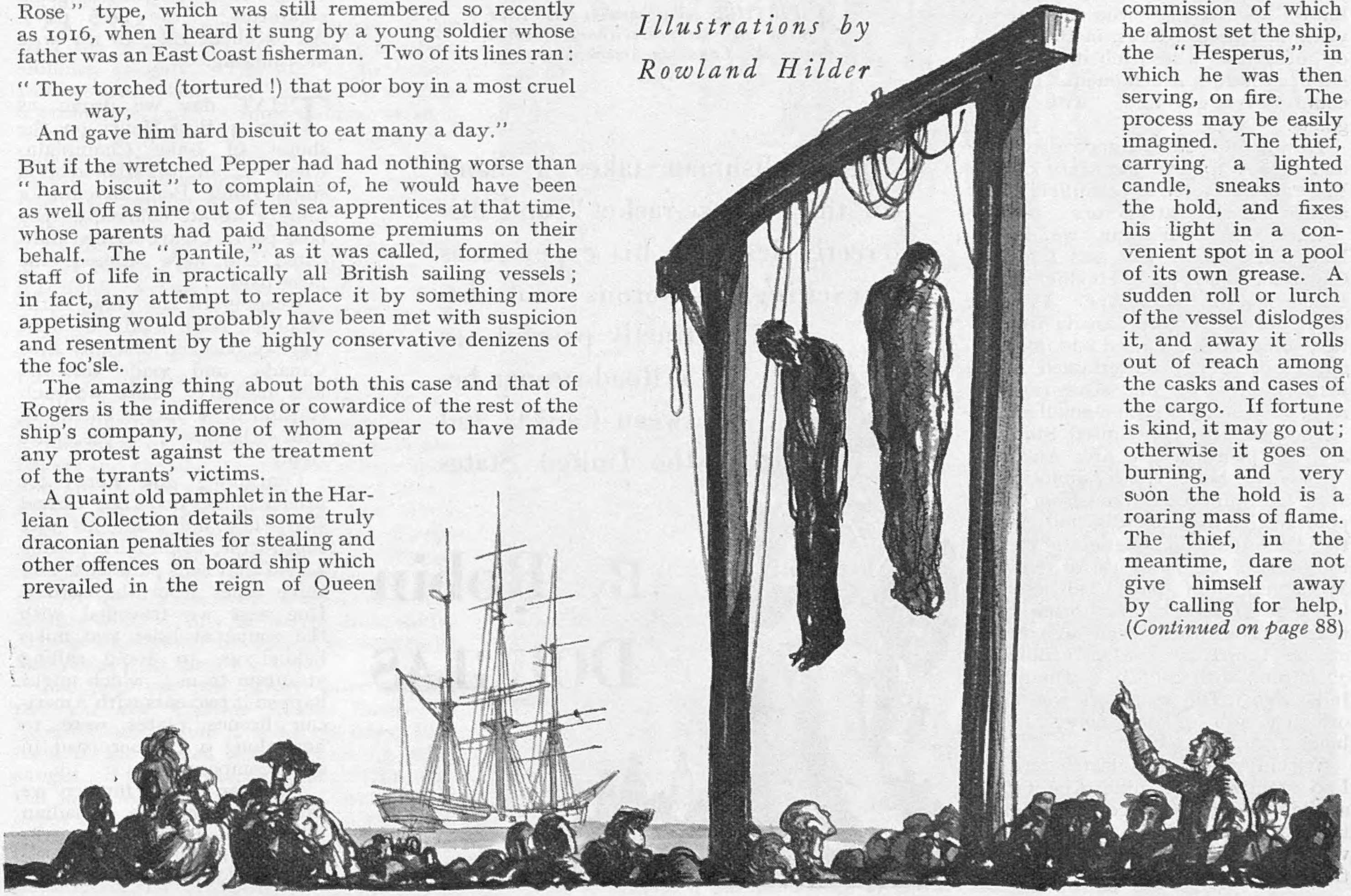
But if the wretched Pepper had had nothing worse than "hard biscuit" to complain of, he would have been as well off as nine out of ten sea apprentices at that time, whose parents had paid handsome premiums on their behalf. The "pantile," as it was called, formed the staff of life in practically all British sailing vessels ; in fact, any attempt to replace it by something more appetising would probably have been met with suspicion and resentment by the highly conservative denizens of the foc'sle.

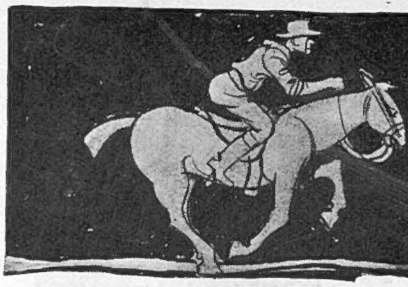
The amazing thing about both this case and that of Rogers is the indifference or cowardice of the rest of the ship's company, none of whom appear to have made any protest against the treatment of the tyrants' victims.

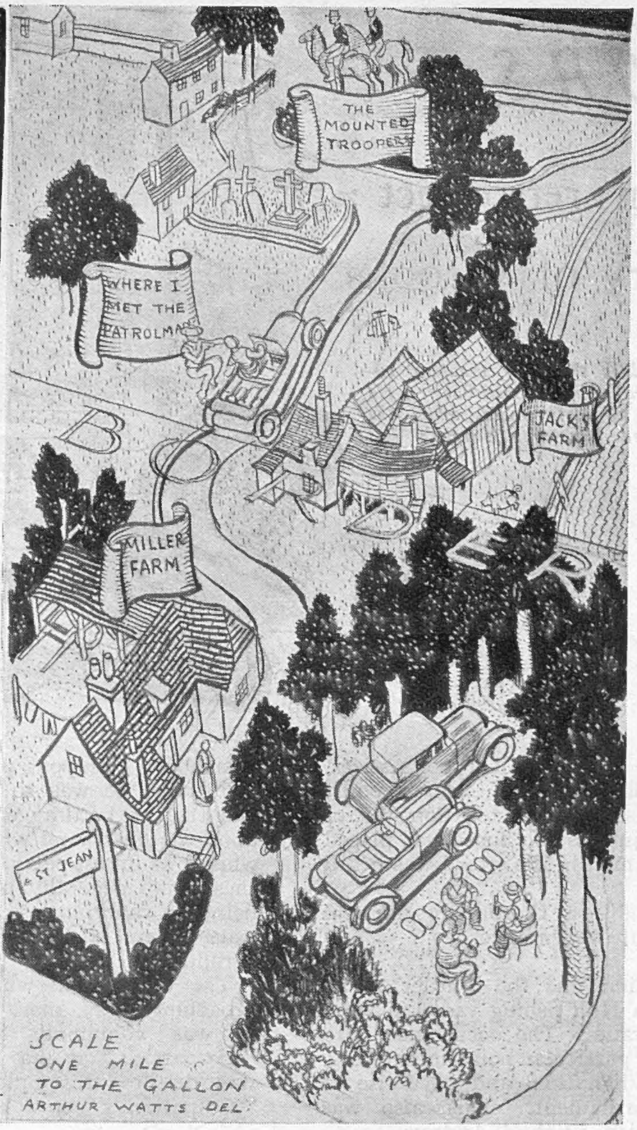
A quaint old pamphlet in the Harleian Collection details some truly draconian penalties for stealing and other offences on board ship which prevailed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. If anyone pilfered or stole goods or money from his shipmates, he was to be "thryse ducked at the boltsprite, and then to be dragged at the bote sterne, and sett on shoar upon the next land with a lofe of bread and a can of beere," while "as for all petty pilferings and commissions of the kinde, these were generally punished with the whippe, the offender being to that purpose bound faste to the capstan ; and the waggerie and idleness of shippe boys paid by the boatswain with a rodde."

The usual form which thieving took on board ship was broaching cargo, more especially that of a liquid nature, and it was commonly believed that the burning of the "Cospatrick" at sea, with the loss of nearly all on board, was due to this practice. Certain it is that one of the "Cospatrick's" crew had "done time" in Australia for this offence, during the commission of which he almost set the ship, the "Hesperus," in which he was then serving, on fire. The process may be easily imagined. The thief, carrying a lighted candle, sneaks into the hold, and fixes his light in a convenient spot in a pool of its own grease. A sudden roll or lurch of the vessel dislodges it, and away it rolls out of reach among the casks and cases of the cargo. If fortune is kind, it may go out ; otherwise it goes on burning, and very soon the hold is a roaring mass of flame. The thief, in the meantime, dare not give himself away by calling for help,

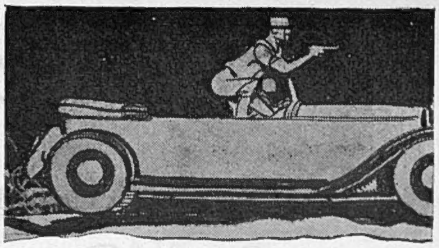
(*Continued on page* 88)





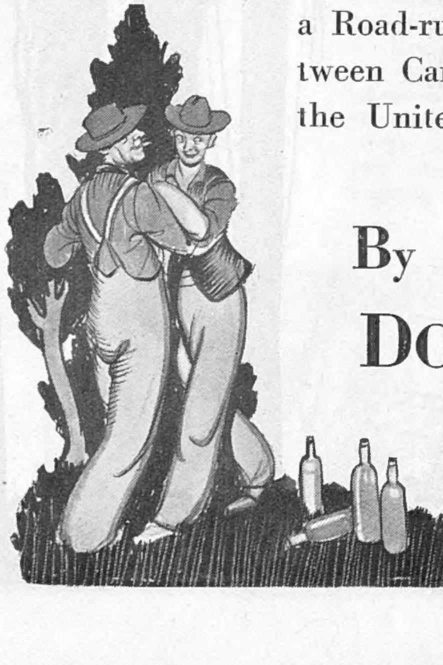


A PICTURE map showing the route taken by the booze-runners when crossing the Canadian-American frontier



Illustrations by Arthur Watts

An Englishman takes a hand in the "Booze-racket" and discreetly describes his experiences—exciting, humorous and distinctly painful—as a Road-runner between Canada and the United States



By Robin DOUGLAS

"A SLANG term given to the illicit importation by road of intoxicating liquor into the United States from Canada." Thus can be defined the title of this article. Personal experiences are the only ones of value. The following record of booze-running is personal. Mine own.

Some of the names mentioned herein are fictitious. Being neither traitor nor complete fool, I deemed such changes to be expedient. When mention is made of dollars the value of them is par—naturally. Also, I have implied certain things and events rather than state them too bluntly. There is no sense in calling a spade a b—— shovel, when such brusqueness might cause Uncle Sam—and others—to smite me hip and thigh.

So much, and no more, of an introductory preamble: now I'll get on with the story.

"The friend of a friend of a very good friend of mine" in New York knew a booze runner. Thus I made my first acquaintance with a racketeer. A fat, genial, talkative bespectacled cherub about thirty years old. This was Ludwig, known as "Loo," who for two years had been a thorn in the side of authorities whose job it was to enforce the 18th Amendment. They could never get him "with the goods."

He was in need of a good driver, and agreed to give me a try out. The actual test of chauffeuring ability proved satisfactory.

One March morning we left New York City: Loo and I in a Chevrolet roadster; Hughie and Dan in a Chevrolet coupé. As we drove for the U.S.A.-Canada frontier, some three hundred and forty miles north, Loo entertained me with stories of his adventures. Also, why he used such a small car.

Chevrolets in the United States are as plentiful as are Austin "7's" over here. Hence, unnoticeable. An important item, from his point of view. His car had had the back part completely gutted to the shell to make use of every available inch of space: an extra leaf put into each rear spring to take care of the "load": the engine tuned to give a genuine 72 m.p.h., with the car carrying a full cargo. The paintwork was an ordinary job of dark grey and black.

Within the first thirty miles Loo pointed out nine Chevvies similar to ours. The coupé, which kept at least a mile behind us, was converted in similar fashion to the roadster, but painted a dark blue. A car such as a doctor or bank clerk might have. We looked so respectable.

Loo instructed me on some of the hazards to be encountered on the ordinary road: such as motor cycle speed cops and the New York State Police. This latter force is a body of hand-picked men, chosen for their skill, courage, determination, endurance, pertinacity and similar qualities which do not endear them to booze-runners. State troopers—as they are called—are required to be suspicious of everyone. Consequently, a sense of humour is not an attribute of theirs: if it were, they would not be State troopers.

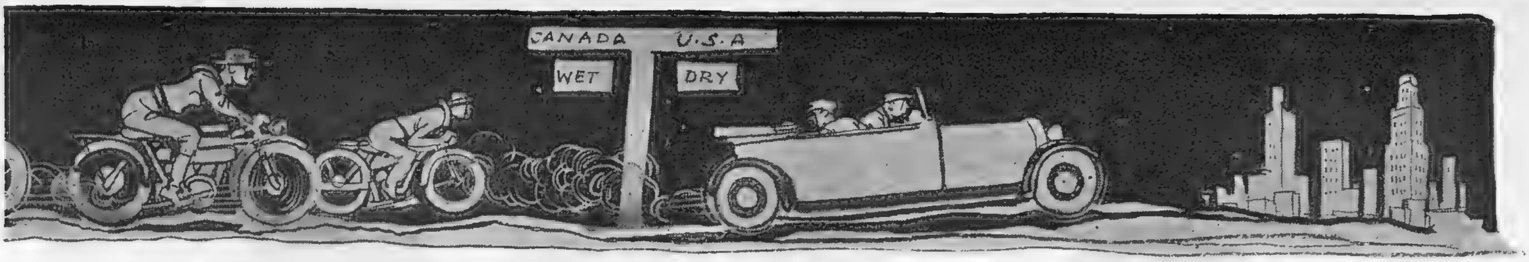
Stopping at a small town for luncheon, I started to pay for my meal. Loo then told me of the rule "when with the boss—he pays." The same thing when I wanted some cigarettes: the boss pays. An excellent rule, to my way of thinking.

THAT day we drove as far as Port Henry on the shores of Lake Champlain, where we all forgathered at a simple hotel. Being ravenously hungry we ate colossally—the boss paid. Cigars seemed indicated and were ordered—the boss paid.

Keeping to the New York-Montreal main road, the next day we checked officially into Canada, and made for the first hostelry, where we each consumed a large bottle of wine—the boss . . . yes, quite right.

Continuing due north for fifteen miles, Loo then turned sharp left and made his way south-west, eventually joining a road that runs parallel to and three miles from the border. Due west we travelled, with the coupé at least two miles behind us, to avoid calling attention to us; which might happen if two cars with American licence plates were to hop along a frontier road in close company.

Eighteen miles further we came to a meagre Canadian village called Hammersburn—having as many houses as there are syllables in the name—



Jumpin' the BORDER . . .

Dodging the Patrolmen—and revolver Bullets—at seventy miles an hour in a crazy "Chev" with a load of illicit liquor on board . . . Gee!

then turned sharp left facing towards the States, and, after a couple of hundred yards along a bad dirt road, drove into the front yard of a farm. We had arrived at our destination.

THE farmhouse, owned by Miller Haighton, was a low, rambling, unkempt building. Field implements were scattered on the grass: there were large stacks of wood piled against the walls: the adjacent cowsheds looked to be fathoms deep in mire: in front of the door stood a Ford saloon and a Ford light truck. Miller's rolling stock.

Miller, a Canadian, was barred from ever entering the United States, having been caught running booze. So, from being a runner he became a supplier. In the Dominion of Canada anyone may maintain as much ale on their premises as they wish, but they may not sell it without a licence. That did not worry Miller. He kept a large stock of all brands of ale bottled in quarts packed neatly in gunny bags: twenty-four bottles to a bag—this is known as a "bag o' beer." Twenty-four pint bottles in a bag is called a "short bag."

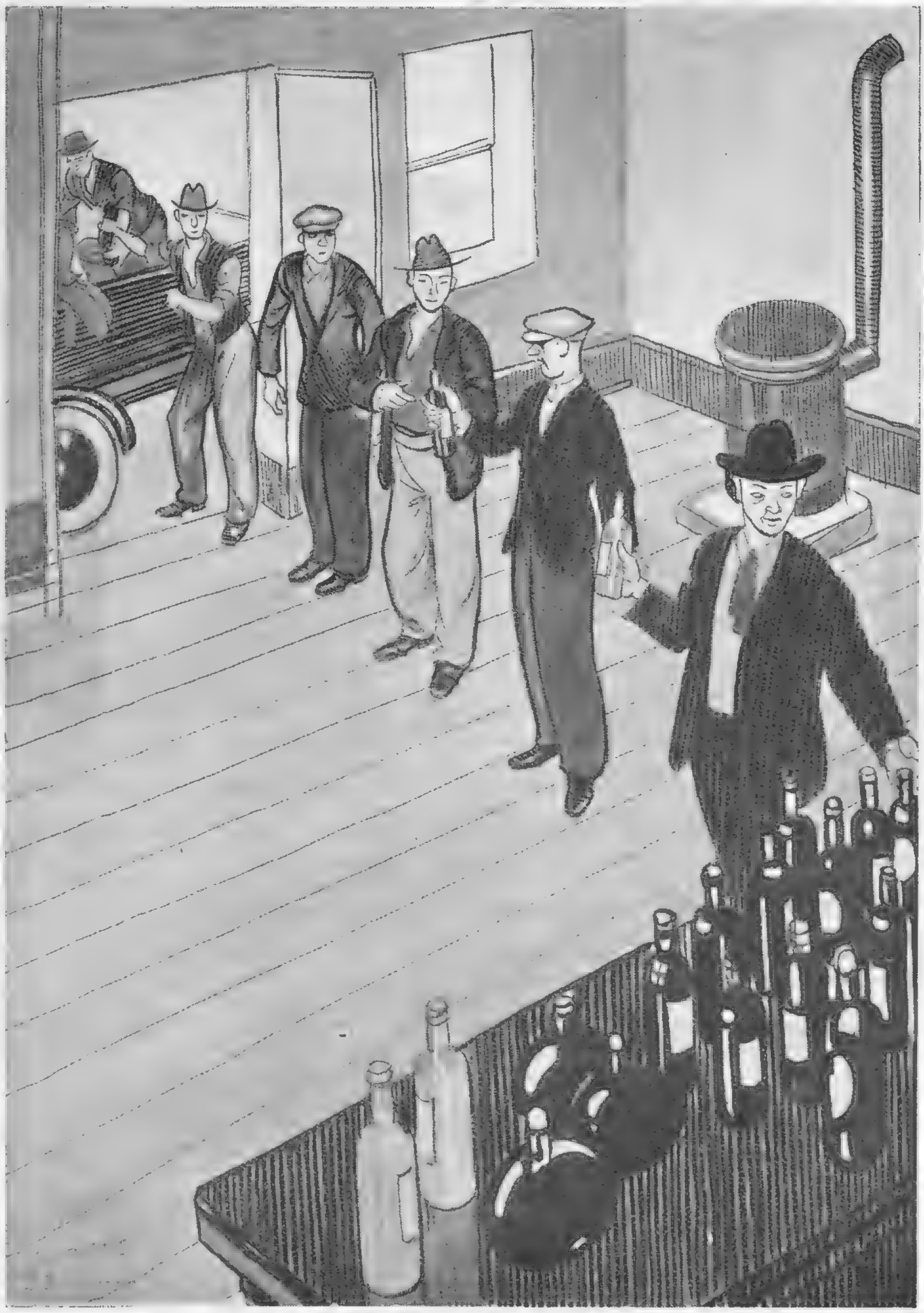
For a bag of twenty-four quarts, Miller paid the brewery $4.50, which is eighteen shillings roughly. He sold it to booze-runners and "beer cars" at $5.25, making a profit of 75 cents or three shillings on each bag. In a day he might sell as many as a hundred bags. The risk he ran was being caught by Canadian Revenue officers, fined and imprisoned for selling ale without a licence.

He kept "open house" literally. For, at any hour of the day or night a beer car was liable to dash up to his door for a load. That was a signal for all hands to help in stowing bags into the battered old wreck, what time the driver snatched a hasty meal prepared by Mrs. Haighton.

Now a beer car does not come into the same category as Loo's automobiles. These former were old Lincolns, Packards, Studebakers and the like, which should have been relegated to the junk heap. Some "boss" sitting snugly and safely in New York State, would buy these caricatures of cars for a nominal price, expend the minimum of money to make them road-worthy, and rip out the interior even to the back of the driving seat. Then he would hire skilful drivers who would be willing to undertake hazardous risks for a few miles.

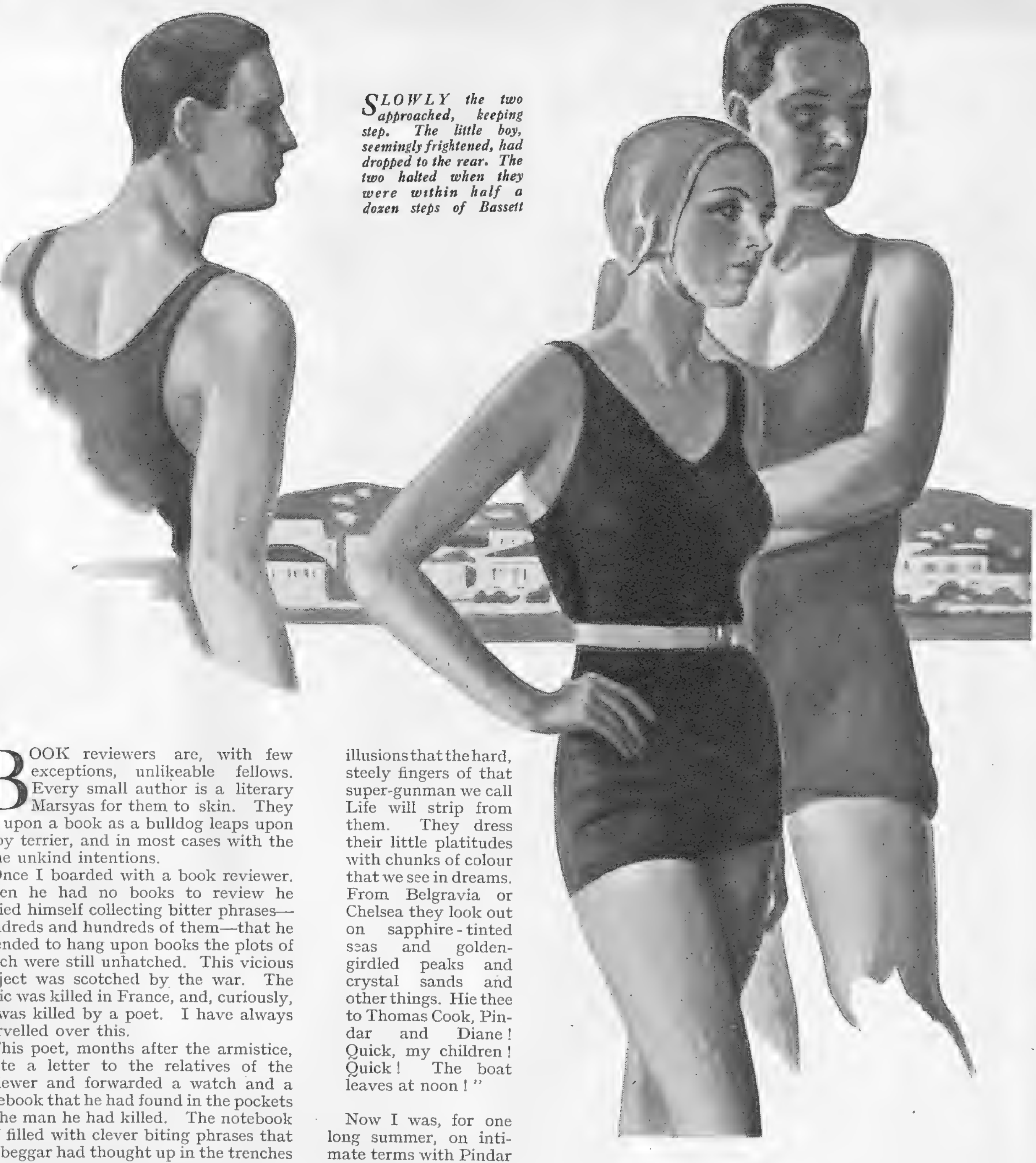
The beer car was driven into Canada, not via any Custom House, loaded to capacity, and made a hell-for-leather dash back to the United States, chancing being caught. If they were lucky and got through, the load would be driven to some secret depot and the old car went straight back for another load. If the car was caught then the boss would not be so much out of pocket, for he

(Continued on page 114)



WE all made a chain that grabbed up one bottle at a time and took it out to the truck; a clerk at the cash register "rang up" a sale for each bottle as it was snatched off the counter—and thus was the law satisfied

The URGE Imperative



SLOWLY the two approached, keeping step. The little boy, seemingly frightened, had dropped to the rear. The two halted when they were within half a dozen steps of Bassett

BOOK reviewers are, with few exceptions, unlikeable fellows. Every small author is a literary Marsyas for them to skin. They fall upon a book as a bulldog leaps upon a toy terrier, and in most cases with the same unkind intentions.

Once I boarded with a book reviewer. When he had no books to review he busied himself collecting bitter phrases—hundreds and hundreds of them—that he intended to hang upon books the plots of which were still unhatched. This vicious project was scotched by the war. The critic was killed in France, and, curiously, he was killed by a poet. I have always marvelled over this.

This poet, months after the armistice, wrote a letter to the relatives of the reviewer and forwarded a watch and a notebook that he had found in the pockets of the man he had killed. The notebook was filled with clever biting phrases that the beggar had thought up in the trenches so that he would have plenty of ammunition when he got back to the business of lashing authors. I am reminded of this long-dead reviewer by a criticism that appeared this very morning in a London paper. It ran:

> "CASTELLAMARE. Poems by Pindar Bassett and Diane Strachey. The Attic Press.
>
> "Mr. Bassett and Miss Strachey are, obviously, young and unsophisticated. They are still in possession of lollypop illusions that the hard, steely fingers of that super-gunman we call Life will strip from them. They dress their little platitudes with chunks of colour that we see in dreams. From Belgravia or Chelsea they look out on sapphire-tinted seas and golden-girdled peaks and crystal sands and other things. Hie thee to Thomas Cook, Pindar and Diane! Quick, my children! Quick! The boat leaves at noon!"

Now I was, for one long summer, on intimate terms with Pindar Bassett and Diane Strachey. I think their story is worth telling.

THERE were three villas on the deserted strip of beach beyond La Gorbine. Unpretentious villas. A local builder had rushed them up with the idea that they would rent during the bathing season.

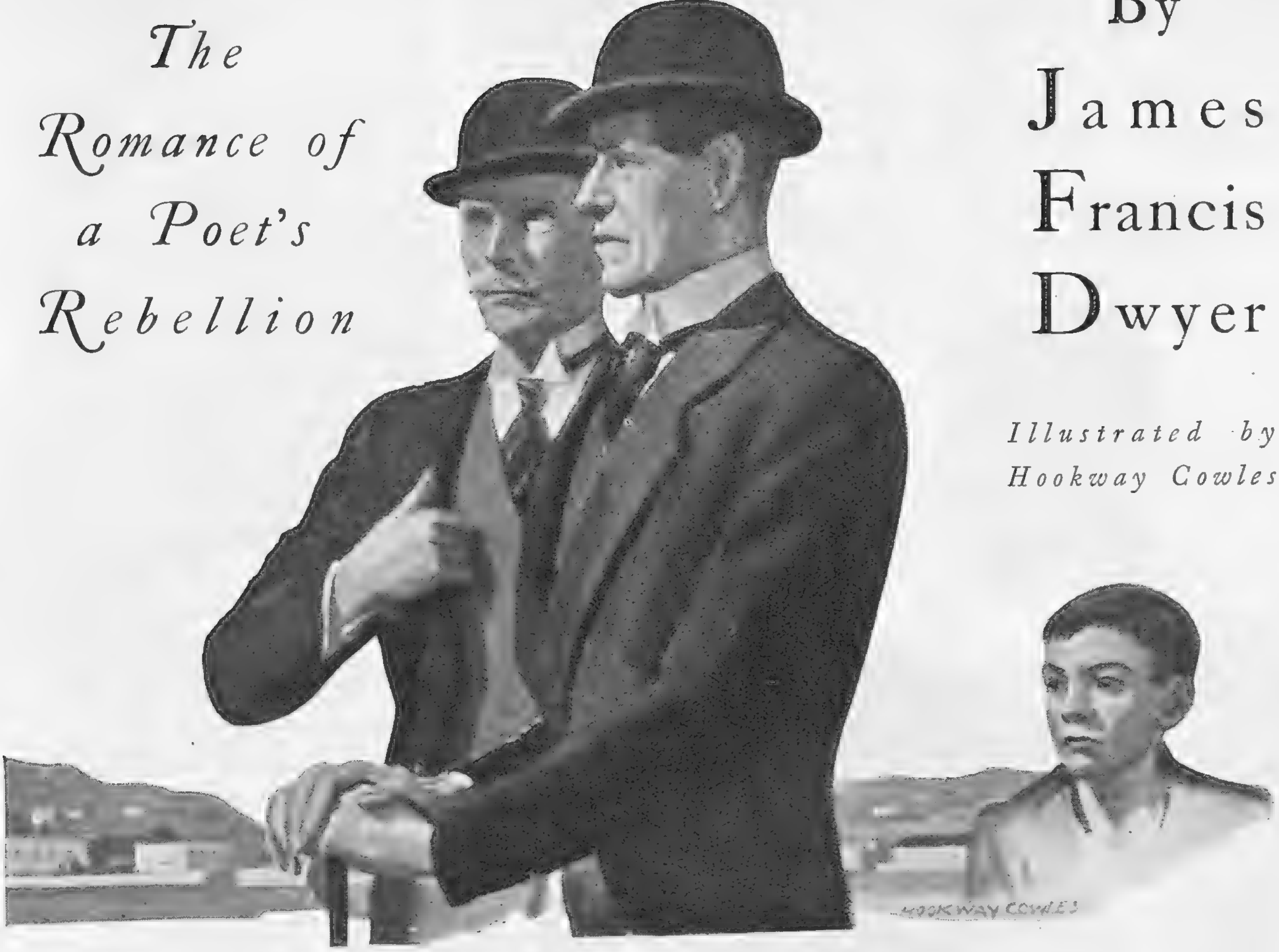
The first, *Villa Mimosa*, was occupied by a retired colonel and his wife. The colonel was a tall, horse-faced fellow whose conversation was spotted with so many "hums" and "hahs" that it was difficult to find out what he was talking about. His stout wife swam in a costume that covered her from neck to ankles. No lascivious crab had a hope of annoying that lady.

They received two packets weekly from London; one contained books forwarded by Mudie's Select Library, the other was a pound canister of tea from Fortnum and

The Romance of a Poet's Rebellion

By James Francis Dwyer

Illustrated by Hookway Cowles



Mason. Each week they returned one packet to England—the books. The tea they consumed. Their lives revolved around the reception and the expedition of the books and the bohea.

The second villa, *La Chaumière*, I had rented for the summer. It was small, poorly-furnished, and was quite a distance from the village, but it was cheap. Three hundred and fifty francs a month, and francs at the moment were one hundred and twenty-four to the pound. I was in the way of producing a book, so a place that rented at something under three pounds a month appealed to me. An old lady who called herself Madame Margot did the cleaning and cooking. The sea came up to the garden steps, and the little waves ate holes in the cement, holes that immediately became châteaux for all kinds of crustacea. The waters are kind to baby crabs and little lobsters; for ever gnawing homes for them out of the rocks into which they crawl and make faces at hungry pursuers.

When I took possession of *La Chaumière*, the third villa, *Caprice*, was unoccupied, but on the first day of July Madame Margot informed me that it had been rented. "*Un monsieur Anglais avec une demoiselle*," she said.

I was intrigued. I asked questions. Was the young lady the daughter of the man? She was not, said Madame Margot. She was simply a demoiselle. Neither wife, nurse, nor daughter. *Non. Une demoiselle.*

Dreadfully clever are the French in divining the relationship that exists between a man and a woman. Fearfully and weirdly clever. It is one of their special gifts. Of course, in this particular instance, the man and the woman had to visit the *mairie* to have their *cartes d'identité* stamped, so Madame Margot might have got her information through that channel, but, anyhow, she knew. *Villa Caprice* was to be occupied by a monsieur and a mademoiselle.

I saw them on the morning following. They came along the beach in the company of the house agent. I was reading on the piazza. The man was tall, lean, and I guessed him in the early forties. He wore a brown business suit and a green fedora. I thought he looked like a retired manufacturer. I don't know why. He gave a quick glance in my direction when the agent called out "*Bonjour.*"

The girl was in the twenties, tall and supple. She was dressed in white with a big sun hat that shaded her face so that when she glanced at me the upper part of her countenance was in shadow and the lower part in the sunlight. It was as if she was wearing a domino of black silk.

That same afternoon the man spoke to me. We met on the beach. He had taken off his shoes and rolled up his trousers to gather shells for the girl who sat on the sand. He saluted quietly and asked a few questions about the bathing; currents, depths, etcetera. When I had answered him he said: "My name is Bassett. Pindar Bassett." He turned me by a wave of his hand so that I faced the girl: "Miss Strachey," he murmured.

And that day there began my friendship for Pindar Bassett of Meggleton, Yorkshire, and Miss Diane Strachey of Bradford. A queer friendship.

Each morning we bathed together. We sat for long hours in the white sunshine and talked. Sometimes in the soft velvety hours after dinner I walked down the half-kilometre of beach and sat with them till midnight. They didn't like the colonel and his wife, and the colonel and his wife didn't like them. The lady who wore the Victorian bathing outfit was a stern moralist. She thought there was something curious about the relationship of the two occupants of the *Villa Caprice*.

Now La Gorbine itself was interested in that matter. The village spy was a Madame Dufau who worked for Pindar Bassett and Miss Strachey. A keen-eyed lady who missed nothing. For a full week La Gorbine waited for the report, and when they heard it the villagers were astounded. It was relayed to me by Madame Margot. The spy, Madame Dufau, had asserted that the *monsieur Anglais* and the *demoiselle* were not lovers. Certain on this point was the old lady, and no one contradicted her. The man and the woman were friends. They liked each other, but that was all. They were poets; their friendship was a matter of the mind.

For a little while I, in my secret heart, held the belief of the colonel's wife, who had laughed openly when she heard the report of Madame Dufau, then I believed as La Gorbine believed. There were in the little village a bunch of old ladies with faces so full of wrinkles that they looked like war maps, and if those old dames thought the matter a platonic friendship it was enough for me.

Of course the colonel's wife in her crab-proof pantaloons was jealous. I do not think I have ever seen a person so splendidly pagan as Diane Strachey. So intensely animal that she made one a little ashamed of the supposed graces of civilisation. Once in Mallorca an old satyr informed me that clothes were invented to choke off our cannibalistic tendencies by covering flesh that was so beautiful it bred a desire to consume it, and I recalled his words when I saw Diane Strachey in bathing costume. Cannibalistic thoughts were really excusable.

Yet about her was a certain *élégance de corps* that lifted her out of the purely animal type of female. There was a winged quality to the flesh. Her body was quicksilver, and one pictured the silky undergarments clinging with nervous apprehension to the flushed skin they covered. "When Flesh and Spirit meet in a woman,' saith the Koran, "there is Great Munificence."

Pindar Bassett had a soothing quality. His voice had an hypnotic capacity; his words became little pastels that floated in the air. The man had dreamed dreams and hoarded them till he found the white sunlight of the *Mer Méditerranée.* That sea he had visioned as a holy thing that washed the little altars at which ancient miracles had come to pass. He saw those sanctuaries of the gods, the Grecian fields, the sunny slopes of Sicily, the scented isles of the sirens. The gods lived again through his very longing for them.

I remember a hot sullen noon when we three sat upon the white sand. "The sea," as Bassett quoted, "was sapphire coloured, and the sky burned like a heated opal through the air."

The Mediterranean whispered to us. Its ancient wisdom seeped out. Heart of the world. Mother of mysteries. Pale smoke like that which rises from a censer sprang from its heat-flattened surface.

Bassett, with his soft voice, spoke of vessels that rested in the depths. Phœnician galleys that went down on their way to the far Cassiterides, their tiers of muscular rowers struggling bravely with the sea devils. Vermilion-cheeked, dark-prowed Homeric vessels with their fighting beaks. Swift biremes with the bows of sea monsters; their larger sisters—great quinqueremes of Athens, with five banks of flailing oars. . . .

This critic I have spoken of who reviewed the book of poems is a fool. Pindar Bassett is a poet. Stretched on the sand I saw upon the sea the ships he spoke of. Ghost ships! They rose from the waters and headed off toward Africa. Galleys and glittering triremes, Viking *snekkjurs* like those pictured on the Bayeux tapestry, big dromons that carried English crusaders to the Holy Land, lumbering caravels, and Portuguese galleasses. Ships launched by love and adventure, by longing for a new life, by hatred of the old, by fanatical worship of the great god Change! . . .

That day I wondered much about Pindar Bassett and his companion. They were new to that life, fearfully new. They had been released from some strange prison of the spirit. Some terrible reformatory for dreaming souls. They ate up the sunlight, the soft winds, the sea odours, the freedom. Yes, ate them up. . . .

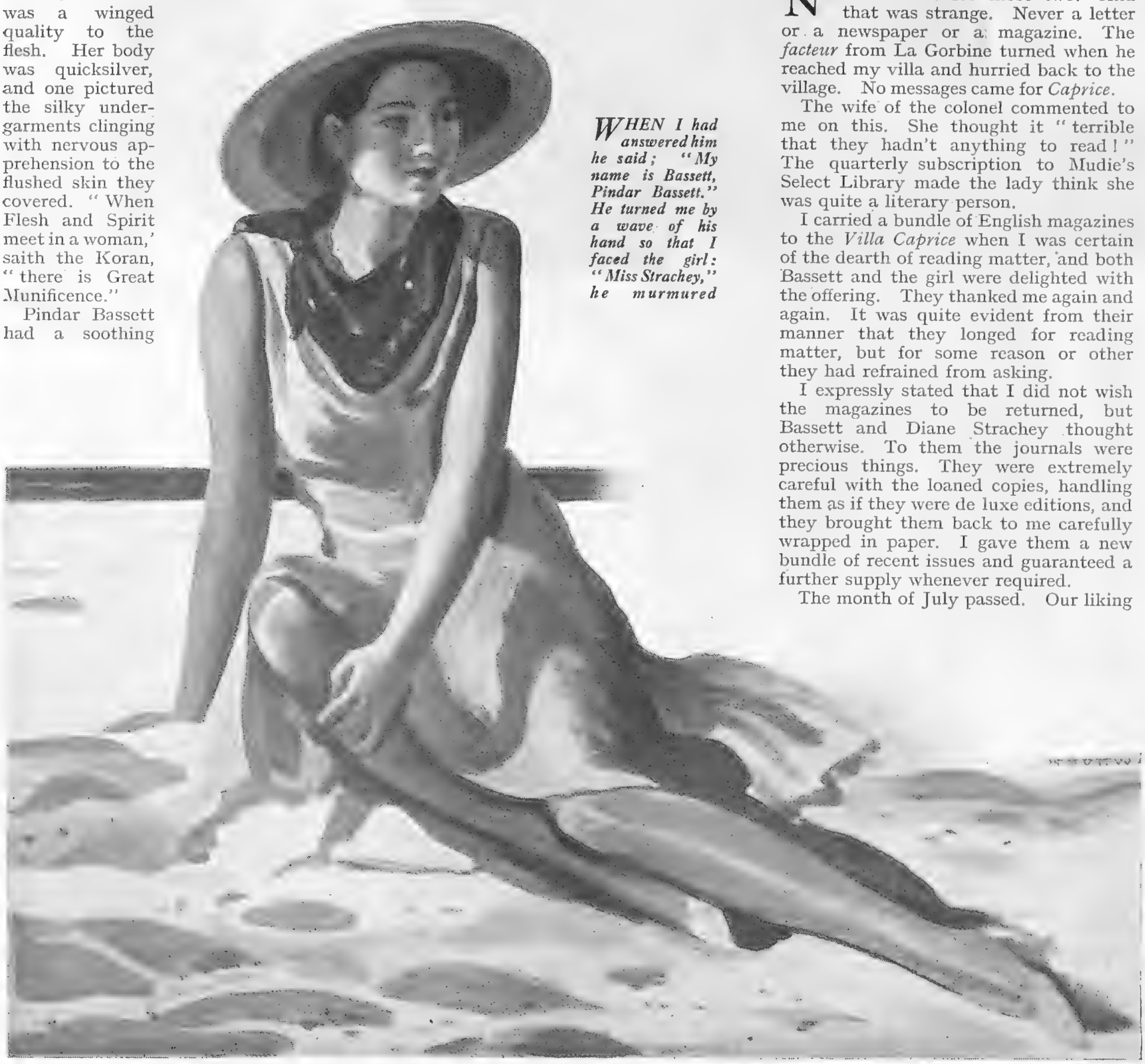
NO mail came for those two. And that was strange. Never a letter or a newspaper or a magazine. The *facteur* from La Gorbine turned when he reached my villa and hurried back to the village. No messages came for *Caprice.*

The wife of the colonel commented to me on this. She thought it "terrible that they hadn't anything to read!" The quarterly subscription to Mudie's Select Library made the lady think she was quite a literary person.

I carried a bundle of English magazines to the *Villa Caprice* when I was certain of the dearth of reading matter, and both Bassett and the girl were delighted with the offering. They thanked me again and again. It was quite evident from their manner that they longed for reading matter, but for some reason or other they had refrained from asking.

I expressly stated that I did not wish the magazines to be returned, but Bassett and Diane Strachey thought otherwise. To them the journals were precious things. They were extremely careful with the loaned copies, handling them as if they were de luxe editions, and they brought them back to me carefully wrapped in paper. I gave them a new bundle of recent issues and guaranteed a further supply whenever required.

The month of July passed. Our liking



WHEN I had answered him he said; "My name is Bassett, Pindar Bassett." He turned me by a wave of his hand so that I faced the girl: "Miss Strachey," he murmured for each other had increased. I thought Pindar Bassett a rare soul; I adored Diane. The girl brought to that lonely beach a feeling of fine romance. She was healthy, beautiful, sweetly feline. She swam, she ate and drank, she dozed in the sun, she manicured her fingers and toes. And she chanted soft prayers to the sea, the Sea of Romance. She made friends with the gulls. The birds followed her, circling her head like the milk-white doves that hauled the car of Venus.

In the second week of August I made a discovery. A small discovery that would not have surprised me if I had not noted the extraordinary care with which Bassett and Diane handled the magazines that I loaned them. On looking over a copy of *British Commerce* that had just been returned by Pindar I found that two leaves in the body of the magazine had been neatly cut out and the edges turned into the binding so that the removal was hardly noticeable!

Wondering a little I turned to the contents page. The article that evidently filled the missing pages was entitled: "Builders of Little Towns." The author's name was not given. Again I examined the clipped edges of the abstracted leaves. Carefully, oh so carefully, had they been doubled back so that the tiny theft would not be noticed.

But why a theft? Bassett could have kept the magazine and I would not have cared. I was puzzled, but I reasoned it out this way. He was so punctilious in returning the magazines that he did not like to retain the copy of *British Commerce*, neither did he wish to ask my permission to cut out the leaves, because that would have drawn my attention to the article. But I could have no interest in an article entitled: "Builders of Little Towns!" For a week I remained in ignorance of the reason, then I made a second discovery. A more startling one than the first. I found in the advertising pages of *British Commerce* the last paragraph of the missing article. The very heel of the story had been taken over to page 71, and whoever had clipped out the two leaves had omitted the little turnover. I stared at it with amazement. It read:

> "one after the other they have stood up to carry the burden. Bassett after Bassett, son following father through the long years. Holding their little bailiwicks, together. Lifting up the fallen, giving hope to the weak, preaching a gospel of optimism on dark days. Fine indeed is the work of those modest, broad-shouldered men who are the leaders and counsellors in the ten thousand little villages that form the strong spinal column of our England."

"Bassett after Bassett!" "Son following father!" I repeated the words aloud. Again and again I turned back and stared at the clipped bits of the missing pages. I had an infamous desire to read the whole of that article.

MY conduct is open to criticism. That very afternoon I walked to the *Bureau des Postes* at La Gorbine and bought a *mandat* for twenty francs payable to Brentano's Book Shop in the Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris. I asked them to send me by return of post the current copy of *British Commerce*. My curiosity was overwhelming.

The magazine came on the second day. I fell upon it with nervous hands and hungry eyes. The article entitled, "Builders of Little Towns" appeared on page 27, and from the following page the face of Pindar Bassett leaped at me. Several faces, to speak truthfully. Pindar Bassett on the lawn of the Bassett mansion; Pindar stepping into a huge car; Pindar in his office, secretaries and department heads grouped around him.

Dry-lipped, I commenced to read. I learned that the Bassetts from time immemorial had been the industrial leaders in the little town of Meggleton. There had always been a Bassett at the head of the Meggleton Mills. Other mill towns might change their great executives, but not Meggleton. There the Bassetts were kings.

Amazed, I read on. The writer mentioned a dozen dead Bassetts who had passed away. All good men. All loving the little town. I stared at their names listed in capitals. Andrew, known during his lifetime as "Andrew the Good," who had built the mills. His son Jeremiah, his grandson Daniel, and his great-grandson Elijah. After Elijah there came Thomas Bassett, who donated a piece of land for a city park. His son was William, and William's eldest son was Pindar! Pindar Anacreon Bassett, according to the author!

I pulled my eyes from the magazine and looked at the sea. The Mediterranean was filled with dancing question marks. Question marks that danced up and down on the sunlit waters. Pindar Anacreon Bassett! What a name for a millowner! And why the devil was Pindar at La Gorbine with a charming woman instead of being at his desk in Meggleton, Yorkshire, receiving the reports of departmental heads and comforting his workers?

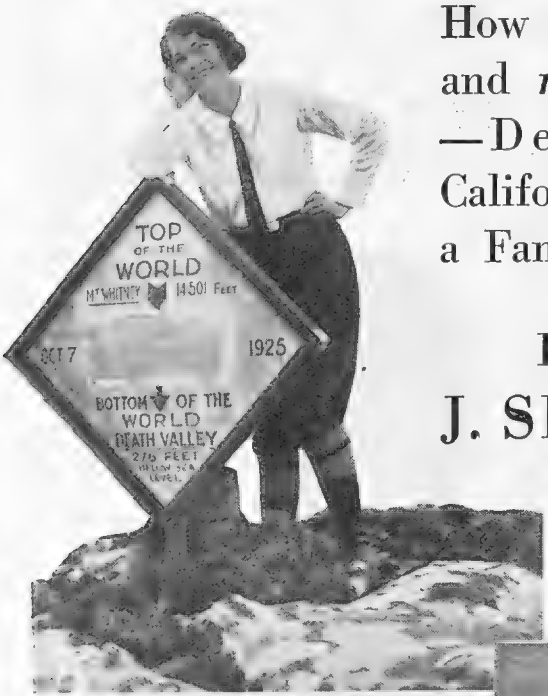
From the beach came the voice of Diane Strachey. I flung down the magazine and raced out to join her. She told me that Pindar was busy, would I swim with her? Would I? A request from Aphrodite herself would not be half so pleasing. Indeed, Diane Strachey, darting through the coloured waters with gleaming limbs, made one wonder if the goddess of beauty was half so fair.

We swam the length of the beach, using the wife of the colonel as a buoy to mark the turning point, much to that lady's annoyance. (*Continued on page* 118)

LIFE comes *to* DEATH Valley

How *the* world's hottest and *most* maligned spot—Death Valley, *in* California—*has* become a Famous W*inter* Resort

By Harold J. Shepstone, F.R.G.S.



THIS sign marks the lowest spot in the United States from which the highest one is visible. The sign pictured is on the Devil's Golf Course in the south end of Death Valley, and from it Mount Whitney, the highest point in the United States, may be seen

Below: MYSTERIOUS bottomless pools of emerald green crystal clear salt water punctuate the Devil's Golf Course in Death Valley

I HAVE spent a week in Death Valley, that barren and desolate depression in the wilds of California, and have come away amazed at the beautiful colouring of its mountains and never-to-be-forgotten sunsets, marvelling the while at the pluck of those hardy pioneers who discovered and opened up its rich deposits of borax, for this inhospitable region is at once a great natural chemical crucible from which comes that cleansing compound that brightens our kitchen pots and pans, and is used to-day for a variety of purposes. Indeed, the story of the conquest of this benighted spot on the earth's surface: how it has now become a popular winter resort, is one of the greatest romances of modern times.

Death Valley, so named after a party of immigrants who lost their lives there in 1849, is an arid, sunken plain in the desert, rimmed in by gaily-painted mountains, whose mysterious, sun-baked floor lies 300 ft. below the level of the sea. It is the lowest spot on the American Continent and is, approximately, 150 miles long and from 10 to 35 miles in width. It is often alluded to as the hottest spot on earth, and in the early days of September I found the thermometer hovering round 120 deg. Fahr. in the shade at mid-day. It has been known to touch 160 deg., and in summer 140 is quite common. So hot does the earth become that a rock or a bit of iron scorches the naked hand like a live coal.

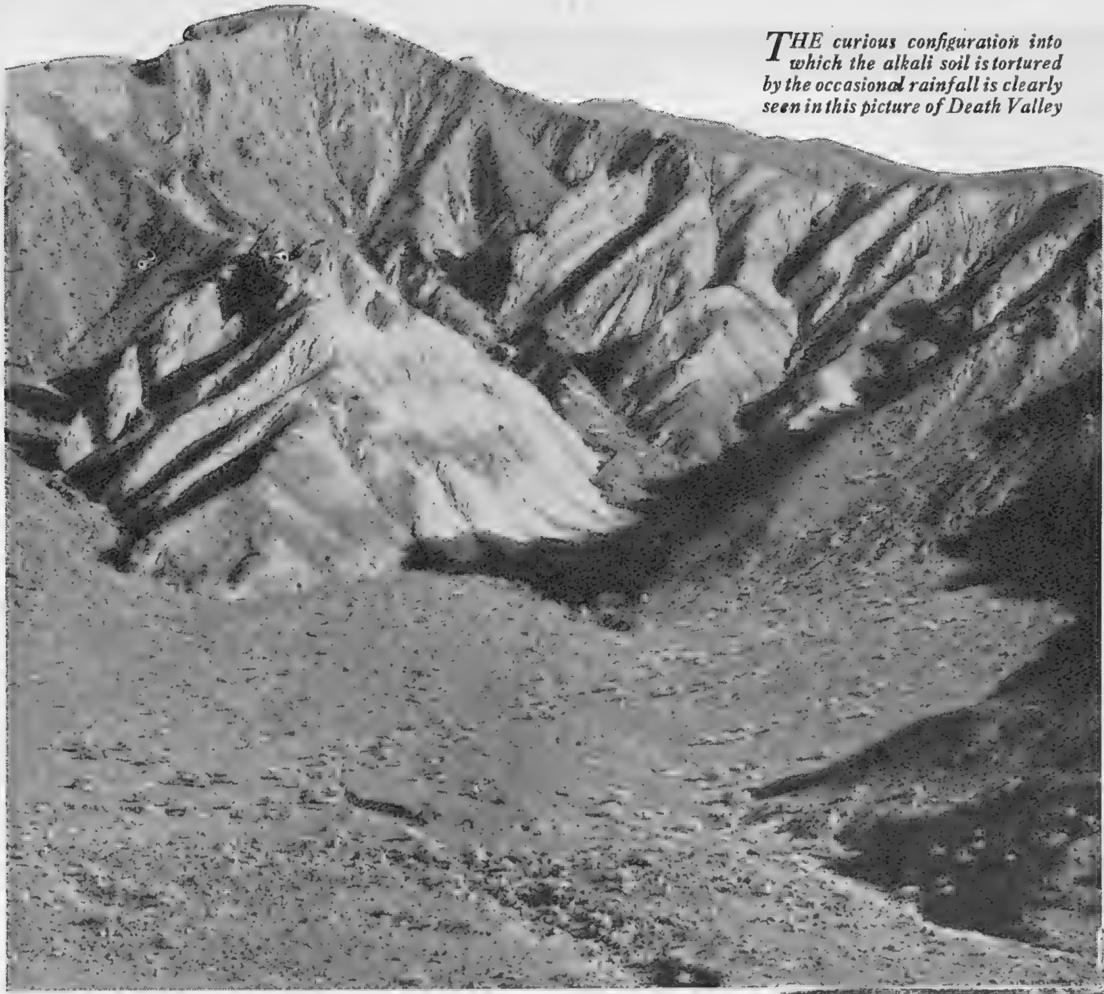
From this inhospitable region men have wrested vast fortunes, and though there is no actual mining of borax in the valley to-day, vast quantities of this much-needed cleansing agent are still being obtained from the adjoining canyons and mountains.

How the chemical was found is an interesting romance. It was Aaron Winters, a canny Scotsman, who revealed to the world the existence of the precious product. Winters and his wife, Rosie, occupied a thule-thatched stone cabin at Ash Meadows, just east of Death Valley. They were two hundred miles from the nearest settlement, and their only neighbours were stray Piute Indians and occasionally a wandering prospector.

It was one of these stopping overnight who talked to Aaron, and told him that if borax were mixed with certain chemicals it would burn with a bluish flame. The prospector set Aaron thinking about some strange, whitish deposits he had seen in that hell-pit to the west. At length, taking Rosie, his wife, he made the four-hundred-mile trip after the necessary chemical and they went over into the valley. It was late at night when they reached the spot. Hastily gathering some of the substance that formed a deposit on the ground, Aaron, with trembling fingers, poured on his chemical and touched a match. The far coyotes were startled by his cry: "She burns blue! She burns blue!"

Less than a month later Winters was awed by the payment of £5,000 for his claim, and shortly afterwards borax works in Death Valley were established.

THE miners' greatest difficulty in those days was the question of transport. The nearest railway was 165 miles distant, and for many years the journey was made by mules or horses. The wagons used were the largest ever made and were



THE curious configuration into which the alkali soil is tortured by the occasional rainfall is clearly seen in this picture of Death Valley

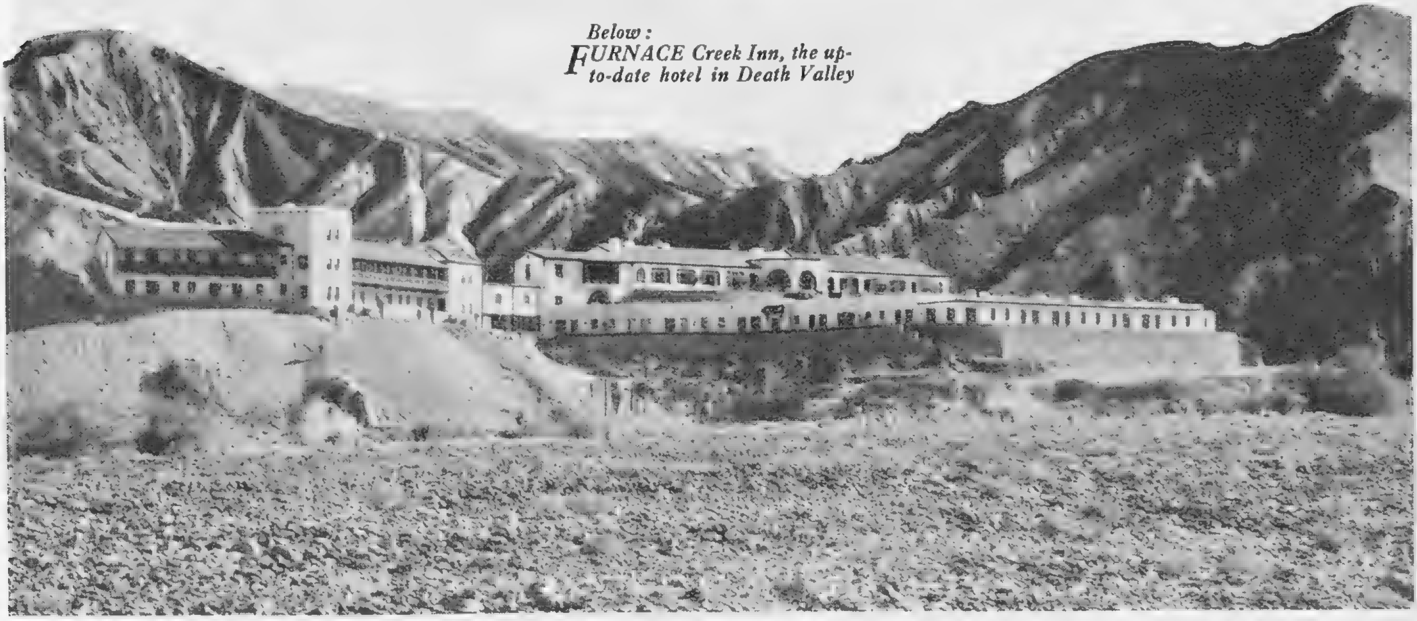
dragged by a team of sixteen to twenty mules. These teams brought fame to themselves and the mysterious desert pit.

Such were the conditions under which the miners toiled until the Pacific Borax Company decided it was time, in view of the ever-increasing demand for the precious product and the necessity of attracting skilled workers, that practical steps be taken to overcome the climatic terrors of the region. First came the construction of a railway linking the principal mines with Los Angeles, followed by the building of a wonderful Civic Centre on the very brink of the valley, known as Death Valley Junction. This novel " camp " in the desert consists of an adobe structure of Indian-Spanish design, boasting of over 200 bedrooms, fitted with every modern convenience. Here 250 miners are comfortably housed.

From the Civic Centre I took the narrow gauge railway to Ryan, where there is another camp, and from this point climbed by car on to the crest of the Funeral Range, at Dante's View. Here, at an elevation of 6,000 ft., one obtains a view of the greater part of the valley below, presenting a strange and weird spectacle. Its tan and chocolate coloured floor is streaked with patches of white, which at first you take to be rivers or lakes, but in reality are salt deposits. Opposite, enclosing the valley on the west, are the Panamint mountains, barren peaks, 11,000 ft. high, but simply blazing with colour—brown, red, buff, orange, pink, cinnamon, yellow, magenta and bright green. Behind them tower still higher peaks, and in the distance one can detect, eighty miles away, the snow cap of Mount Whitney (14,501 ft.), the highest point in the United States.

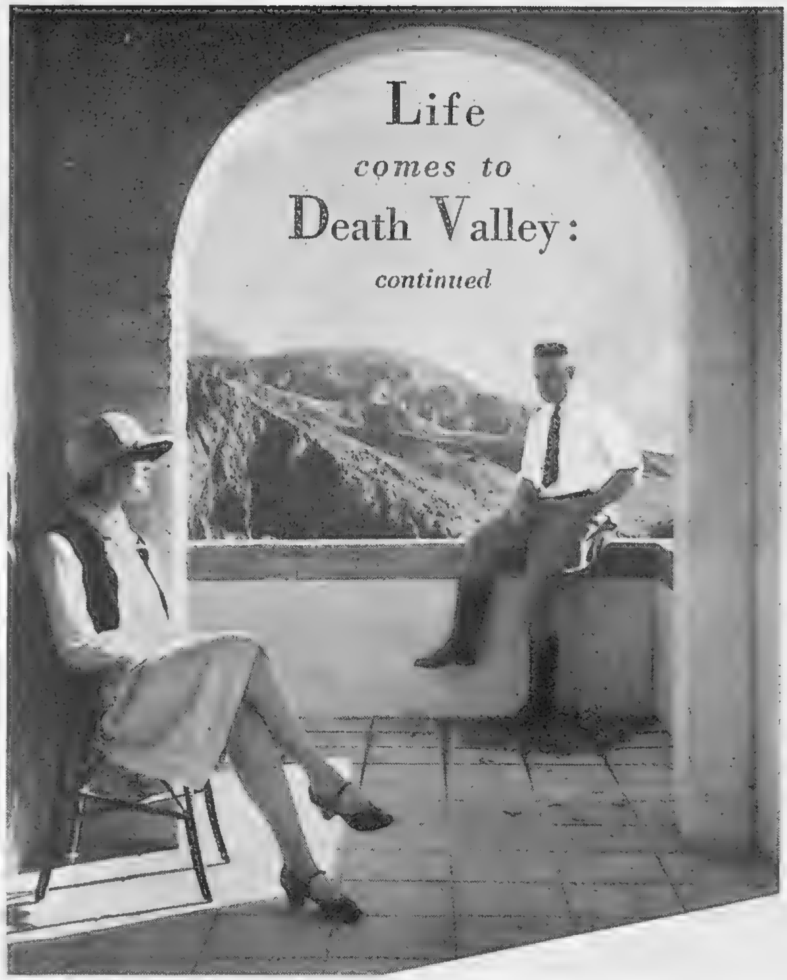
WE descended into the valley, still and deathlike, and made our way to the Devil's Golf Course. From Dante's View this spot resembled a lake. It is in reality a vast bed of salts—borax, soda, potash, common salt, mixed in many places with mud, an untamed, sinister place crossed by a single road. The fairylike,

Below :
A SHADY nook under the date-palms at the famous Furnace Creek ranch in Death Valley



Below :
FURNACE Creek Inn, the up-to-date hotel in Death Valley

Life comes to Death Valley: continued



FURNACE Creek Inn, Death Valley's only hotel. The new hotel marks civilisation's victory over Death Valley as it provides luxurious and comfortable accommodation for travellers

lacy pinnacles vary from a few inches to 2 ft. and more in height. He was indeed a cynic who named this the Devil's Golf Course.

It was a relief to strike the pebbly desert floor of the valley and note the wonderful colours of the Funeral Mountains that face the blue and purple Panamints on the opposite side. A short ride brought us to Furnace Creek Inn, and it seemed strange to find a modern hotel in such a spot.

Since its erection some three seasons ago it has been twice enlarged and is to-day quite an up-to-date hostelry accommodating over a hundred guests. It is equipped with every convenience and boasts of a fine outdoor swimming pool. It is only opened during the winter months and stands on a slight eminence and commands magnificent views of the fascinating valley. It is becoming a favourite rendezvous of artists and others attracted by the gorgeous colouring of mountain, canyon and desert, and not least by the sunsets.

A mile and a half from the inn is Furnace Creek Ranch, the only green oasis in this vast region. Eighty acres have been farmed here since miners came into the valley, originally to provide forage for the mule teams by which the precious borax was hauled for many weary miles over the roughest of trails to civilisation. The ranch is watered by a little stream from a nearby canyon. Alfalfa, Kaffir corn, wheat, oats, oranges and many garden vegetables are grown here successfully, and a herd of Hereford cows, as well as horses, mules, and burros, are kept.

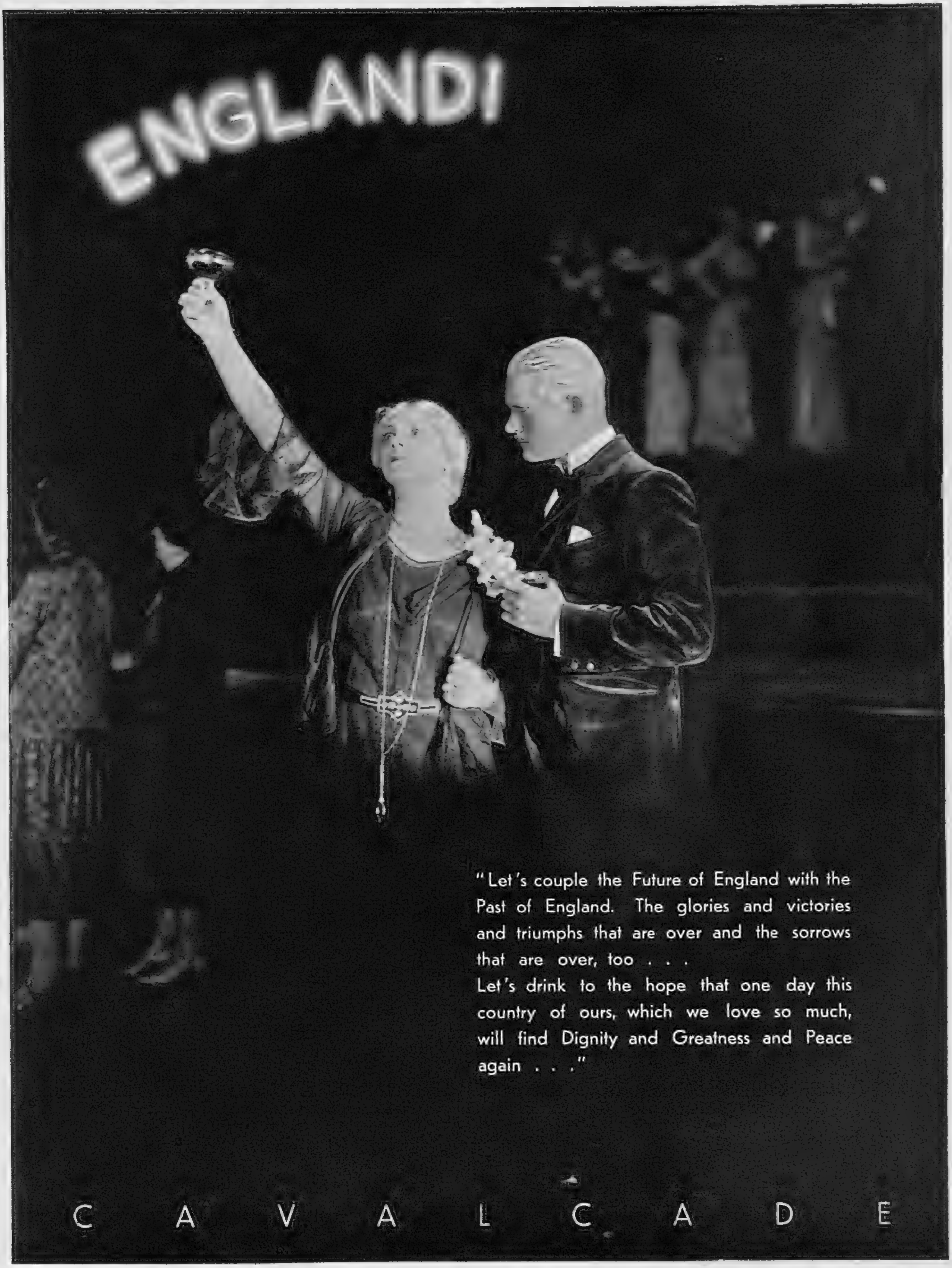
Most interesting are the young Deglet Noor date-palms, of which there are 126, placed here by the United States Government in the hope of obtaining pest-free nursery stock. A Mexican foreman is in charge of the ranch, and his labourers are Panamint Indians.

We opened the little door of the thermometer gauge, which is maintained here by the Government, and found the thermometer registering 118 deg. Fahr. This, of course, was in the shade, and behind that shuttered door there is a continual breeze. Instantly, as the sun's rays reached the instrument, it jumped to 124 deg., so we closed the door, and strolled over to inspect the abandoned wagons which were until recently used for hauling out the precious borax. Here it may be added that it was during the first week of September when I visited the valley. The touring season in the valley is from the middle of October to the middle of January.

Just beyond the ranch lay the ruins of the Harmony Borax Works, and as we drove over to them it was like passing through air heated in an oven. The sides of the car were almost untouchable in the heat. This was where Aaron Winters discovered borax in 1880. The boiler, vats, and pumps, as well as the remains of several buildings of adobe, still stand, monuments to the pioneers who braved the valley's hazards in those fateful days. And dotted here and there are crude headstones denoting the graves of pioneers who died of thirst, for water holes are few and far between. Such is the story of Death Valley, from whence the world obtains so much of its borax, the annual output of the mines to-day being about 120,000 tons.

Peculiar sand dunes in Death Valley

•EBB AND FLOW: THE TEMPO OF TO-DAY



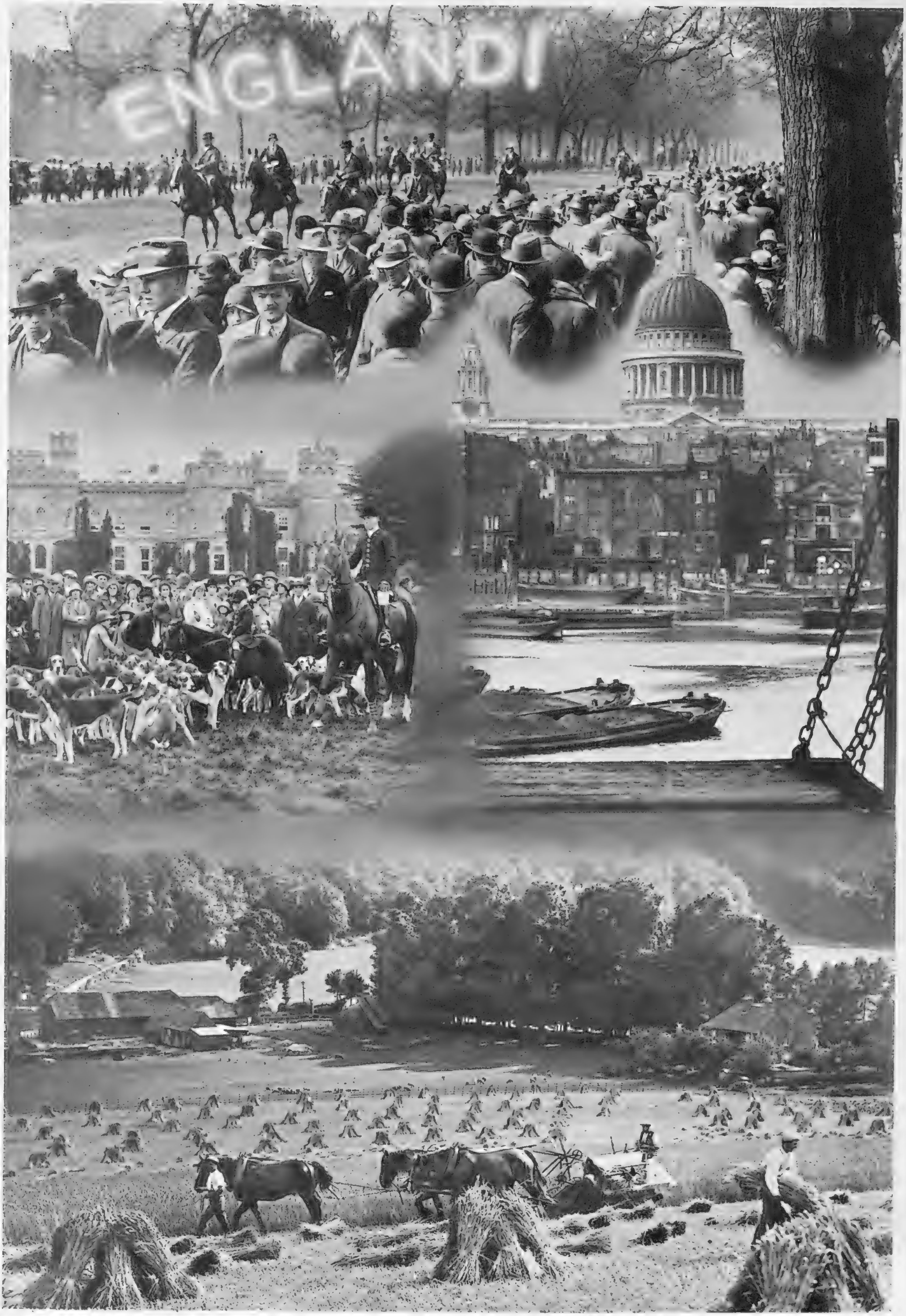
"Let's couple the Future of England with the Past of England. The glories and victories and triumphs that are over and the sorrows that are over, too . . .
Let's drink to the hope that one day this country of ours, which we love so much, will find Dignity and Greatness and Peace again . . ."

CAVALCADE

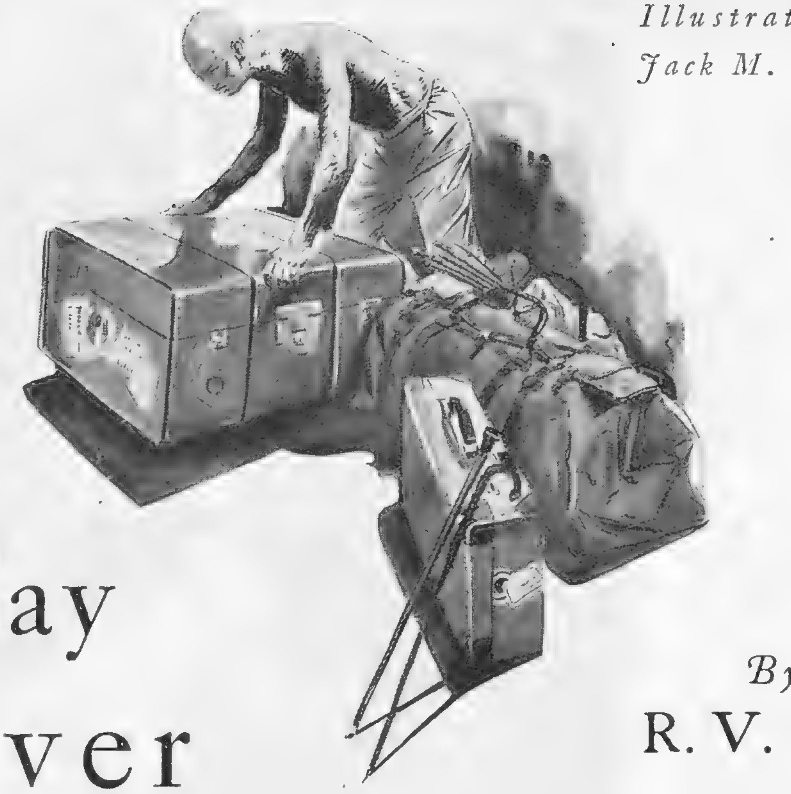
A symposium of "Cavalcade," at Drury Lane, Noel Coward's thirty-year retrospect of England in peace and war. The noise and the shouting, the laughter and the tears of those fateful years are hushed. It is a long cry from Mafeking to Armistice Night. Though 1918 is a memory though everything changes, "this country of ours which we love so well" endures. Time dies, but England lives . . .

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.


ENGLANDI

The *Story* of *a* Girl
who *didn't* believe
in Scandal—*and*
of *a* Young Man
with *a* "reputation"



Illustrated by
Jack M. Faulks

The Gay Deceiver

By
R. V. Gery

HE came to the District with a flaring, flaming reputation preceding him.

That kind of news travels fast, especially where you have got people like Mrs. Commissioner Bruce-Hartie to gather it, and mull it over, and savour it lovingly, and then pass it on, duly seasoned, to the dear, dear women who meet, afternoons, over the station's bridge tables.

The Commissioner's wife had a crony-by-correspondence up in Savala—just such another as herself, save that the Savala personage adorned the breakfast table of an Attorney-General. It was to her that she applied for information on hearing that Abbott—George Abbott—was coming down from the hills to take over a plantation on the flats by the sea; the wet flats over which Mrs. Commissioner Bruce-Hartie lorded it, although Alexander Bruce-Hartie, C.M.G., fondly believed that he did so.

And about this George Abbott Mrs. Commissioner got, to put it vulgarly, an earful from her gossip up in misty Savala. An earful on thin pink monogrammed paper, cunningly concocted, spicily devastating, so that Mrs. Bruce-Hartie read it over four times between tiffin and tea, and then went out to spread the glad tidings, and issue ukases. It was entirely like her that she said no word of the matter to her husband.

He, plump, rosy-gilled, competent in the affairs of men, entered the club bar at sundown and found a group of planters also discussing George Abbott. The estate he had bought was a large one, and he would in the normal course of events be a somebody in local society.

"Know anything about him?" said one Leggatt to a certain Champneys.

"Um!" Champneys nodded over his amber glass. "At school with him."

"Decent cove, I suppose?"

"Very decent—or was. He'll be an acquisition here."

"Glad to hear it. We can do with a few more men." Leggatt turned and saw the Commissioner. "Evenin', sir. Just talking about Abbott—the new man on poor old Tom's place."

"Yes?" Bruce-Hartie snapped his fingers at the Malay barman and took his invariable sherry. "I've not met him."

"He'll be down to-morrow, I'm told," said Leggatt. "By the way, Fred, d'you know if he's married? Is there a Mrs. Abbott?"

Champneys shook his head. "Ask me another," he said. "I've not seen him since . . . let's think. Must be twelve years ago."

"Believe he's single." The Commissioner finished his routine *apéritif* and looked round for his car on the drive outside. "It'll be odd without a lady on that plantation."

Leggatt and Champneys watched him leave. "There goes one of the best," Leggatt commented. "Pity, isn't it?"

Champneys shrugged. "Devilish pity," he said.

BRUCE-HARTIE drove home to the Residence, with the wide verandas and the jack snap-snapping in the moist sea breeze. He went to his room, changed for dinner and met his wife in the long, cool dining-room. The table was set for three, and the Commissioner looked enquiringly about him.

"Where's Elaine?" he asked.

Mrs. Bruce-Hartie regarded him much as if he were something newly brought to her attention.

"She's just back," she said absently—her mind being far away among the sins of George Abbott. "I sent her out to golf with young Cholmeley."

The Commissioner nodded, sagely keeping to himself his impressions of young Cholmeley. His Companionship of Saint Michael and Saint George had been won largely by such quiet observation, and by knowing when and with whom to argue.

The door flew open and Elaine appeared. Offspring of a portly little civil servant and her majestic mother, she took after neither of them, except in so far as a lurking gleam of humour in the eye might have been a legacy from the Commissioner. She was slim, healthy, and twenty-two, and for some time now she had been a source of increasing perturbation to Mrs. Bruce-Hartie—who was not accustomed to being crossed.

"Hello, folks!" she said pleasantly. "How's tricks, Daddy?"

"Elaine!" Her mother's voice might have come straight off the ice. "Where on earth do you pick up that disgusting . . . ?"

"Everywhere," Elaine answered brightly. "It's in common use. Why, mother? Don't you approve? Bobby Cholmeley doesn't, either."

Mrs. Bruce-Hartie bridled formidably, and the Commissioner looked at his plate. His wife's views on young Cholmeley had long been known to him, and he secretly approved his daughter's tactics in his regard. After all, there were limits.

"By the way," he said softly, "there's a new young man coming down for you to play with, Elaine. He's bought Tom Philby's place . . ."

"What's he like?" Elaine's voice held in it all the curiosity of twenty-two, compelled to waste gorgeous days on people like—well, like young Cholmeley.

The Commissioner was about to say that he had not so far the pleasure of the newcomer's acquaintance when his consort spoke in the trumpet tones of decision.

"If this is Mr. Abbott you are referring to," she said in sub-zero tones, "kindly recollect, Alexander, that neither Elaine nor I are to be presented to him!"

Mr. Commissioner Bruce-Hartie blinked very rapidly for an instant, accommodating himself to this new orientation of affairs.

"What was that, Elizabeth?" he asked mildly. And Elaine's query echoed his, but in a far different accent. "What was that, mother?"

"Mr. Abbott," pronounced the

Commissioner's wife, "is very far from being the type of man I should desire to meet—nor," she added with a quelling glance at Elaine, "the type of man I should desire our daughter to meet. He is, I am assured, an extremely . . . ah, worthless person."

"Whoops!" came irresistibly from her daughter. "How exciting! At last we'll have someone that isn't hopelessly stodgy. What's wrong with him, mother?"

"That," said Mrs. Bruce-Hartie, "is not a matter I am inclined to discuss with you, Elaine. Later on, possibly, with your father . . ."

Elaine came as near to sticking her tongue out as the presence of the Residency servants permitted. "I'll get it all out of Daddy later on," she said to herself. In such matters, she and the Commissioner were ancient allies.

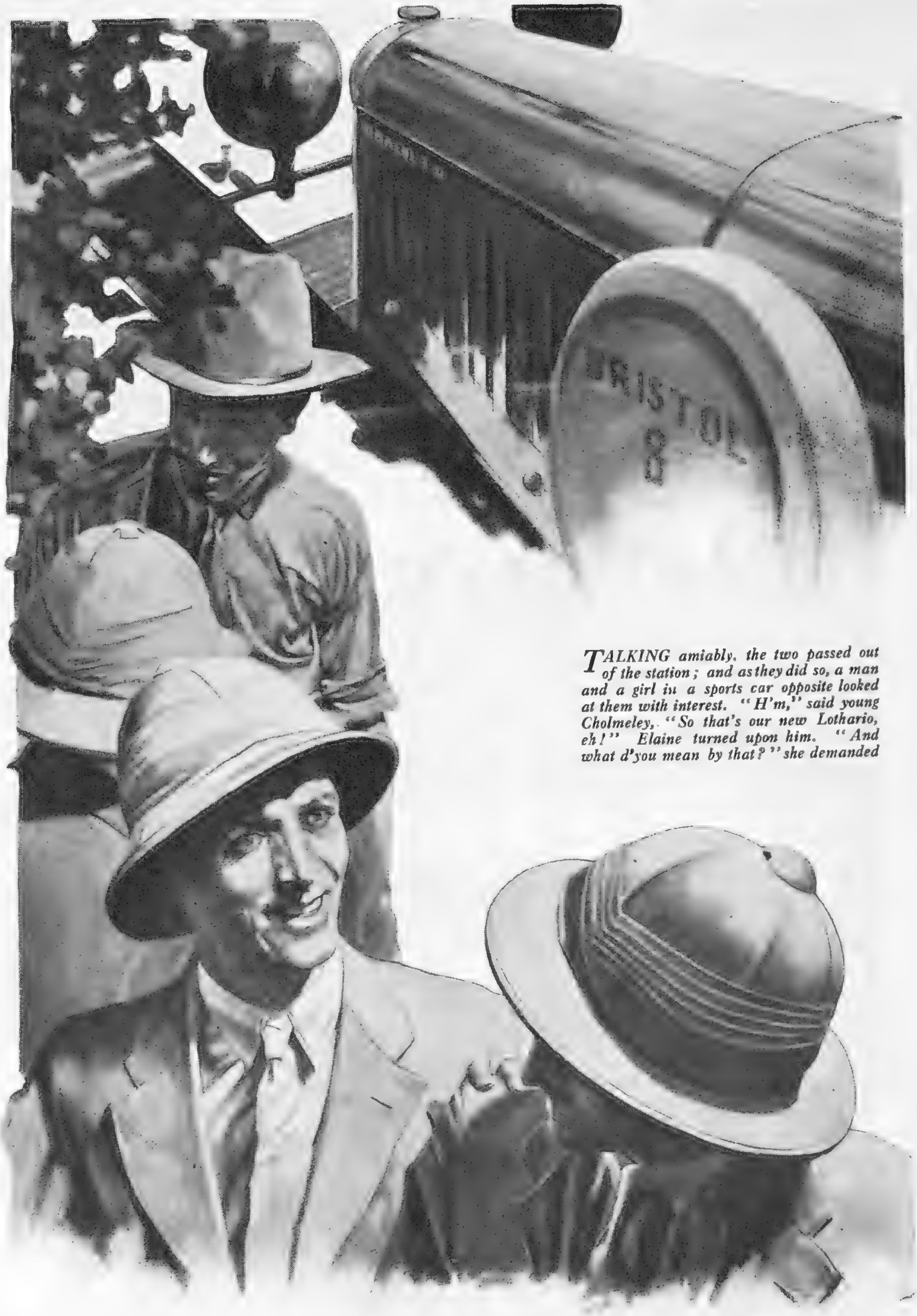
Therefore, later on, when Mrs. Bruce-Hartie had confided to her husband in just the correct whisper of horror a few of the drawbacks to Mr. George Abbott, as retailed by her correspondent up in Savala, Elaine caught him as he went off, shaking his head, to smoke a peaceful cheroot in his study.

"Well?" she demanded.

Her father smiled his wise smile at her. "Lay off, young woman," he advised, using another piece of her favourite slang. "Better let me look him over first, anyhow."

Elaine pouted. "It's always like that," she said. "You never let me have a fair chance at a man, daddy."

The Commissioner grinned in spite of himself. "Lord help the man—when you do!" he ejaculated piously!



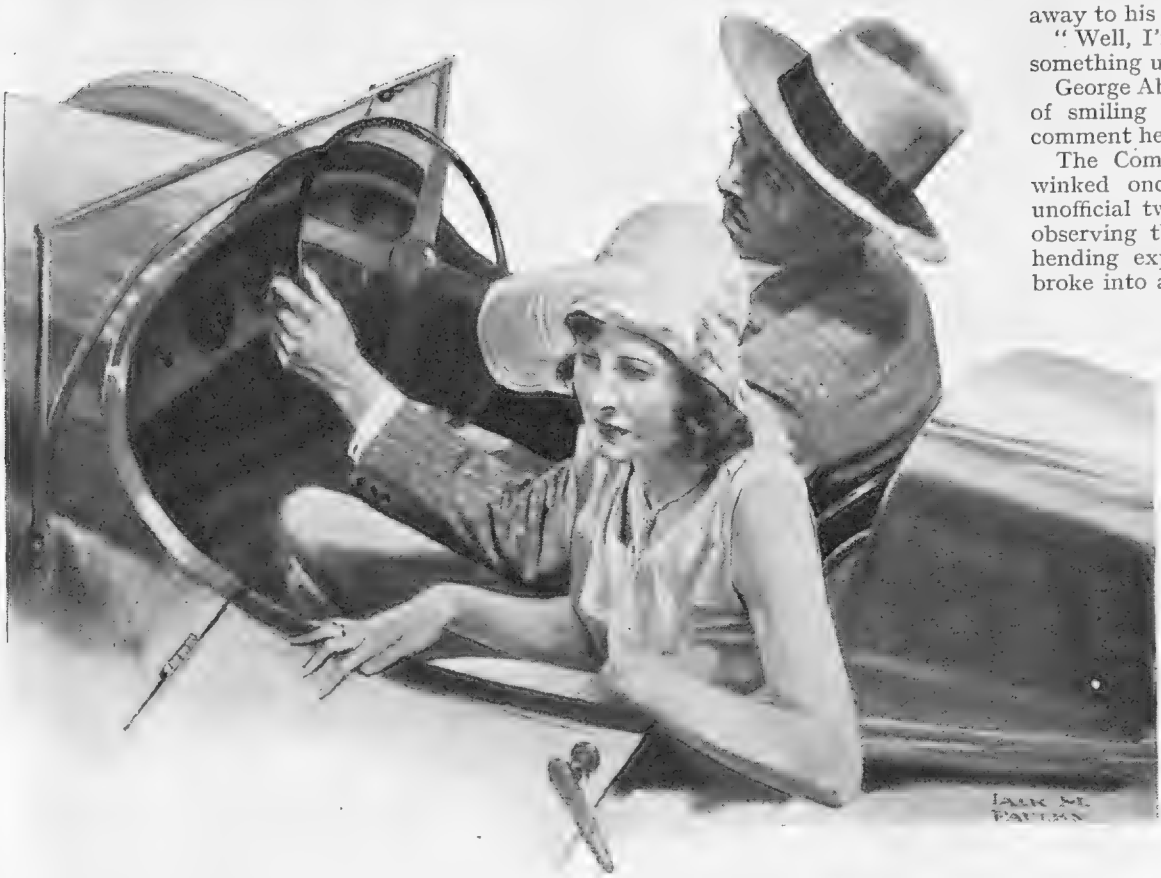
TALKING amiably, the two passed out of the station; and as they did so, a man and a girl in a sports car opposite looked at them with interest. "H'm," said young Cholmeley, "So that's our new Lothario, eh!" Elaine turned upon him. "And what d'you mean by that?" she demanded

SO George Abbott came down to the District to take over the late Philby's plantation and walked straight into as pretty a hornet's nest of slander as you might imagine in a month of Sundays.

He was a tall, cool-looking young fellow, with a general aspect of finding the world a pretty good place, and just enough of something about his eye-corners to have set the women up at Savala talking about him, maybe. Red-haired, and walking with a little lilt. Big feet and hands and a fair, sanguine complexion. Blue eyes that cracked sparks when he laughed, and a smile that might mean anything or just nothing at all. Yes, and a way with him when it came to girls—oh yes, undoubtedly a way with him.

But, equally undoubtedly, a way with interfering and nasty-minded dowagers. Up in Savala, where he had lived six years, he had started by getting across the bows of no less a person than Lady Tolliver, wife of the Administrator, a very large personage indeed. What Lady Tolliver had permitted herself to say about George Abbott doesn't matter here; it was sufficiently pungent and sufficiently inaccurate, and above all sufficiently public for George to take instant action however. And it cost the Attorney-General a month's hard work and incredible wriggling to get the matter squared and George's suit withdrawn.

After that, any decently minded young man—so held the Savala bridge tables—would have withdrawn himself and faded gracefully from the picture, leaving Lady Tolliver with the field. But George Abbott was not in the least like that. He stayed there, where he was, for the better part of five years, going about his



business and apparently unperturbed by the steady trickle of poison that was distilled about his name. Mothers withdrew their daughters, forbade them to consort with the pariah; yet, as might have been foreseen, this prohibition merely had the effect of investing George with an attractiveness doubled because illicit.

So that he contrived to get a very good time out of life for all the talk. And then a lucky legacy came to him and put him in the way of buying a property; and he arrived at the coast, into the sphere of influence of Mrs. Bruce-Hartie, with all his reputation ahead of him and his usual cheerful smile unquenched.

It was on an evening just at the beginning of the hot weather that his train pulled in to the station. There were a few people about, planters and the like, and Champneys, recognising his man, came up to him on the platform.

"Abbott, isn't it?" he asked. "Remember me—Champneys? Maxwell's house at Stalborough?"

George Abbott's grin widened. "Why, of course," he said genially. "Must be ten years ago. Don't tell me you're living here."

"Looks like it," said Champneys. "But come along up to the club. They'll look after your traps here. You've bought Philby's place, haven't you?"

Talking amicably, the two passed out of the station, and as they did so a man and a girl in a sports car opposite looked at them with interest.

"H'm!" said young Cholmeley. "So that's our new Lothario, eh?"

Elaine turned upon him. "And what d'you mean by that?" she demanded.

Cholmeley laughed unpleasantly. He was a narrow-shouldered boy with a cold eye and a precise mouth. "You've not been listening to the talk, that's easily seen," he said. "You'd better ask your mother about this Abbott."

"Thanks," said Elaine. "I prefer to form my own judgments if you don't mind. And I think you can drop me here. I'll walk back."

"Not stuffy about anything, are you? I'm only telling you for your own good, you know."

"Thank you very much," Elaine's voice was dangerously calm. "I can look after myself all right, Bobby. Let me out, will you?"

She went off up the blazing street, stiff with indignation, and Cholmeley looked after her, a puzzled expression on his face. He was not used to this kind of treatment.

Thoughtfully, after watching the retreating Elaine out of sight, he let his clutch in and drove to the club. He found the usual evening crowd of men there; and on the verandah, with Champneys introducing him to acquaintances right and left, sat the moral pariah, George Abbott. As Cholmeley approached, the Commissioner himself came in and made straight for the newcomer.

"Introduce me, please," he said to Champneys, and shook hands cordially with Abbott. "Glad to meet you. You've got a nice place out yonder—one of our best. I hope you'll find your stay with us a pleasant one."

Abbott showed white teeth in a flickering smile. "I don't doubt it, sir," he said.

Champneys beckoned to Cholmeley. "Come here, Bobby," he said. "This is George Abbott. You've heard of him already, I expect."

"Yes," said Cholmeley, with obvious intention. "I've heard of Mr. Abbott all right."

There was an instant's silence, while the men faced each other. Then—feeling the Commissioner's eye beginning to blaze on him—Cholmeley stretched out an unwilling hand. Abbott took it, and the momentary tension relaxed. Nevertheless, there was a certain stiffness about the club verandah, until Cholmeley drifted away to his car.

"Well, I'm . . . !" Champneys said something unchristian under his breath.

George Abbott looked round at the ring of smiling men. "So?" was all the comment he made.

The Commissioner caught his eye and winked once and solemnly with a most unofficial twinkle. And George Abbott, observing the twinkle and the comprehending expressions of the other men, broke into a laugh himself, and changed the subject.

MRS. COMMISSIONER BRUCE HARTIE was a good hater. She was also a lady with a positive genius for mobilizing public opinion—a certain type of public opinion—on her side whenever it seemed to her necessary to do so. She had an incredible amount of what might be called "pull" with the womenfolk of her husband's District, and could and did make it extremely hot for anyone who might have incurred her displeasure.

George Abbott, within a week of his arrival, discovered that he was up against a proposition. The men, headed by the Commissioner himself, were cordial enough. More than cordial, as a matter of fact: George was welcomed among them as a good fellow, unassuming, friendly, and highly clubbable; the kind of man much in demand in backwaters like the District. But that view of him went no further than the men. With one exception the women withdrew their skirts from him. Mrs. Bruce-Hartie, from her strategic position among them, gave orders for his abolition, and abolished he was, so far as feminine society went. There were plenty of cases of husband and wife being secretly at issue on the subject of George Abbott.

The exception to the general boycott was Elaine herself. For some days after George Abbott's arrival she had said nothing, contenting herself with listening to her mother's views about young men of shady antecedents and indifferent morals. Between her and her father there was also a silence, although this was of a nature almost conspiratorial; the Commissioner, with the insight into things that was part of his official equipment, anticipated developments and forbore to interfere. Only the girl's mother kept what she believed to be an eagle eye on her doings, with the result that Elaine found it even easier than usual to circumvent her.

On an afternoon, Elaine drove her car out of the Residency drive gates and turned sharp to the left as if making for the town. Mrs. Bruce-Hartie, sitting on the deep verandah, watched her go and leant forward out of her chair to observe the direction she took. Then, satisfied, she sank back again and continued her dissection of George Abbott to a select group of her satellites.

But what Mrs. Bruce-Hartie either did not know, or forgot, was that there was a by-road, narrow, ill-surfaced and wet, branching off the main track half a mile from the Residency. Down this Elaine was at present hurrying, the little car bumping and swaying in and out of the holes, and flies and insects rising in a great cloud from the marshy borders of the road. There was a look of peculiar intentness on the girl's face as she drove, her underlip caught under one eye-tooth. Mrs. Bruce-Hartie might not have cared a great deal for the look, but the Commissioner would have recognized it.

Finally, after twenty minutes' bucking and bouncing through the swamp, she came out on a metalled road once more and began to spin along it. For four miles she drove, until the orderly fields and trim outbuildings in front of her indicated the plantation of Mr. George Abbott.

On the road in front of his bungalow she stopped abruptly and leant under the dashboard as if examining something. Then she sat up and put her foot on the starter. The engine turned over; turned over again, with a great gurring of machinery; remained dead.

Elaine sat there, a pathetic little figure in white, struggling with the recalcitrant car. Once or twice she shot a rapid glance at the bungalow, as if expectantly; but when, in five minutes or so, George Abbott came out and walked quickly across to her, her little jump of surprise was entirely convincing.

" What's the trouble ? " he asked, taking off his helmet.

Elaine shook her head. " I—I don't know," she said. " The—silly thing won't go."

George Abbott had only been in the District a week or so, and could not be expected to know that Elaine Bruce-Hartie was quite as good a little mechanic as the next one. He lifted the bonnet.

" Let's have a look," he said.

He fumbled round with gasoline and ignition for a while, and made her turn the engine over once more. " H'm ! " he said. " She's dead, all right." Let's see your switch."

He explored behind the dash, and then laughed. " No wonder," he said amusedly. " There's a wire ridden loose here. Just a second."

Deftly he renewed Elaine's deliberate disconnection. She pressed on the starter obediently at his word and the engine roared into life. George Abbott stood up.

" There," he said. " And now—may I ask . . . ? "

" My name's Elaine Bruce-Hartie," she said. " My father's the Commissioner . . . "

The red-headed man broke into a smile. " Ah ! " he said slowly. " I'm George Abbott. You've probably heard of me."

" I have," said Elaine cheerfully. " Mother . . ."

" That would happen." Abbott's tone was suddenly gloomy. " And what's your mother been telling you, if I may ask ? Plenty of things, I presume."

Elaine's lips twitched. " Well," she said, " if you really must know . . ."

" I don't want to," said Abbótt. " I seem to have heard it all before."

" You must be a very terrible person, Mr. Abbott." There was the most delicate spice of mockery in Elaine's voice. " I—I don't know whether I should be here talking to you."

" Oh, you needn't be afraid, I assure you ! " For once George Abbott's take-it-or-leave-it flippancy had deserted him. He spoke seriously.

" Afraid ? " Elaine rippled with laughter. " Guess again ! It would take more than that to frighten me. I'm only too glad to meet someone who isn't—who isn't—well, you know what I mean."

George Abbott's seriousness evaporated abruptly. " I think I do know," he said, his mind on Cholmeley. " Well, now—if you really aren't scared," he turned to the bungalow, " how about my offering you some tea ? I suppose, though, your mother would have distinct views about that."

" She thinks I'm safely in town." Elaine prepared to get out of the car. " I bluffed her, driving the wrong way out of the gate . . . Oh ! "

She stopped, scarlet with confusion at her self-betrayal. George Abbott looked at her round-eyed for an instant. Then he burst into a roar of laughter.

" Splendid ! " he said. " Absolutely splendid ! And now, since we're both of us involved in deceit, come along in ! Whatever happens to you, you deserve it ! "

YOUNG Mr. Cholmeley drove along the road in his sports car. He had been to the Residency, looking for Elaine, and after having been told, with the awful affability of Mrs. Bruce-Hartie, that the girl was in town, he had spent an unprofitable half-hour hunting for her there. Now he had given up and was returning to his own habitation, which lay a mile or so beyond George Abbott's.

All at once he slowed down, peering ahead out of his cold, blue eyes. There was a scene on the road, not a hundred yards in front of him, that made him doubt the evidence of his senses.

Elaine was being put into her car by the scandalous George Abbott. Their farewells were of the most cordial order, with a great deal of untrammelled laughter about them; Cholmeley could have sworn—in fact, did swear—that Elaine allowed her host to hold her hand a lot longer than was quite necessary. In Abbott's verandah, plain from the road, stood a tea-table, mute witness to an assignation.

Cholmeley jammed on his brakes and stopped, with his car slewed half across the road. Neither of them had seen him yet, but Elaine swung her machine and started off towards him, with a wave to George. Cholmeley remained where he was, almost blocking the road.

" Oh, hello ! " Elaine greeted him with extreme coolness. " Let me pass, will you please ? "

" What are you doing here ? " Cholmeley demanded pompously.

" My own business. Let me pass."

" Not until you tell me if you've been with that man."

" Let me pass, I tell you ! "

" Not until . . . "

The repetition cost Cholmeley a new bumper. Elaine slipped into low gear, stepped hard on her accelerator, and crashed past him with a shrieking and splintering of metal. Cholmeley jumped up in his seat and saw her settle down to a steady fifty on the homeward road. She did not look back.

The man said something under his breath. Then, as if making up his mind suddenly, he drove up to Abbott's verandah and got out of his car.

Abbott was filling a pipe. "Afternoon!" he said casually. " Seem to have had a little smash, don't you ? "

Cholmeley strode up to him, white and furious. " Listen to me, sir," he began—he really was an exceedingly pompous young gentleman. " Listen to me! You'll be good enough to . . . to avoid the society of that young lady in future. You . . . you understand ! "

Abbott lit his pipe, regarding him quizzically through the curling smoke.

" What was that ? " he enquired mildly.

" L-leave her alone, I tell you, Abbott ! That's fair warning, now . . . ! "

" Oh ! " George Abbott put his pipe down on the table edge. " And why, if I may ask ? " Very silkily.

" Because you're the kind of cad she shouldn't associate with. Everyone knows it . . ."

George Abbott said nothing whatever; he did not even change colour. But his fist shot out like a piston-rod and took young Cholmeley very effectively under the chin. Then he strolled down his verandah steps and, hands in pockets, watched him pick himself up from the gravel path.

" Ah ! " was all he observed. " Now—there's your car, Cholmeley, and there's the road. Pleasant drive to you ! "

He turned and went into the house, picking up his pipe as he passed the table.

A mighty humming above her, almost drowning out the buzz of her own engine, made Elaine look up. Overhead, roaring down towards the smooth waters of the harbour, slid a great three-motored seaplane, and from its tail, outstretched flat in the wind of its progress, was a bright ensign.

Elaine knew the machine at once. Six hundred miles down coast, exalted far above Commissioners and Administrators, there sat an air-minded Governor, whose delight it was to drop in on his outlying stations thus, with half-an-hour's warning by wireless. She had seen Sir Hercules O'Hara before, that loud-voiced, striding Irishman with the temper, and she looked forward to his visit this time with peculiar anticipation, since he was the one thing two-legged upon earth of which her mother stood in unfeigned awe. He might very well be useful, under the circumstances.

SHE found the Residency in a turmoil of preparation for the visit. Her mother, crimson in the face with excitement, was directing everything at once, and in a temper suitable to such an achievement. She saw Elaine drive up to the door.

" And where," she asked, " have you been ? I expected you an hour ago."

" Out to tea," said her daughter succinctly. Then with the idea that she might just as well get it over, she added : " With Mr. Abbott."

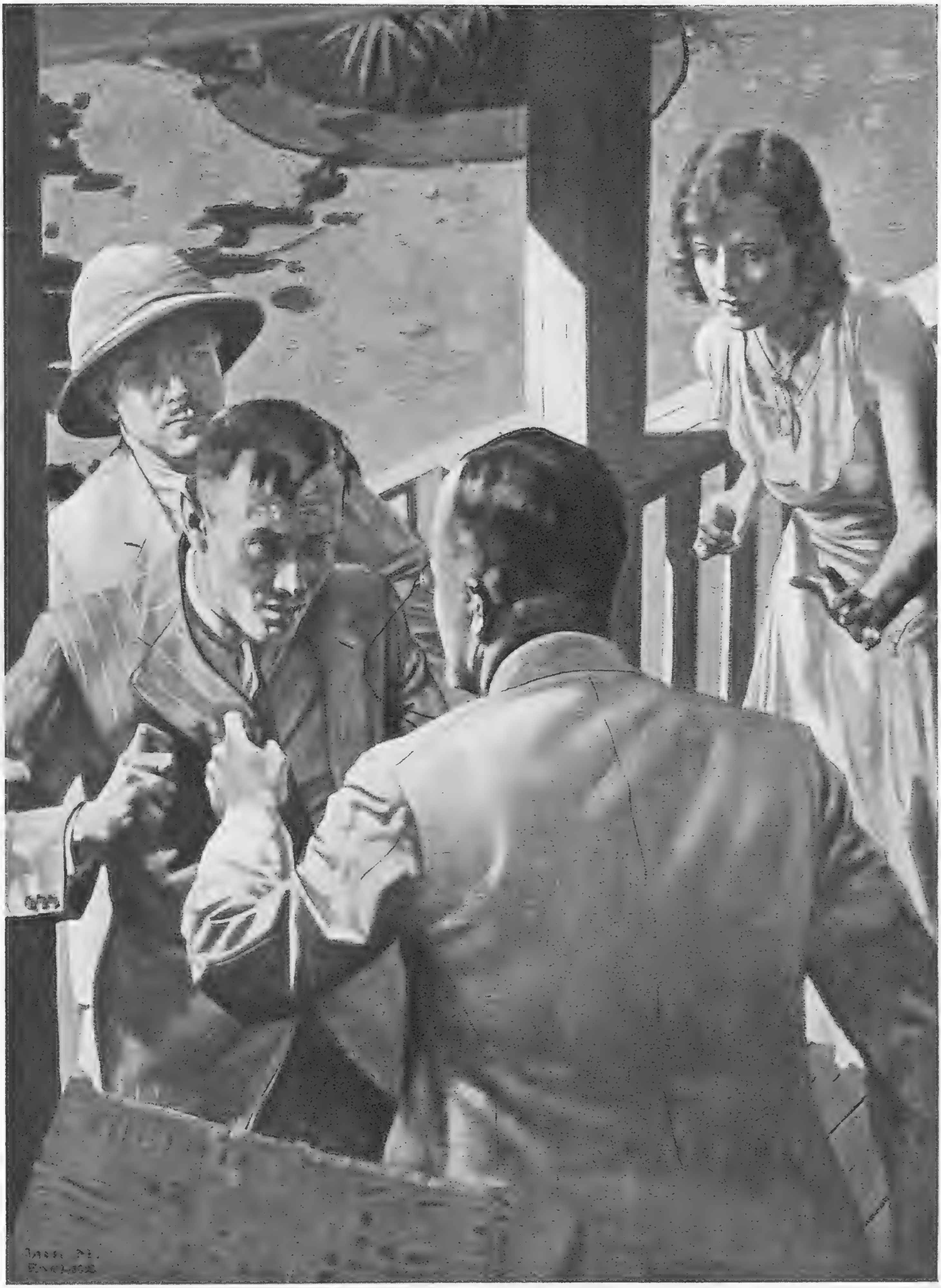
" What ! " Mrs. Bruce-Hartie's already incarnadined countenance turned several shades deeper. " Wh-what was that ? "

" With Mr. Abbott," Elaine repeated sweetly. " He's a very nice young man."

Mrs. Bruce-Hartie goggled for all the world like a fish. " Go . . . go upstairs at once ! " she commanded. " I . . . I shall speak to you later about this ! Go to your room ! " Her eye fell on the car. " Wait ! " she said. " What's the matter with that thing ? " She pointed dramatically at the crushed wing.

" Bobby Cholmeley did that," said Elaine shamelessly. " He wouldn't get out of my way, so I had to run him d-down ! " She broke into an irrepressible giggle at the thought.

Another car purred up in the drive outside, and from it descended—much battered, but still coldly dignified—Mr. Cholmeley in (*Continued on page* 85)

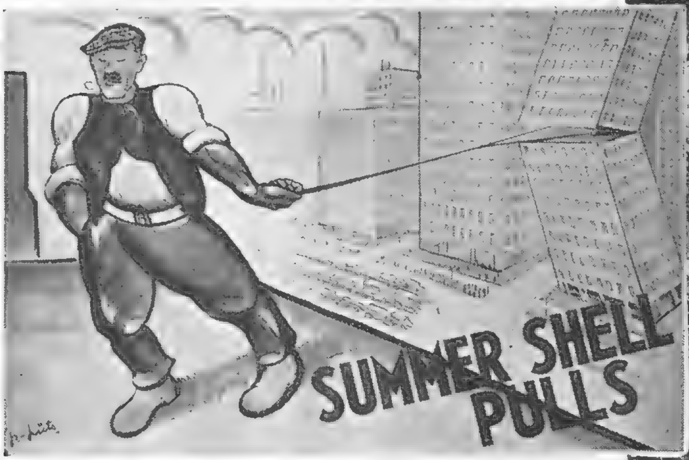


THEN the Commissioner remarked to the world in general: "You infernal little scrub!" and seized Cholmeley by the collar

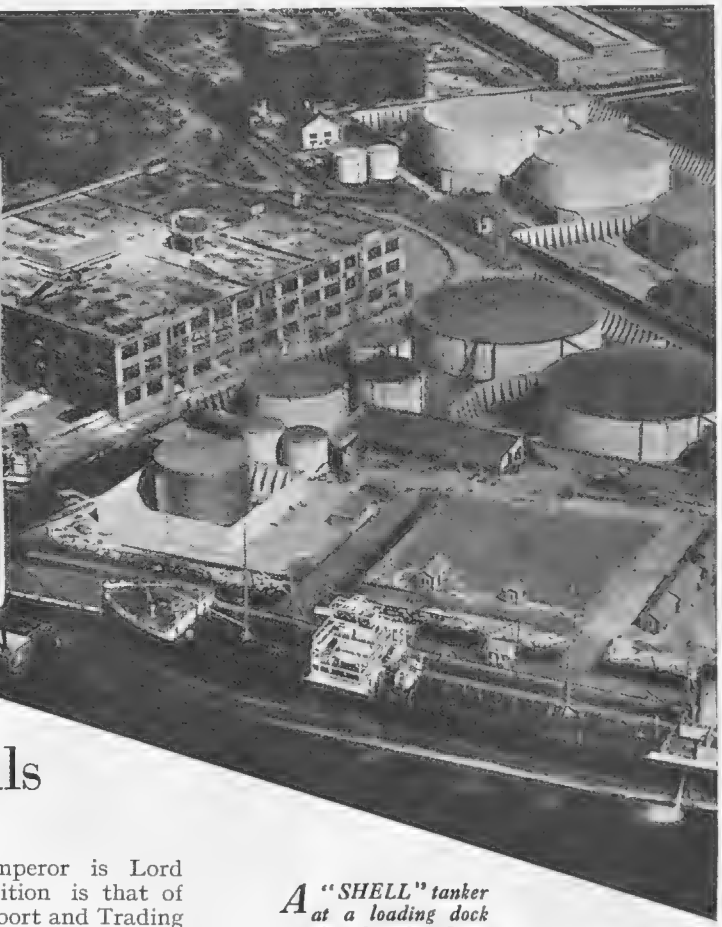
BIG BUSINESS:

By Gordon Beckles

TYPICAL examples of genteel reminders of holidays in Victorian days



ONE of the many brilliant contributions to the hoardings advertising the merits of "Shell"



A "SHELL" tanker at a loading dock on the Pacific Coast

No. 2: The Story of the Shells

IN the autumn of 1855 there reposed upon ten thousand Victorian tables—as genteel reminders of holidays at Margate or Brighton—ten thousand trinket boxes richly encrusted with exotic shells.

There were pink shells and purple shells on the covers of these boxes; blue shells and yellow shells on the sides; and sprinkled generously over every available square inch a bewildering confusion of marine gems. Many a polite romance was woven over a whispered explanation of the names, and classic significance, of some of the stranger specimens thus displayed: the circe shell, the goldmouth, the scalaria, the myr and the harpa shells.

The shells came from the mysterious East. They were gathered from the beaches of Pacific Islands and the shoals of Penang; from coral banks and ocean grottoes.

But the boxes came from Houndsditch; and so did the glue, and the girls who sat at long tables in the Samuel warehouse sticking the shells in formal patterns on to the bare pasteboard skeletons.

The vogue for these ornate fancies first grew, then diminished as the flame of mid-Victorianism flickered. Yet the shells—and the name of the man who imported them—were destined to achieve commercial immortality.

Only a stone's-throw from Houndsditch there is to-day hidden away, off Leadenhall Street, a vast building, over which presides another Samuel, the grandson of that Samuel who first tempted Victorian taste with his Oriental wares. The name of this emperor is Lord Bearsted, and his position is that of Chairman of Shell Transport and Trading Co., Ltd.

The dominions of this debonair Lord Bearsted—Etonian, gallant soldier and member of more clubs than anyone else in London—stretch from the Pacific to Penang, and thence westwards round the world to the Pacific again. He rules over an empire of oil-fields, and one hundred and eighty ships carry his flag. They also carry names such as "Circe," "Goldmouth," "Scalaria," "Myr" and "Harpa" . . .

THE story of the growth of the £43,000,000 business thus consecrated to the name of "shell" is, indeed, romantic—nay, almost improbable!

The firm was founded less than half a century ago by Marcus Samuel (afterwards Viscount Bearsted), who was born in London in 1853, the son of the man who made the trinket boxes.

With his brother and partner, Mr. Samuel Samuel, he developed an extensive trade with the Far East in all kinds of commodities, including Russian kerosene, in which he was associated with the great banking house of Rothschild.

And he was one of the first British men of commerce to visualise the growing economic importance of Japan at a time when that country was rapidly developing from mediævalism into a modern nation.

The business of the Samuel brothers with Japan soon grew to large proportions, and embraced intimate relations with the Japanese Government, being entrusted with the issue of the first Japanese Gold Loan of £4,500,000.

A keen vision enabled Marcus Samuel to appreciate in clear perspective the commercial possibilities and new requirements which the general awakening of the East would evoke.

On his journeys to the East, Marcus Samuel—who was already engaged extensively in the merchandising of oil products—realised the enormous developments awaiting the petroleum business and the part which oil would play in the industrial arena. A branch of the business was accordingly formed by the Samuel brothers to deal in oil.

Marcus Samuel next concentrated his attention on the problem of transportation, including the waste in freight expenditure and costs of handling resulting from the transport of crude petroleum.

He was one of the first men engaged in the oil business to realise the immense possibilities of bulk transportation of oil, which previously had been exclusively handled in barrels, tins and cases.

The large overhead costs and wastage, loss through leakage, and increased freight charges (which included carriage on the barrels, the latter constituting 20 per cent. of the total weight) demanded a more efficient and economical system of transport.

A New Series of the Romance of Great Enterprises and the Men behind them

A TRINKET box and pincushion decorated with sea shells

SHELL
SHELL

A CALIFORNIAN oil-field which resembles a forest. Huntington Beach Oil Field, in which the Shell Company's Ashton lease is situated

Right:

VISCOUNT BEARSTED, grandson of the founder of "Shell," and Chairman of Shell Transport and Trading Co., Ltd.

IN 1884 a German oil shipper proved the practicability of the oil tanker on modern lines, and Samuel at once adapted this method to his own business. The difficulty with the tank steamers at first was that they obtained freight only on one voyage, owing to the absence of any practical means of cleaning the tanks.

Mr. Samuel conceived the idea of cleaning the tanks with steam, and was thus able to send his tankers back to European ports laden with rice and other Eastern produce. Later the magnitude and international character of oil distribution made it necessary to use tankers exclusively for oil purposes.

In 1892 the two Samuel brothers built the *Murex*, which was the first tank steamer to travel through the Suez Canal and enter the Thames with a cargo of benzine. Thenceforth bulk transportation was rapidly developed all over the world.

Marcus Samuel was also the pioneer in the use of liquid fuel for men-of-war and merchant ships, for more than 30 years ago he raised the question of oil fuel with the British Admiralty. The persistent advocacy of the firm was, indeed, largely responsible for the construction of oil-burning vessels of the Royal Navy.

The business which Viscount Bearsted and his brother, Mr. S. Samuel, had thus so courageously founded received a substantial impetus when the Shell Transport and Trading Company, Ltd., was founded in 1897 in London with a capital of £1,800,000, the name being derived from his father's business.

The shares were almost exclusively in British hands, the majority being held by Viscount Bearsted and his brother. The company consolidated and developed the business already done in the transport and sale of petroleum and petroleum products, particularly the output in Russia, where the Shell Company had a business arrangement with the Nobel brothers, whose valuable oil-fields at Baku in the Caucasus were 34 years ago the most important source of oil production outside America.

It was not until later that any substantial interest was acquired by the Shell Company in the ownership of sources of production. The Samuel brothers had, however, secured oil concessions in Borneo with exploitation rights extending over 500 square miles.

The expansion of its business in these and other directions brought the new Shell Company into close contact with the two biggest factors in the oil world of 30 years ago.

In 1890 the Royal Dutch Company (known by its Dutch name of Koninklijke Nederlandsche Maatschappij) had been formed by J. B. August Kessler, who was engaged in an extensive general business in the Dutch East Indies, and had acquired oil concessions at Sumatra owned by Dr. Ruyter Zylken, a tobacco planter, for approximately £30,000.

The Royal Dutch Company, therefore, like the Shell Company, had small beginnings. Its initial capital was 1,300,000 guilders (approximately £100,000 at par); and its object was stated to be "the exploitation of petroleum wells in the Dutch East Indies."

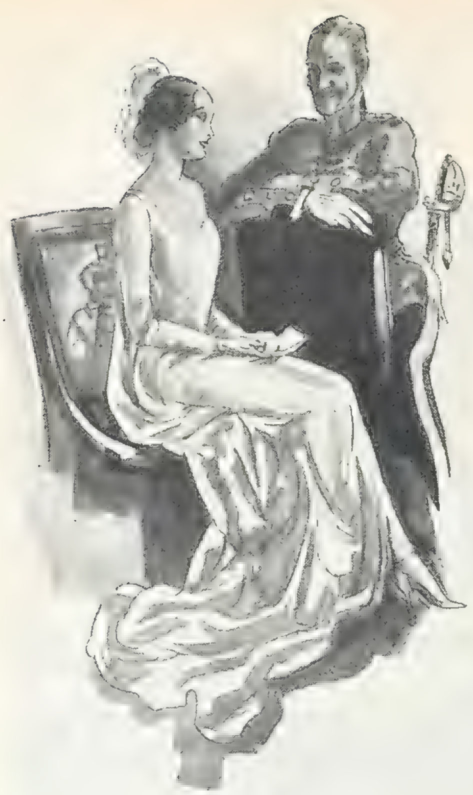
The Royal Dutch Company rapidly extended its business, and was operating at the time of the formation of the Shell Company under the control of Mr. (now Sir) Henri W. A. Deterding, who had been chief assistant to Kessler, the founder of the company, and, like Lord Bearsted, foresaw the great possibilities ahead of the oil industry, especially in the Far East, and was a man of great organising ability and strong personality.

A company known as the Asiatic Petroleum Company, Ltd., was formed in 1903 with a capital of £2,000,000, the Shell and Royal Dutch companies and the House of Rothschild (with which the Shell Company had previously been associated) being jointly interested.

This company was designed to organise the transport, marketing and distribution of petroleum products for the three groups. Storage tanks (*Continued on page* 130)

Sleivemann—Bart.

Rich Man—Poor Man—Beggar Man—Thief . . . A thrilling Game for High Stakes fought out in the very Shadow of the Throne



Jimmy remembered the conversation word for word :—

" So you are Jimmy Lace, are you ?—of my regiment."

" I am, sir."

" Knew your mother. The most charmin' woman who ever came out in America."

" Yes, sir. I think so, too."

" Damned good bit of work of yours disposin' of those stores for a million and a half. How'd you do it ? "

" I was on the spot, sir. Knew the people."

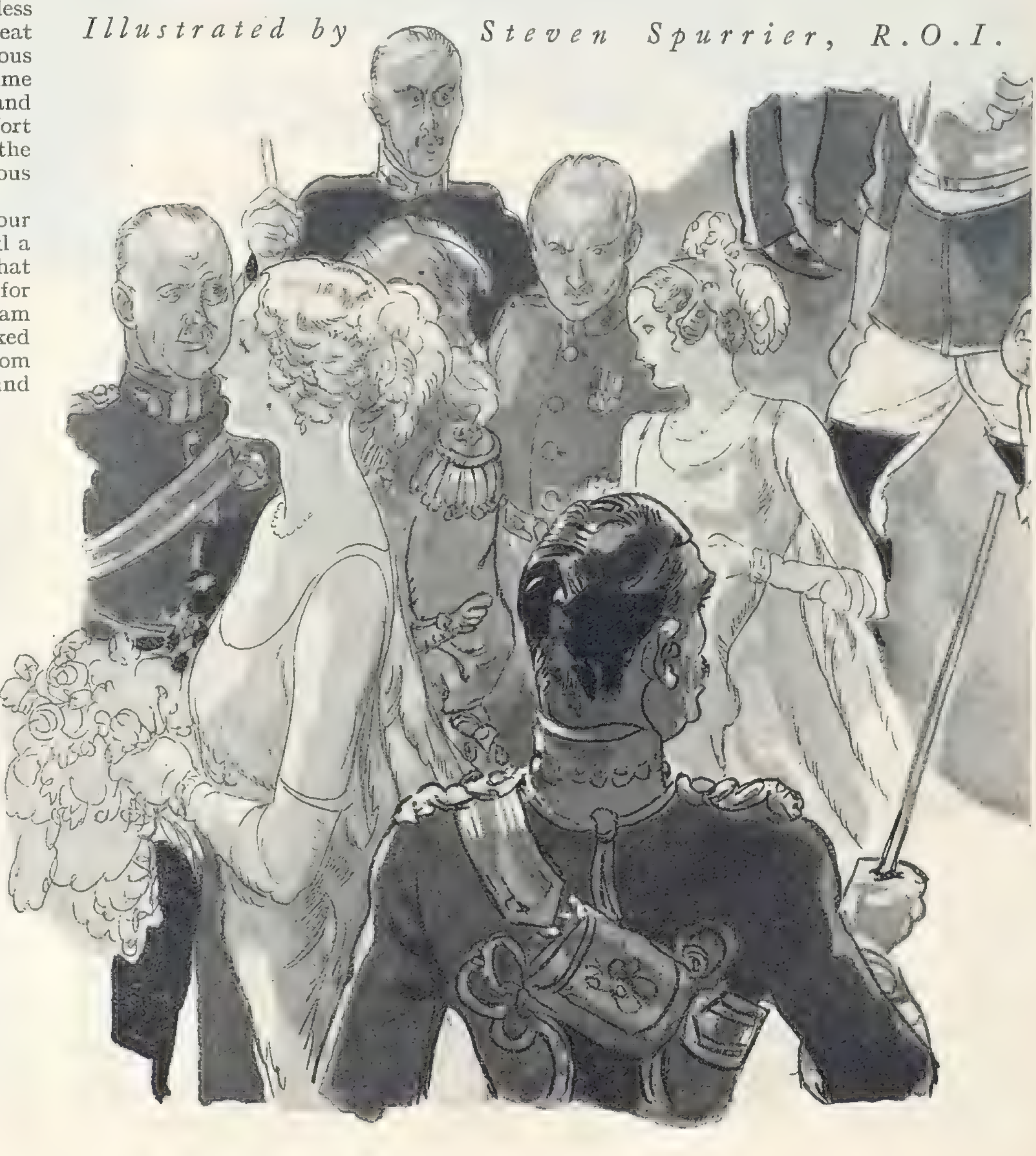
" Well, you are a damned young fool."

" Yes, sir ? "

" If you'd 'a' resigned your commission and done the job as a civilian, you'd 'a' got ten per cent."

JIMMY had no difficulty in recalling his sensations at that reminder, for his lawyer had that morning pointed out that a war aftermath of two lots of death duties had made such a mess of the family estates that there was not much left for subsidising further service to his country.

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



IT was at an evening court at Buckingham Palace that Jimmy Lace first contemplated crime as an alternative to insolvent glory. Considering that Jimmy's eyes are of that ruthless shade of blue which is peculiar to great generals, master crooks and audacious lovers, and that they ranged at the time over a display of diamonds, emeralds and pearls that would have set up in comfort most of the down-and-out heroes of the Great War, the fact is not so incongruous as it sounds.

Moreover, as he reflected with a humour that had survived Mons, marriage, and a tour of duty as A.D.C. to Royalty—what more suitable setting could we have for a change in perspective. Buckingham Palace—and St. James's—had marked most of the salients in his progress from Sandhurst to a perpetual overdraft, and being fifty per cent. American, he did not see why it should not carry on the good work.

There had been his first presentation as a subaltern of Foot Guards ; his next visit, not so long afterwards, with arm bandaged to side, to receive from the King a D.S.O. ; another, when he had cuddled a crutch on to the famous forecourt to fetch his Military Cross. And then, four years after the Armistice, the occasion when he had attended in scarlet and bearskin to be invested by His Majesty with the insignia of a Companion of St. Michael and St. George.

In recollection of that particular award Jimmy straightened his scarlet back, pulled down the front of a creaseless tunic, and gazed across a frieze of tiaras, bald heads, coronets, and bobbing ostrich tips, to where Gold Stick in Waiting stood in blue and gold brilliance at the foot of the throne. That distinguished soldier peer and courtier had then been something of a dizzy consequence on the Army Council.

By

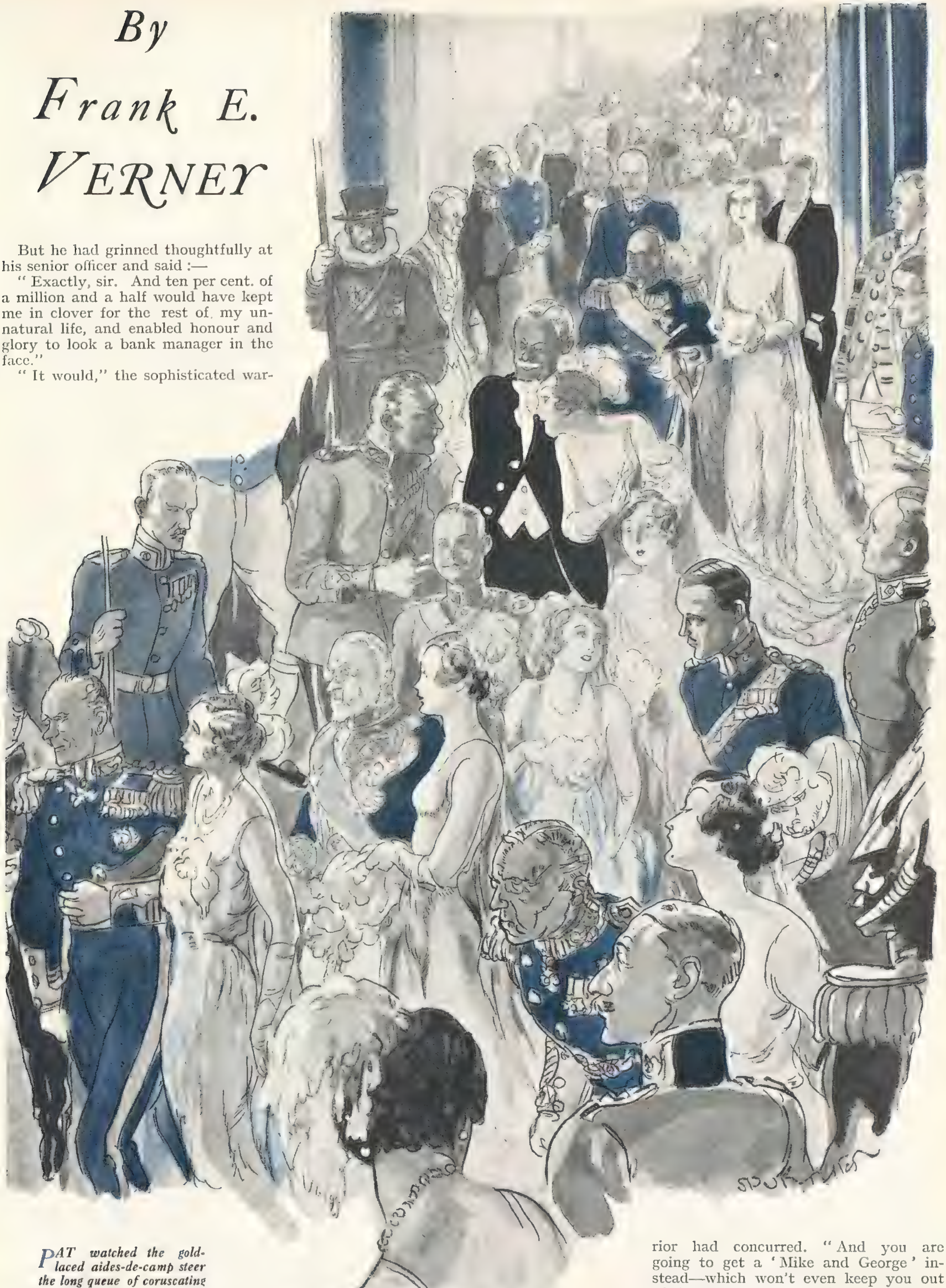
Frank E. VERNEY

But he had grinned thoughtfully at his senior officer and said :—

" Exactly, sir. And ten per cent. of a million and a half would have kept me in clover for the rest of my unnatural life, and enabled honour and glory to look a bank manager in the face."

" It would," the sophisticated warrior had concurred. " And you are going to get a ' Mike and George ' instead—which won't even keep you out of the poorhouse. That's what they do to us soldiers."

And the King had duly presented Jimmy with his " Mike and George," and he had returned to regimental duty,



PAT watched the gold-laced aides-de-camp steer the long queue of coruscating uniforms and dressmakers' dreams along that coveted path of social glory

King's Guards, and the pay of an industrious mechanic ; which just about paid for his uniforms.

Now here he was, having a sort of farewell flutter with glory, the ospreyed turban of a rubied Rajah tickling his left ear, and the sword scabbard of a jewelled Ambassador pecking at his shins.

" And what's to be done about it, Jimmy ? " inquired a crisp voice, clear above the thrilled rustle of a crowd doing homage to itself and the Crown.

Jimmy turned and smiled at his wife, slim and sleekily thoroughbred in a liability from Poiret.

" You are looking most immorally attractive to-night, you know, Pat," said Jimmy. " I shall probably bite you before the evening's out. What's to be done about what ? "

" All this," explained Patricia. " I'm getting an unusual thrill out of it to-night. A sort of last-hunt-of-the-season feeling. It's rather fun, really."

" In that case," said Jimmy, " you'd better have a real wallow in it. Come up to the footlights, and let's see how Noah's parade is progressing."

" You are the limit, Jimmy," laughed Pat as they edged forward through the brilliant concourse of social and other elect, all seated facing the throne, watching the presentation. " Who on earth is Noah ? "

" His nibs the Lord Chamberlain, my dear. Otherwise known as the Good Shepherd. What is the use your being married to a guardsman, if you can't speak the household lingo ? "

And in a space on the front border of the crowd between the old Limerick train of the Duchess of Newforest—Pat's aunt—and the pearl-encrusted chassis of Lady MontNorman (family name Kohen) wife of the soap peer, Pat had her wallow. " Noah's parade " was still moving slowly in twos from the great entrance on the left, to the throne in the centre. Pat watched the gold-laced aides-de-camp steer the long queue of coruscating uniforms and dressmakers' dreams along that coveted path of social glory, trains sweeping behind the women, swords slanting at the side of most of the men.

A few paces from the dais, gentlemen ushers were deftly collecting presentation cards, and passing them to the Lord Chamberlain, whose cool, unhurried voice rose and fell to the muted music of the band in the gallery, as he called out names in presentation. There were famous names known in four continents, that would go down in history, there were other names that would go down nowhere but in the current Court Guide. And the bearers of each and both held that unique stage and audience for one magnificently self-conscious moment, bowed deeply, or curtsied low, and then passed with dignity, or scuffled with relief, into the brilliant crowd of thrilled spectators who had already run the coveted gauntlet. And all round the great throne room, pikes in hand, impassive as figures in a Rembrandt, a dado of the King's Bodyguard, beruffed and bonneted, framed tradition with tradition.

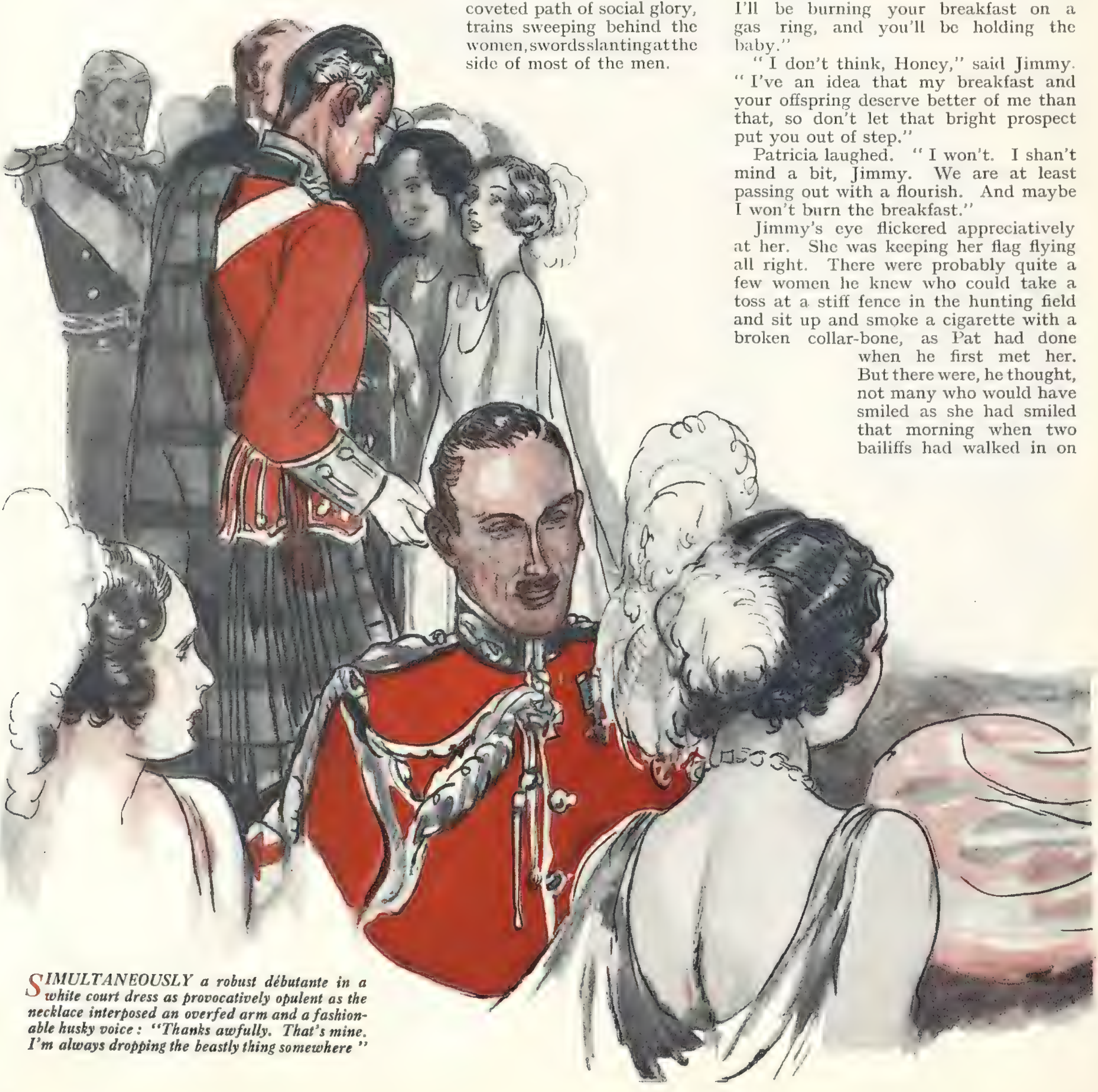
Pat slipped her hand down Jimmy's gold-braided cuff, gripped his fingers firmly and said with a smile :

" And this time next week, Jimmy, I'll be burning your breakfast on a gas ring, and you'll be holding the baby."

" I don't think, Honey," said Jimmy. " I've an idea that my breakfast and your offspring deserve better of me than that, so don't let that bright prospect put you out of step."

Patricia laughed. " I won't. I shan't mind a bit, Jimmy. We are at least passing out with a flourish. And maybe I won't burn the breakfast."

Jimmy's eye flickered appreciatively at her. She was keeping her flag flying all right. There were probably quite a few women he knew who could take a toss at a stiff fence in the hunting field and sit up and smoke a cigarette with a broken collar-bone, as Pat had done when he first met her. But there were, he thought, not many who would have smiled as she had smiled that morning when two bailiffs had walked in on



SIMULTANEOUSLY a robust débutante in a white court dress as provocatively opulent as the necklace interposed an overfed arm and a fashionable husky voice : "Thanks awfully. That's mine. I'm always dropping the beastly thing somewhere " them at breakfast, and laid a distraint on the heirloom silver. That was a pretty good bombshell, with a Court Command on the mantelpiece, half a season's engagements in Pat's diary, and a healthy pride of caste in her veins. And fewer still would have come on to this Court, and jested valiantly about gas rings.

"We are not going to pass out, Old Thing," Jimmy told her. "We are going to stop right where we belong. And as honour and glory won't keep us there, something else must. And something else is going to. Or I'll eat my own bearskin."

The Duchess of Newforest, turning round on them, lifting her train clear of Jimmy's gilt spurs: "Oh, it's you two, is it? How are yer both? What's this about eating bearskins?"

"A new slimming diet, Aunt," Jimmy said cheerfully. "You don't need it. So you are advised not to eat it."

"Slimming diet," scoffed the Dowager. "If all you young folk did less eating at other people's expense, you wouldn't need it either. By the way, I want you two to stop with me for Goodwood."

"I'd love it," Pat confessed spontaneously. And then, valiantly covering the admission, she added: "But we are not doing Goodwood this year, are we, Jimmy?"

"No," Jimmy supported. "We are going to give the idle rich a treat at Biarritz. And do a bit of shopping in Paris on the way."

Patricia's aunt raised a Victorian lorgnette and studied Jimmy closely.

"Oh you are, are you?" she remarked. "I'm very glad to hear it. Somebody told me you were going to leave the regiment, James. Any truth in the rumour?"

"None at present," said Jimmy placidly. "And now I come to think of it, we'll probably do Goodwood as well as Biarritz."

A sudden shift in the crowd near them separated Jimmy and Pat from the Duchess and her reply, and they moved back to the rear edge of the assembly, Pat frowning thoughtfully.

"Jimmy, the thing I mind most about this mess—which Jemima seems to have heard about already—is that you will have to leave the regiment. You'll hate that like poison. Must you leave? Half the other officers are in debt."

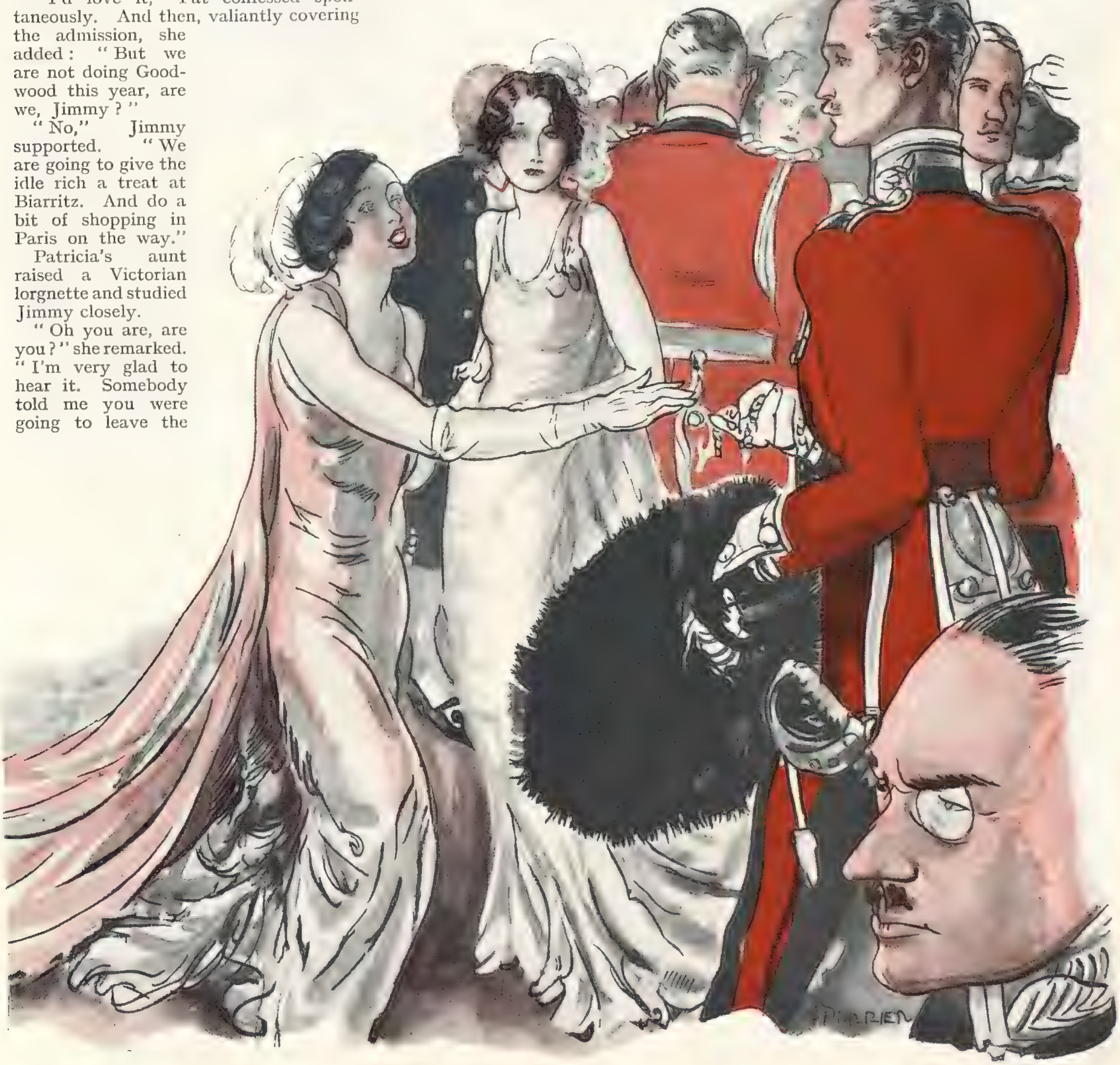
Jimmy grinned. "That's easy, Pat. There's nothing in standing orders against getting into debt. The catch comes when you can't get out, and there's a noise about it. Then you have to send in your papers, put honour and glory into moth ball. And," he continued facetiously, "where would we be in all this," waving his hand, "without my thirty bob a day? But don't worry your head about that, Old Thing," he added, taking her arm. "For it is not going to happen."

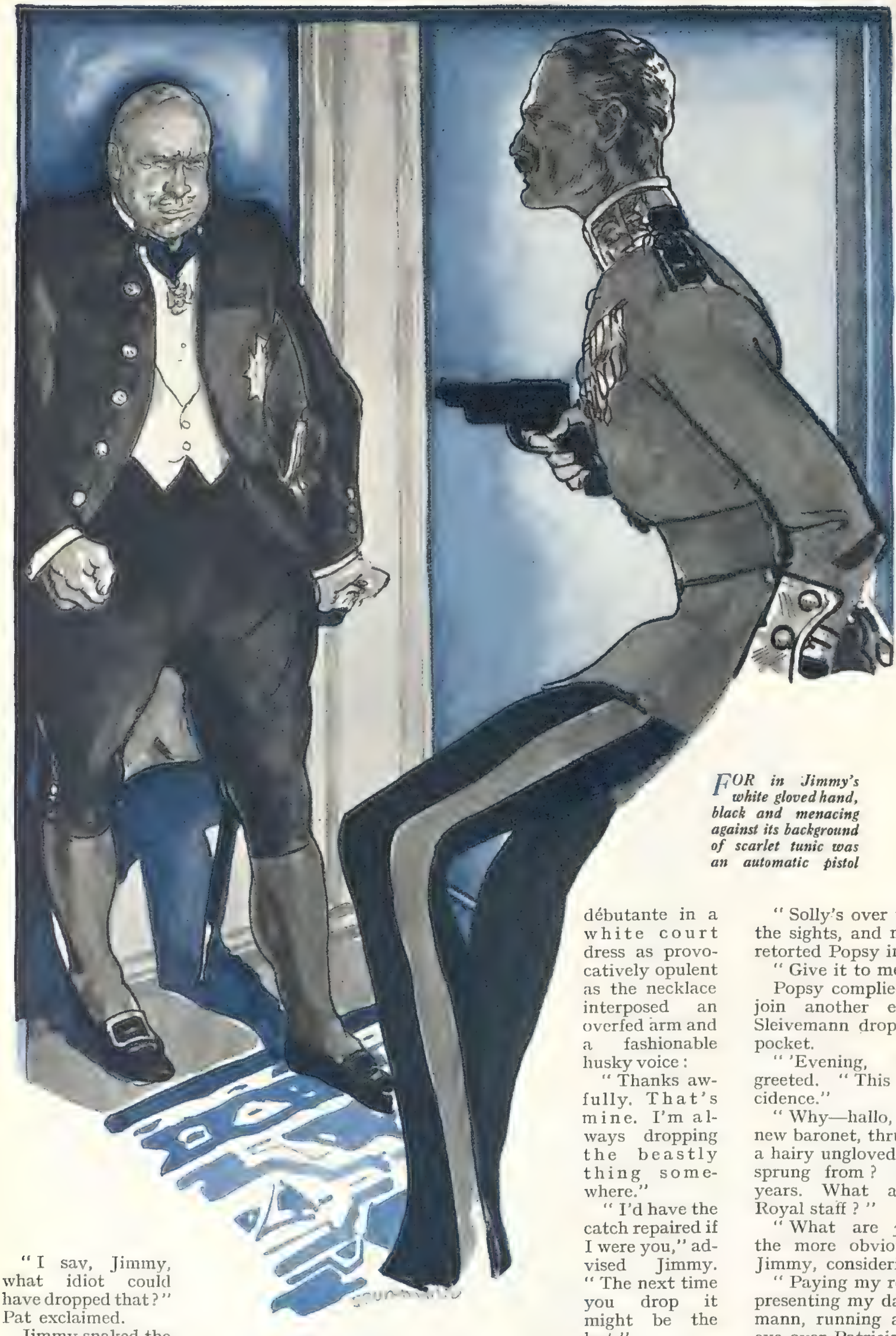
"How are we going to stop it, Jimmy?" she asked practically.

At that precise moment Jimmy did not know how he was going to stop it. All he knew was that he intended stopping it, just as on two occasions in the war he had decided to take invulnerable enemy "pill boxes," and had taken them.

"You are a bit odd to-night, Jimmy," she added, looking at him intently. "You've got something up your sleeve. What is it? You've been like it ever since we met that poor ex-officer with the fruit barrow this evening. You hardly said a word from the minute we left him, until we got to the Palace."

And it was at that instant, before he could answer his wife's questions, that Jimmy felt a hard object beneath his foot, stooped, and picked up a pearl necklace.





FOR in Jimmy's white gloved hand, black and menacing against its background of scarlet tunic was an automatic pistol

"I say, Jimmy, what idiot could have dropped that?" Pat exclaimed.

Jimmy snaked the necklace round his fingers. He knew something about pearls, and here was something like five thousand pounds' worth of them fallen from the neck of some social nit-wit, to whom, in all probability, five thousand pounds meant no more than something to wear. Patricia took them from him, caressed them and then looked up at him.

"Jimmy," she said primitively, "if ever I go to prison it will be for a necklace like this. Take it away." And she gave it back to him. Simultaneously, a robust débutante in a white court dress as provocatively opulent as the necklace interposed an overfed arm and a fashionable husky voice:

"Thanks awfully. That's mine. I'm always dropping the beastly thing somewhere."

"I'd have the catch repaired if I were you," advised Jimmy. "The next time you drop it might be the last."

"Oh, that's all right," returned the girl casually, "Father can buy me another when I lose this."

"Yes. I imagine he could," said Jimmy a little grimly. "Or half a dozen of them for the matter of that. Where is your father, by the way?"

"Why, it's Major Lace," cried the girl. "I didn't recognise you in your full dress. How do you do? I haven't seen you since the Government House ball at Cape Town—ages ago. How gorgeous you look!"

"Don't let that worry you, Miss Sleivemann." He smiled. "Did you say your father was here?"

"I did not say so, but he is," replied Miss Sleivemann pertly. "He has just been made a baronet, you know. We are frightfully excited about it. Oh, here he is now."

"Splendid," said Jimmy, with an odd emphasis that made Pat lift her eyebrows.

They turned and watched a tall, heavily shouldered man advancing through the shifting groups of the emblazoned great hall with the assured gait and remorseless manner of a sated leopard through a dazed flock of preening peacocks. He was in civilian court dress, a purple-ribboned decoration dangling over his white tie, powerful calves gleaming aggressively beneath the straining silk of his stockings.

"Popsy—where's Lady Solomon?" he demanded. "And what are you doing with that necklace? tryin' to lose it again?"

"Solly's over there gorging herself on the sights, and my necklace is broken," retorted Popsy indifferently.

"Give it to me," he ordered.

Popsy complied and whisked away to join another exotic social blossom; Sleivemann dropped the pearls into his pocket.

"'Evening, Sleivemann," Jimmy greeted. "This is a most peculiar coincidence."

"Why—hallo, Lace," ejaculated the new baronet, thrusting out his chest and a hairy ungloved hand. "Where've you sprung from? Haven't seen you for years. What are you doing now? Royal staff?"

"What are *you* doing now seems the more obvious question," returned Jimmy, considering him thoughtfully.

"Paying my respects to the King and presenting my daughter," replied Sleivemann, running a predatorily approving eye over Patricia. "I'm giving a party to-night at my flat—Grosvenor House—better come along and bring your lady friend."

"Thanks," returned Jimmy drily. "So you are living in London now, are you, Sleivemann?"

"Six months in London—six months in Johannesburg," Sleivemann confided. "None of your super-tax for me. That way I pay African income tax only."

"Very ingenious," Jimmy remarked. "You get all the privileges of living in England, and other people pay for them. Is that it? You haven't changed much."

Sleivemann laughed.

"That's it," he agreed. "What you lose on the swings I gain on the roundabouts. That's business. No sensible man pays taxes he doesn't have to," he added for Patricia's benefit. "Take all you want, and hold on to it. That's business also."

"Fine," pronounced Jimmy. "I've just decided to go into that kind of business myself. And you are first on my list of contacts."

The statement amused Sleivemann, but did not interest him as Patricia did. He laughed and looked at her again. But Pat turned to speak to an ancient peeress with a Tecla corsage, and conceded him nothing but a white shoulder.

"Business is very different from the army, Lace," he observed patronisingly. "Keep your capital in your pocket before it finds its way into other people's. That's what happens to you army men when you go into business."

"Not my kind of business," Jimmy assured him blandly. "Will you be at home to-morrow about ten o'clock?"

"To-morrow I sail on the *Arundel Castle* for South Africa," said Sleivemann. "So you must try it on someone else." And then, with a leer at Pat, he nudged Jimmy with his elbow and whispered: "Who's that? Best lookin' piece in the place."

"That piece, my friend," said Jimmy, "is Lady Patricia Lace—my wife."

"Fine," said Sleivemann, unabashed, "bring her along to my party to-night—and you can tell me about that business." And he turned and strode off.

A CRISP roll of muted drums brought Jimmy's heels together with a jingle. The presentations were over. A brief pause in which everyone was silent but the Royal party. A few bars of a spirited march. Then silence again, whilst the Royal Family and entourage and high officials of State passed down the long throne room to the State ballroom. As the glittering assembly came to life again and eddied slowly in the wake of the Royal procession, Jimmy retrieved Pat from a circle of coronets and conversation, took her by the arm, led her to some gold Empire chairs at the side of the deserted throne. He sat her down on the heraldic tapestry of one and took another himself.

"You are comic this evening, you know, Jimmy," she remarked as she watched him straddle his long legs across his chair as though he were mounting a fresh pony for a stiff chukka at polo. "What's tickling you?" And then seriously: "Who was that Sleivemann person, and what's the business?"

Jimmy rested his chin on his folded arms and smiled enigmatically at her above the gold crown on the chair back.

"How much money will you need to buy all the frocks and things you want for Biarritz and Goodwood?"

She stared at him. "Jimmy—don't be septic. We'll have to sell everything we've got to pay our debts. And anyway, I don't want to go to Biarritz or Goodwood."

"Very well then," said Jimmy equably, "let's pretend you loathe both, love being broke, and that we are both content to fade away to God knows where on God knows what. And——"

"I won't pretend that, Jimmy," she interrupted. "But I can stick it if you can. We'll have to leave Berkeley Street, of course—worse luck. But we can always do without what we haven't got. We are getting used to that, aren't we?"

"We are not, old thing," Jimmy contradicted. "We are fed up with it. Fed to the front teeth. In future we are both going to have all we want. For immediate purposes that's five hundred to get our creditors off the doorstep, another five, say, for working capital as an officer and a gent. Put down another five hundred for our trip to Paris and your *trousseau de gambol.* Say fifteen hundred."

And then an A.D.C. hurried up and said: "Lady Patricia—the Prince wants you to give him this dance." And to Jimmy: "Come round to the Snuggery for a drink, Jimmy, after this. I want one badly."

And as Pat walked away with the A.D.C. she turned and called:

"Jimmy, better take me home before twelve, or there'll be nothing left of me but a glass slipper on the stairs."

JIMMY had his drink in the staff room with a couple of A.D.C.'s and a thirsty Lord-in-Waiting, and afterwards he strolled along to another room off the same corridor. Here he found a man in court dress sitting on the edge of a plain oak writing table, filling a short briar pipe.

"'Evening, Hansen," said Jimmy. "I guessed you'd make for your burrow the minute the presentations were over."

"We are much the same in the C.I.D. as you are in the army, Major Lace," laughed Hansen. "The minute we get an 'easy' we hole up and take it. And a pipe tastes good after a four-hour spell without."

"I can't think why you fellers come to these shows at all," Jimmy sympathised; "a detective at Court always strikes me as necessary as a policeman in heaven."

"'Care of the Sovereign,'" quoted Hansen. "We have our routine like you, but we are not quite so conspicuous. You are not on the guard roster to-night, are you, Major Lace?" he added. And he reached down a typewritten card the size of a sheet of foolscap.

"I'm not," Jimmy explained. "I'm a guest for a change. I've been to the staff room for a drink."

"Of course," said Hansen, putting back the card and lighting his pipe. "Well, I'm glad to see you, anyway, sir. We don't keep any drinks here," he laughed, "so we don't get many visitors."

"That's why I've come," Jimmy told him. "I want to bring a friend along here presently for a few minutes' confidential talk. Is that all right?"

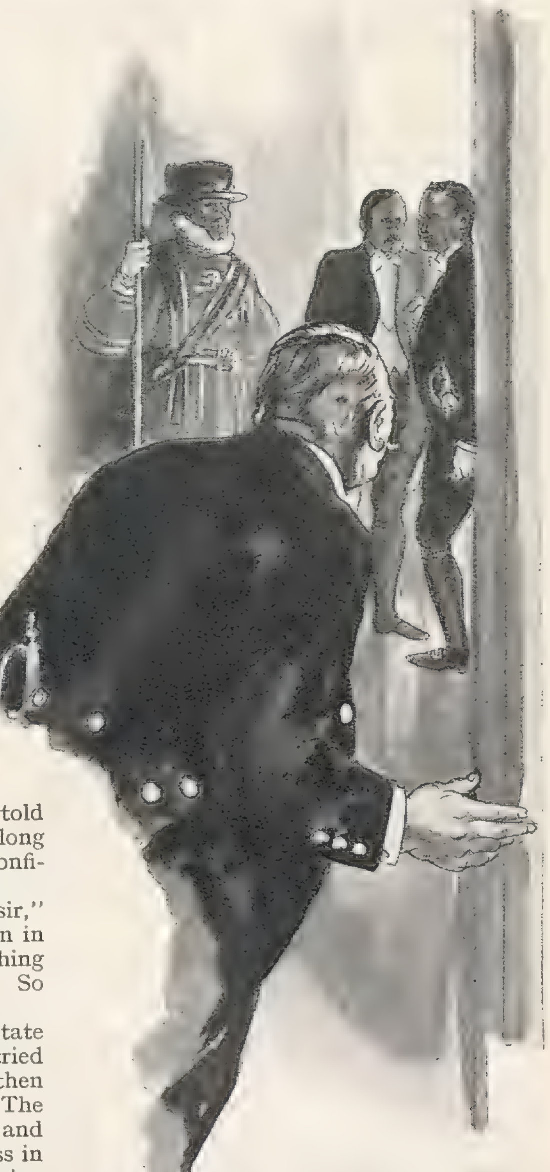
"O.K. so far as I am concerned, sir," said Hansen. "I'll be on duty again in ten minutes, and you won't see anything of my colleagues for the next hour. So you won't be disturbed."

Then Jimmy went back to the State rooms to look for Sleivemann. He tried two of the most likely buffets and then strolled on to the ballroom. The formal opening dances were over, and Their Majesties had retired to a recess in which they were informally receiving privileged guests. The great chandeliers threw pools of golden light on the polished floor, and a kaleidoscopic parterre of blazing uniforms, and dresses pricked out with gleaming jewels, lined the four walls with coruscating magnificence.

The eyes of many a débutante—and others too for that matter—followed Jimmy as he walked easily down the ballroom in his search for Sleivemann. In his full-dress uniform of the Guards, with a row of decorations scintillating against its scarlet and gold splendour, he was an authentic part of it all. Like Gold Stick, and Black Rod, and the Master of Horse, and the bonneted Gentlemen of the King's Bodyguard, he was tradition in the flesh. And he was young. His head wasn't bald. Sun-bleached hair clipped close at sides and back imparted a subaltern look. And, unlike most in that privileged assembly of distinction, there was no self-consciousness about him. He was paying no homage to himself.

And neither was there any self-consciousness about Sir Albert Sleivemann. Jimmy found him standing at the south entrance of the ball-room, assured and unperturbed, his manner that of a man who'd bought a ticket for a spectacle, squeezed it dry, and dismissed it from his mind. He was talking confidently to the High Commissioner for Africa and

Continued on page 98)



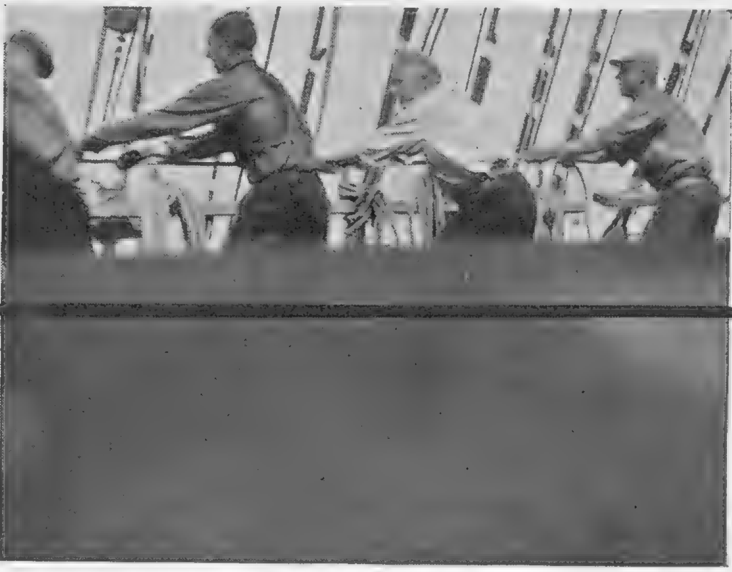
ON the opposite side of the great corridor stood a Yeoman of the Guard—symbol of state and authority

WIND-JAMMING

Part 3: *Conclusion*
Old Devil Horn: the Rough Stuff

By SHAW DESMOND

GATHERING in sail. Members of the crew on one of the yards. The photograph was taken by the author from the next mast, the camera being strapped to his neck



PULLEY-HAULING on top of the deck cargo after twenty-four hours at the braces off and on. Author is second from right

ALL hands aloft. The author climbing up to shorten sail during a gale off Cape Horn

EVERY man and some women have their own idea of heaven—sometimes celestial, sometimes sublimated hell. Most people's heavens would be my hell. You shall decide into which category falls " Sailor's Heaven."

" My idea of heaven," said one of our Cape Horn skrimshankers, as he bared his mossy chest to the blasts (iced) off the Horn on the foc's'le head—" my idea of heaven is nothing to do and all day and especially all night to do it in. Port Pirie is heaven to some—but give me one of the South American ports—plenty of wine, plenty of women, and plenty of fun . . . and," he added as he " spat to windward," " above all, no going aloft to furl a royal or a fore-topsail." And, as further afterthought : " May God damn all Cape Horners ! "

" *We must go up*," said one of our boys to me on the ship I here call the *Mona Lisa*, because she always kept us guessing.

The mate's three whistles have gone. The boys are fast asleep between two spells of brace-hauling in the deckhouse which has replaced the old-time forecastle. They are dreaming of home and mother—" Maybe," as our Wild Boy says, when I suggest that my lemons are better than his *schnapps*. There is a smash on the door, the shrilling of that dreadful whistle over the roaring wind and driving sea—that whistle which for many a bad sailor-boy will sound in hell.

" Tumble out, you devils ! Tumble out ! "

Some of them may have dropped where they lay, still in their oilskins—and I have known of a crew who hardly got their oils off for days at a time. Others may have " taken a chance " and stripped down to their rags of underclothes before hitting their bunks. But if it is " All hands ! " out they must come and *at once*.

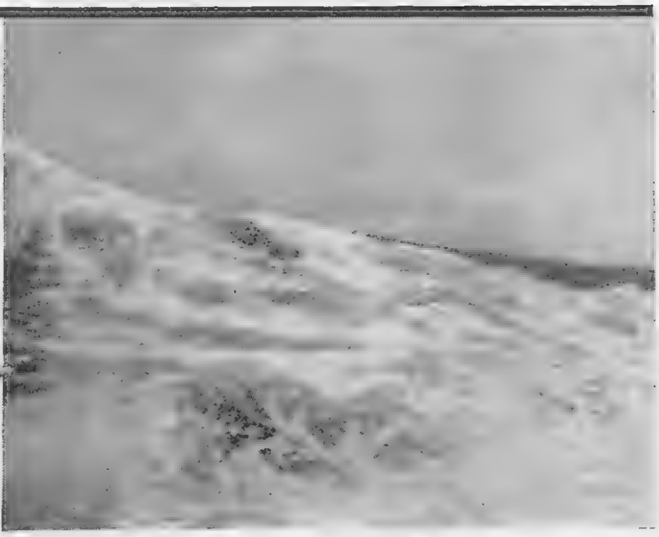
The sleep still in their rheumed eyes. Their bodies still warm from the blankets. They grope their way to that Jacob's ladder, which leads not to heaven, but to hell.

Up they go, holding on to the frozen shrouds, for a broken ratline will send them down into the smother that is bursting over the ship beneath, to show white in the black night. Up to the topmast rigging—up the topgallant rigging—out on to the dreadful swinging yard, with " one hand for yourself and the other for the ship."

The boys curse and call upon their gods. The wind howls. All sensation has long since left those numbed bodies. One of them has lost the " slippers " in which

THE HORN: A Modern Odyssey

THE "Cape Horner" under sail. A picture taken from the boat



A GREAT sea off the Horn. This sea was perhaps fifty feet from trough to crest, and ran with what looked like half-mile intervals between the crests

he went up and is now trying to grip with naked feet that cannot feel. (And I have seen many a boy go aloft in a pair of boot-slippers.)

Down comes another blast in a very fury of hate, clutching at the wretches clinging to the yard a hundred feet over a deck that from that height looks like a swinging plank beneath, as a moon shows itself for a moment amid the cloud-scurry.

Another, and the sail has been torn out of their hands and is thrashing itself into ribbons with ropes and blocks also thrashing up there to whip the boys off the giddy spar that swings down to either side as she " takes it green " over the " head." Many a boy has had his young brains scattered to the winds by thrashing rope.

Down, you devils! And up the next mast! For we have only half a crew and every man must do two men's work. The old tea clippers carried their fifty in a crew—we carry, apart from officers and " idlers," under a score.

Blinded, dazed, watching the " greybeards " which come over the side from windward to sweep our decks clean of everything that lives, up pours the " push " on to the next mast. Up they go, one of them with nothing on but a pair of shorts and an under-vest, his young white body wind-thrashed. Mast by mast. Minute by minute. Each minute an hour, they do their heart-break work through the long night.

Our boys are often scaramouches in calm. But watch them in stress and see how quickly they assume the "heroic" form!

Here comes " the Chief " (that is, first mate), a boy only out of his teens by three or four years. He comes out of his more or less warm cabin under the poop into the bite of a Cape Horn night. His pipe is stuck in the white strong teeth. He is, again literally, cool as half-a-dozen cucumbers. The peaked cap set slanting down over the star-gleaming eyes. The liver-coloured rubber sea boots coming up the thigh under the oilskin jacket. The loom of the heavy shoulders. All are " heroic."

Here is " the Wild Boy " with his fresh Swedish skin and cruel laughing face in a pair of mustard-coloured pants and shirt, which, as he comes down off the yard, blows halfway up his back to show the white skin. " Clown " Nis—the Stockholm guttersnipe, laughs through the picture in his four-buttoned black vest and bag trousers and absolutely nothing else. The long muscular arms stick out naked from the arm-holes of the vest, and as he tackles his job his pale face has " devil " in it.

The sou'wester which some of them wear is the Greek helmet all over again—covering heads as tough and hearts as game as ever Greek hero possessed. And if it came to a " rough house," I would back my little lot against any Achilles or Ulysses or Xerxes of them all!

CAPTAIN JAKOBEUS LÕNNROT was an unlucky captain. There are only two sorts of captains on Cape Horners—the lucky and the unlukcy.

This was the gentleman who sent every man jack of his crew to get in a main upper topsail in a following wind. The poor devils tried again and again to gather it, but the sail just laughed at them.

Then our " lucky " captain tells how the unlucky captain had one of those Bright Ideas. Unorthodox—but you never know your luck!

He told his merry men that he would take the wheel himself and that " when he threw her up into the wind and so slackened the sail, they were to gather it." Instead the sail gathered them.

Once they got their hooks into it, and once it was torn out of their hands. Our unlucky one "threw her up into the wind" again.

The next moment, the sail, coming back with terrific force, had " bagged " the men on the weather side of the yard. Some it flung into the sea to drown comfortably there and probably glad to be out of it all. The others were hurled to the decks below from that great height and were either pulped or just maimed for the rest of their lives.

For the vagaries of captains are some of the things which make life interesting on a Cape Horner.

These little things are always happening.

I have known a block to come from aloft and to bury itself in the deck as it brushed the clothes of a seaman in its fall.

And one day when we were seated in the *matsal* or mess cabin, and had our spoonsful of the mystery soup at our urgent lips, there fell a bolt from heaven which smashed the skylight to atoms and did funny things to our festive board.

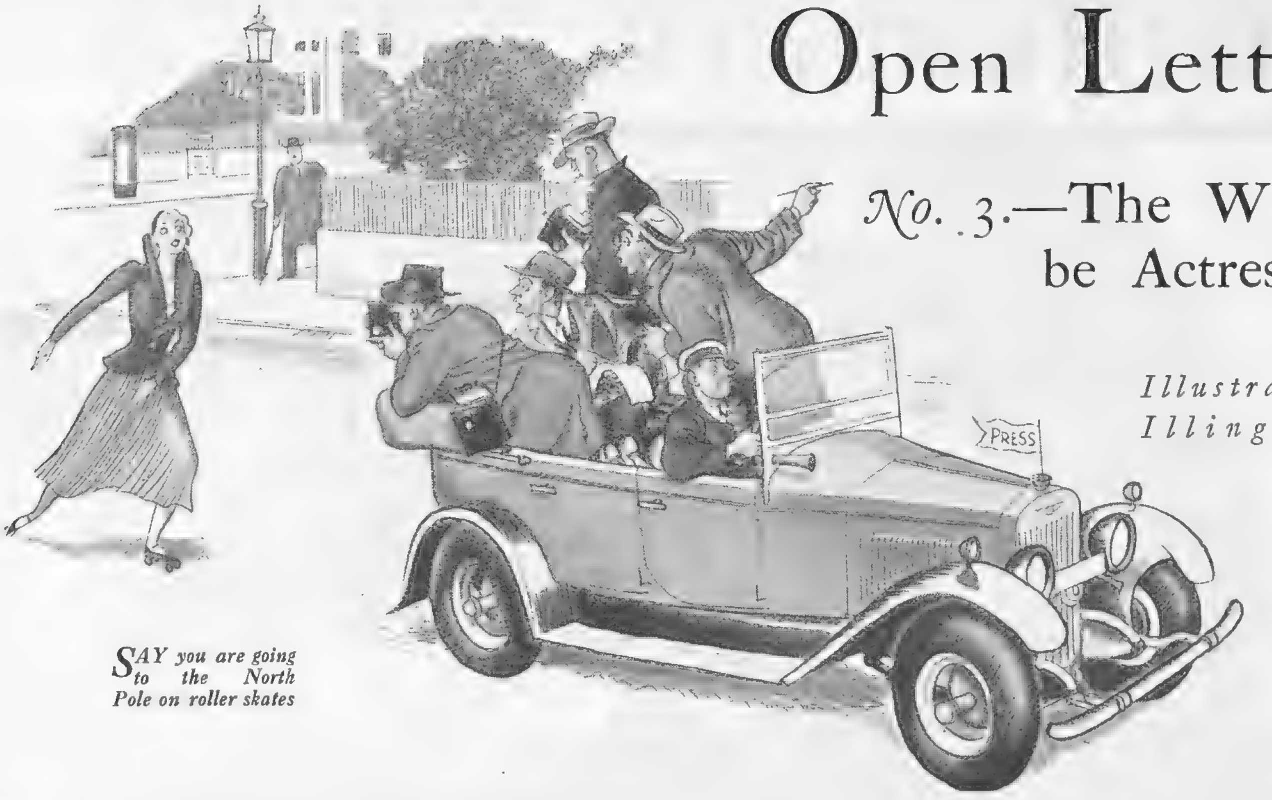
We went on with the " eats."

(*Continued on page* 90)

Open Letters

No. 3.—The Would-be Actress

Illustrated by Illingworth



SAY you are going to the North Pole on roller skates

DEAR Woo-Woo,—Yes, you should find it easy to be an actress. I think you should start now.

Take no trouble over anything except getting your name in the papers. Say you are going to the North Pole on roller skates, that you want to be a Mormon bride—simple faith and Mormon blood is a good start for anything—or that your Aunt Mary knows the man who nearly won the Derby Sweep.

Then lots of photographers will rush to see you, and hordes of reporters will dash to hear you, and your name will appear under some such type as " New Star Discovered in a Night."

All that will have happened between the reporters and photographers pursuing you, and your pursuing the audience, will be that, in some play written by a blah-blah bleater, and full of casual observations of the kind now called " epigrams," you will have been given half-a-dozen lines to say. Then merely sit back, and wait.

On the following Sunday you will find, in some Sunday paper, a long article signed by your name, not representing your views on Life or Art or Morals, because you have none, but inventing some old ones for you. You may even find yourself the author of " How I Once Met a Lion in the Zoo," an article adorned with several pictures of your Aunt Mary looking at some gooseberries.

Do not be frightened! You will not have to write these. Some young man will come along with a manuscript, which he has not been able to sell under his own name, but one for which, if it bears yours, he knows he can get 10 guineas.

You need not be ashamed of doing this. Really well-known actresses and actors do it regularly. They call it keeping faith with their public

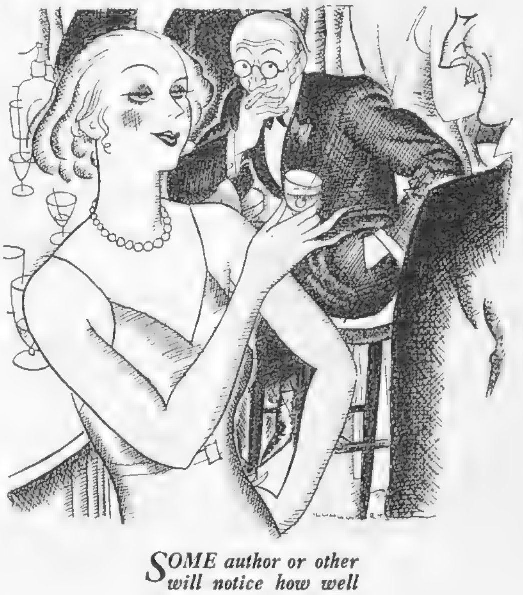
Then prepare to be a film star. This means, really, that nobody will take any notice of you. You will be too young. Smellstree is a place which delights to get elderly hags of the Once-Was theatre, doll them down, and try to make them goo-goo. They also do it with the men.

I once knew a famous " wasser " who earned his living, or his dyeing, or whatever he called it, by being photographed on the screen as a girl-chaser, when, really, he would not have been noticed in an omnibus. It is a popular sport. The critics say " How daring! "

Do not be discouraged, by the way, if, after your first-night, in which you have said six lines, the critics hail you as a genius. They have praised worse actresses than you.

Do not be ashamed if you read in a newspaper " Gallery Rises to a Girl." After all, it might mean anything.

It might mean that the gallery had risen to go home to another girl, or that a gallery girl, passing to her seat, found unaccustomed male politeness surrounding her.



SOME author or other will notice how well you carry your liquor

You are starting in a profession, the paradox of which is that, while you are supposed to earn your living by pretending, on the stage, to be somebody else, you must be more yourself than if you were paid for simulation.

A typist need not be herself. She can be anybody, or nobody. A shop assistant must not be herself, but merely part of " us."

But you, whether you are Lady Macbeth, or Little Eva, or the Last Rose of Summer, must never change an eyelash or a grin.

" Grin, and let the audience bear it," should be emblazoned in every heaven towards which you condescend to gaze.

DO not let any author persuade you that his lines were written to be spoken in a certain way. He ought to know—he would, if he knew you as well as I do—that there is only one way in which you can say them, and that is the wrong way.

After all, what are his lines? They will be altered by someone else, before the rehearsals are through, if you do not get them wrong.

Your job is to be so like yourself, always, that the public will say you have " personality " and, when they say you have " personality " you can do what you like. You can even keep your temper without being trodden on.

If you study the lives of the most-talked-of actresses of our time, you will discover that all of them insist on doing the same thing every time. It is neither acting nor exacting.

It starts in the nursery where, when a pretty little girl is very annoyed, her father says, " Let her have it, and then perhaps she'll stop her row."

If you are a wise girl, you know all this. You beat your father with it.

Try the same thing on a manager, an author, a scene-shifter, or anyone else. Most of all, try it on the public.

Oh, yes, and go in for beauty creams. You are eligible for this

to the "Would-be's" of the Theatre

Continuing a New Series in which aspiring Managers, Backers, Authors and other Hopefuls are offered a Guide to Knowledge of the Stage

By
Hannen
Swaffer

because, of course, you are a good-looking girl or the photographers would have told you to smile some other way when they called. If they had gone home with broken cameras, it could not have started.

If you are good-looking, as you are, you must remember that every other woman believes that, if she did what you do, she would be as beautiful, or even more so. So sell her, at a profit, all the stuff someone sold you.

Women will never learn that what they want is not a new hat, but a new face, not a new dress, but a new shape.

But this they will never find out.

So, at great gain to yourself, you can take part in the national pastime of making the women of England more like what they really are than they were before. Then you, and they, and I, will all be gratified. You and they will laugh, and I shall cry.

Do not forget that, whatever part you play, you should have your name in large letters—electric, for preference—outside the theatres. This is by far more important than being clever, or intelligent, or even beautiful.

It is good for the electric light companies, and the printers, and the bill-posters, who all love the theatre, especially when it pays its bills.

You belong to an age in which blatancy is all-important. So be more important than anyone else by making your blatancy really ridiculous.

NONE of the advice I give you, you see, has to do with learning your job. Those days are over.

In the dark ages, when men and women strove to do things, and endured, and toiled, and suffered, and mastered their craft, and studied, and sweated, this was thought a vital part of their jobs.

But, to-day, concentrate on the Cocktail Set, drink more Clover Clubs than any other girl you know, and you will get a part. Attract attention. The gossip writers will give you free paragraphs. Some author or other will notice how well you carry your liquor. He may even be thrilled, while you are in a state of semi-intoxication, by how well you look in lingerie, and then he may write a play all about you, called "My Lady's Left Knee."

Never be good-mannered. No one will notice you.

Never know what is going on. That might give you wrinkles.

Never take a thought for the morrow. People will be drunk by then.

And, when you are on the stage, never know your lines. The prompter might lose his job, and employment is scarce, nowadays.

Don't you believe all that Sarah Siddons stuff. Don't fall for the idea that Ellen Terry was a genius. Always refer to Sybil Thorndike as "an overrated actress."

Sneer at Euripides. Jeer at Shakespeare. Despise Sheridan. Laugh like hell at Galsworthy, who was always a dead old dud—that is what all the really clever people say, and you must be thought one of them—and chortle, everywhere, at everything Noel Coward writes.

You must be modern. Talk in staccato monosyllables. It is easier, but no-one knows that.

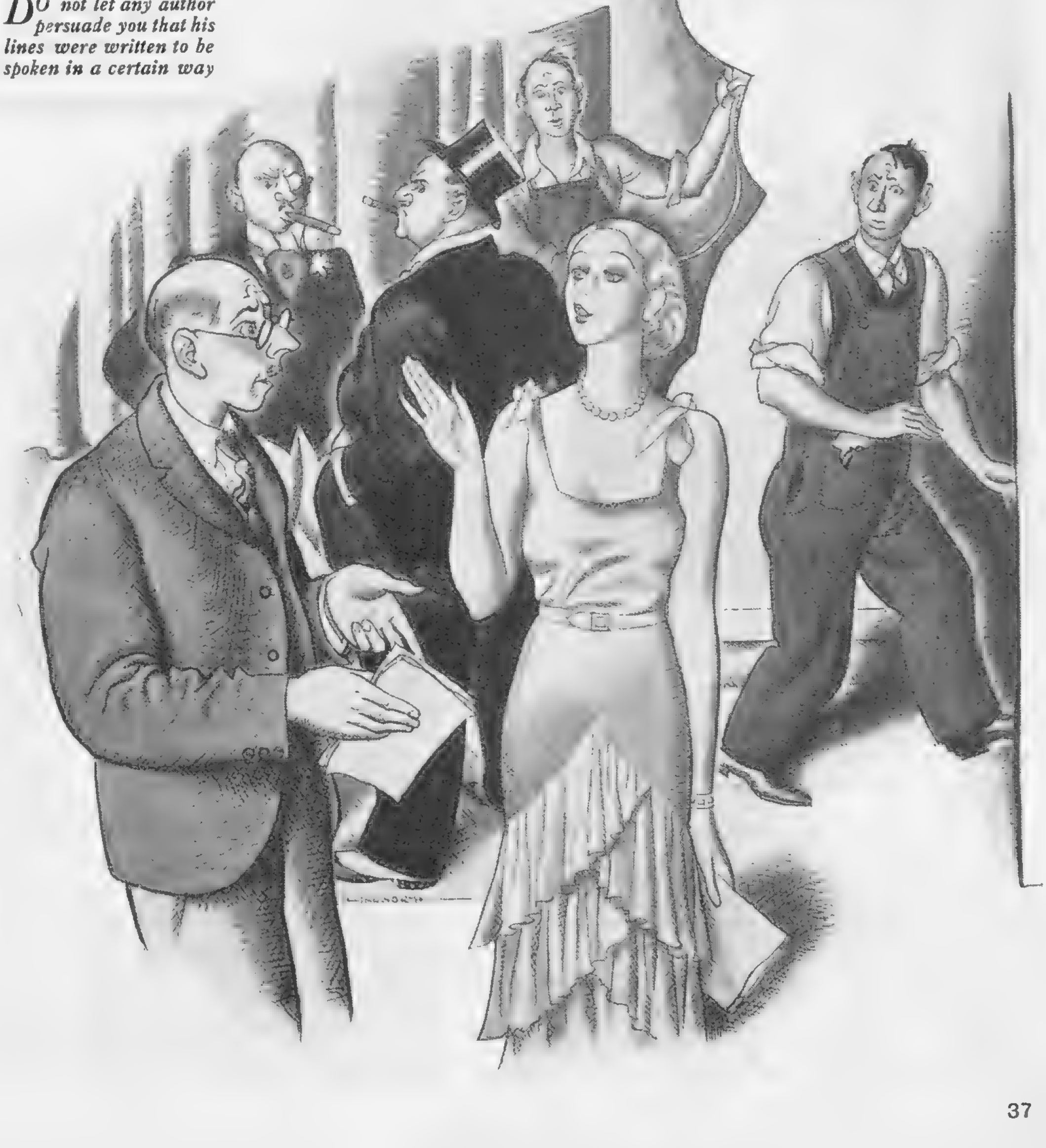
Do not marry a manager. That is old-fashioned. That is Victorian. *Live* with one. It is safer. He may not leave you, if he does not have to stay.

No, I do not mean that. You must marry somebody.

After all, you know, we live in an age when the best-known actresses are those who, in Hollywood, act for the screen. And most of the best-known film stars have been divorced several times. And you cannot be divorced, you know, ultra-modern though you are, if you do not get married.

If you live with a man, and

(*Continued on page* 126)



DO not let any author persuade you that his lines were written to be spoken in a certain way

NORMA SHEARER, who has successfully made a speciality of allurement, as she appears in the film "Strangers May Kiss"

SYLVIA SYDNEY, who plays the part of Rose in the terrible and moving "Street Scene" with sensibility and intelligence

Comparisons *are*— Glorious!

JANET GAYNOR of "Daddy Long Legs" fame. The public, the big public, goes on loving her

WE hear so much about "box office appeal" that it is not uninteresting to attempt an analysis of this elusive quality. It is my opinion that, in spite of the critics and in spite of the publicity jargon, the public, like the patrons of the Royal Academy of Art, "know what they like," and it is the "fans" and not the producers who really make and unmake stars.

Considering recent films, one must come to the conclusion that, with a very few exceptions—"Congress Dances," "Bad Girl," René Clair's productions and, possibly, "Street Scene"—it is the personality of the star or stars rather than the picture itself which the public goes to see.

Let us take the film actresses first—we will discuss the attractions of the male stars and "state what we know in a few words" about Colman, Clark Gable, Chevalier and the rest at some future date.

Not so very long ago, there were three films running at the same time in London, none of them good pictures, one of them execrably bad, in which the "heroines" (?) were impersonated by Greta Garbo, Tallulah Bankhead and Janet Gaynor respectively. I should say that these three actresses would head the list of female film favourites in any popularity contest, or would have, until a short time ago—Tallulah's career in American films is about the most emphatic indictment of the over-production, over-direction method there has ever been. She gained her phenomenal success and popularity on the English stage by sheer personality and the appeal of her individual, husky voice. They have taken both away from her in America, and if the American producers can destroy her popularity with English audiences they can destroy anything.

"The Cheat" was a terrible picture: melodrama at its worst, exaggeration of the already derided method of trying to make dazzlingly expensive settings and "slick" camera work disguise false, ridiculous situations and poor dialogue. I do not think they trust Tallulah. I do not think she can trust herself, or she, who had the temerity to follow Bernhardt as the "Dame aux Camélias," would refuse to play the ineffably silly parts assigned to her, and would rebel against direction which dilutes her personality until it is 90° under proof and makes her modify her voice and her diction in obedience to the tyranny of the microphone, so that she is stilted and unnatural, a sickly shadow of the actress we knew—"not quite herself" in fact.

Her producers rely on her beauty, and they have made her face more beautiful, but what have they done to her figure? The dresses she wears (and the photography presumably) are quite monstrously unbecoming to that.

IT is not only the parts she has been given and the over-direction to which she has been subjected which make me think they do not trust Tallulah Bankhead. Why could they not put anyone else, male or female, who was even faintly attractive or notable in the cast with her? Since the villain must be so utterly villainous Pichel was probably well cast. He is swarthy and can look evil and brutal, and probably none of the "headliners" would have consented to make themselves ridiculous by gliding about in oriental robes, toying with effigies of the desired woman and with branding irons. It was a dreadful part but, in spite of his appropriate physique, Pichel failed to make his villain *sinister*, as, say, Warner Orland, would have done.

But surely the good, long-suffering, take-the-blame-and-sign-the-cheque husband might have been in the hands of an actor of renown and charm, or at least one who was a physical contrast to the bad man! It would have taken a very experienced actor to make anything of this rôle. Young Harvey Stevens was, I suppose, what the critics call "adequate," but he was indistinguishable in every sense. He, too, was tall and dark and one had to look twice to see whether the lovely Tallulah was promenading in the synthetic moonlight with her spouse or the wicked man who wanted to buy her for the sum she had gambled away and then stolen from the charity bazaar funds.

The night that I was at the Carlton to see this picture the theatre was by no means full and the audience gradually dwindled away. Only a sprinkling stayed till the end. Imagine an audience walking out of even the poorest of the stage plays in which Tallulah Bankhead acted in London, and that before her "big scene" when she hysterically declares in court that it was she who shot the brute and bares her bosom to show the brand he burnt upon it?

At the same time there was standing room only at the Empire, where Garbo was enacting the part of a girl who had the worst luck in the world from the moment of her birth, when her unwedded mother died. So consistently did things go wrong with her that I was surprised that, flying from the brutal grandfather and the drunken beast who would have supplied the coveted wedding ring in order to satisfy his lust, she actually caught the train, moving out of the station with its freight of circus folk!

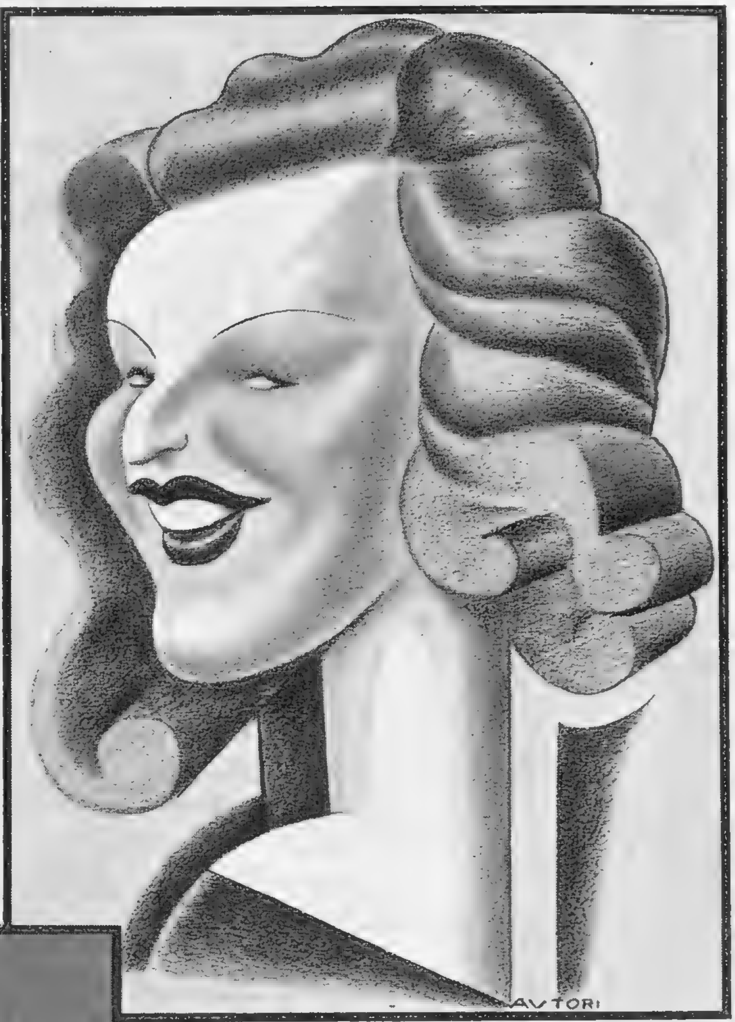
Hollywood *Imports* and *Dilutes* Sophistication *and* Exports Flaming *Youth* which *can* never grow *up* on *the* Screen . . . But who *is* the World's Sweetheart *now*?

By Sydney Tremayne

CONSTANCE BENNETT, the £6,000 a week star, whose publicity agents so indubitably earn their caviare

CONTRARY to their weekly change of programme policy, the management at the Empire had to keep on "The Rise of Helga" to satisfy the clamouring queues, and this in spite of the fact that the critics had been anything but kind. They said quite justly that the story was sordid. An illegitimate girl who is betrayed, forced by fear to give herself to the proprietor of the circus where her "work" consists of exhibiting her almost naked charms to the populace, is thereafter cast off by the man she loves, becomes a courtesan, rises to a palatial roof garden flat under the protection of a middle-aged man, and then "goes out into the night" in search of the man she loves and finally finds him, a besotted, incivil, unwashed drunkard in a low "dive" somewhere in the South Seas. Not very pretty, but Garbo imbues the character with beauty even if the situations are unpleasant.

The critics said, too, that Greta Garbo's figure is angular, her hair straight and thin, her voice harsh, and one even went so far as to accuse her of having the largest feet in Hollywood. One writer spoke of her as "the Sullen Swede" and said she was impossible to direct. Is that the secret? If it is true, one can only be thankful that Garbo needs no direction. She is a great film actress.



AN impression, by Autori, of Lilian Harvey, the English girl whom the Germans have made into a star, and who has recently scored two successes in "Congress Dances" and "Her Highness Commands"

This film bears little resemblance to the novel, "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lennox," from which it was adapted. The chief import of the book, which was the showing up of the police graft exercised against "unfortunate" women and the conditions under which they lived in New York, has been discarded, the plot and the character altered, but that hardly matters. What is important is that Garbo makes the character a real one, a girl and woman with an underlying purity and that terrible and rare capacity for enduring love.

After she has fled from the home in which she was down-trodden and insulted, from the assault of the drunken, prospective husband, through one of those amazing and torrential filmic downpours (a scene reminiscent of Gish's flight through the storm in "Way Down East") and finds shelter in the house of the young engineer (Clark Gable), she, this big-boned, experienced Swedish woman, *is* that girl . . . born in shame and reared in an atmosphere of narrow prejudice and ill-usage, getting her first glimpse

(*Continued on page* 88)

Queer Tales of Long Ago:

Grim, Curious and Romantic Facets of Adventurous Days and Legend's lavish Lore

Collected, Painted and Described by

F. MATANIA, R.I.

No. 8. Girl Overboard! Outwitting a King and a Stepmother

A LOOPHOLE to escape responsibility undertaken has seldom been applied to a good cause as it was, for instance, in the story of "The Merchant of Venice." Jesuitry has a bad, not a good, name, but striking examples of this beneficent casuistry are to be found long before Portia.

Even when rulers had the power to commit any crime, no matter how frightful, human sympathy sometimes supervened.

In 500 B.C. a town known as Asso in the island of Crete was governed by a certain Etearco. He lost his wife, who had borne him only a daughter; and, having no son to succeed him, he remarried. The new Queen proved to be a traditional stepmother to the Princess. She availed herself of every opportunity to besmirch the character of the beautiful Fronima in the eyes of her father, until she succeeded at last in convincing him that his daughter was guilty of immodesty.

The father, thus deceived, decided to punish her.

A rich merchant, a friend of the King, who was at that time in Asso, and had, due to an obligation, promised to serve the King at the first opportunity in any way required, was summoned to the palace and commanded to take the girl away with him on his boat. When far out at sea, he was to throw her overboard, bound hand and foot.

The peaceful merchant was horror-stricken at the severity of

(continued on opposite page)

No. 9. Michael Angelo and the Pope who pried

VERY few may know how unwillingly the great Michael Angelo accepted the commission to paint the famous frescoes of the Sistine Chapel in Rome. Until then, he had taken the world by storm only with his statues, and his aim was to continue solely as sculptor and architect. When it was suggested that he should paint the frescoes, he did all he could to be absolved from so dangerous an honour. He suspected that the order was the result of some intrigue engineered through the jealousy of his rivals; that he was thus selected that the brilliantly successful sculptor should prove a disastrous failure as a painter—the more so as the task was so gigantic that failure was more than probable.

Ultimately the supreme authority of the Supreme Pontiff was exerted to compel Michael to accept the commission.

The mighty artist was a sublime example of the artistic temperament: kind, even-tempered, generous, but, when roused —and his temper was quick—ungovernable. The execution of this huge task frayed his self-control to ribbons. As the work progressed, interest in the city rose to fever-heat, for Michael permitted no visitors to watch him at work. Even the Pope himself came under the ban of exclusion.

The Artist of the Renaissance was not ignorant of the displeasure of his exalted patron over the stand he had taken, nor

(continued on page 42)

No. 10. It's a wise Child . . . How Paternity was settled in a marriageless community

IT is amazing to read the history of thousands of years ago: to learn that problems which puzzle the world to-day found their solutions—not *our* solutions!—when the world was young. The brains of philosophers have been expended for generations upon questions which, once answered (howbeit, perchance unsatisfactorily with regard to modern ideals), still perplex and are not solved even to-day.

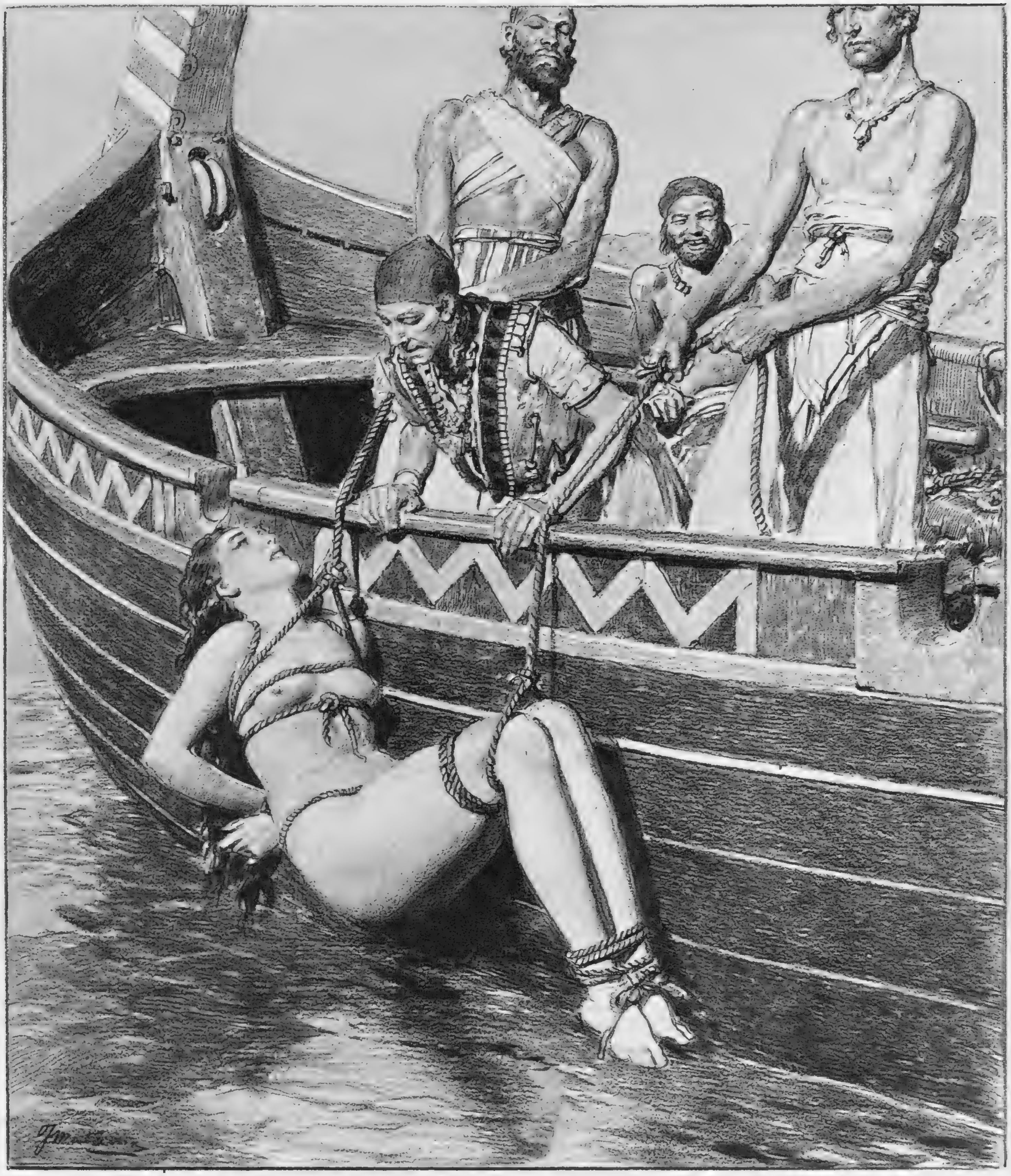
Marriage and the responsibility of paternity are still matters which may convulse our modern scientific society with discussion, if with nothing else, and yet every difficulty was overcome by an institution established—and forgotten—hundreds of years before the Christian era.

In those days, Persia, in collaboration with Egypt, determined upon colonial expansion at the expense of Libya—the first occasion on which the last-named land makes its appearance upon the stage of history. And it is due to this invasion that we have gained a knowledge of the various phases of its social life, as revealed in its various tribes and sub-kingdoms.

Consider, for example, the law of the Ausis, a tribe inhabiting the marshes of Tritonide. Among this tribe there existed no marriage, no obligation of fidelity on the part of either sex. Everyone was unconfined, untrammelled, free—and happy! There was no birth-control, no limit, no restriction of any kind. Every woman had the duty of bringing up her children until the

(continued on page 43)

No. 8. Girl Overboard! Outwitting a King and a Stepmother



THE PRINCESS WHO WAS DUCKED, BUT NOT DROWNED

so inhuman a father, and would have willingly declined to execute the King's commission, but, both fearing the consequences of a refusal, and bound by an oath which was, in that era, considered inviolable, he accepted.

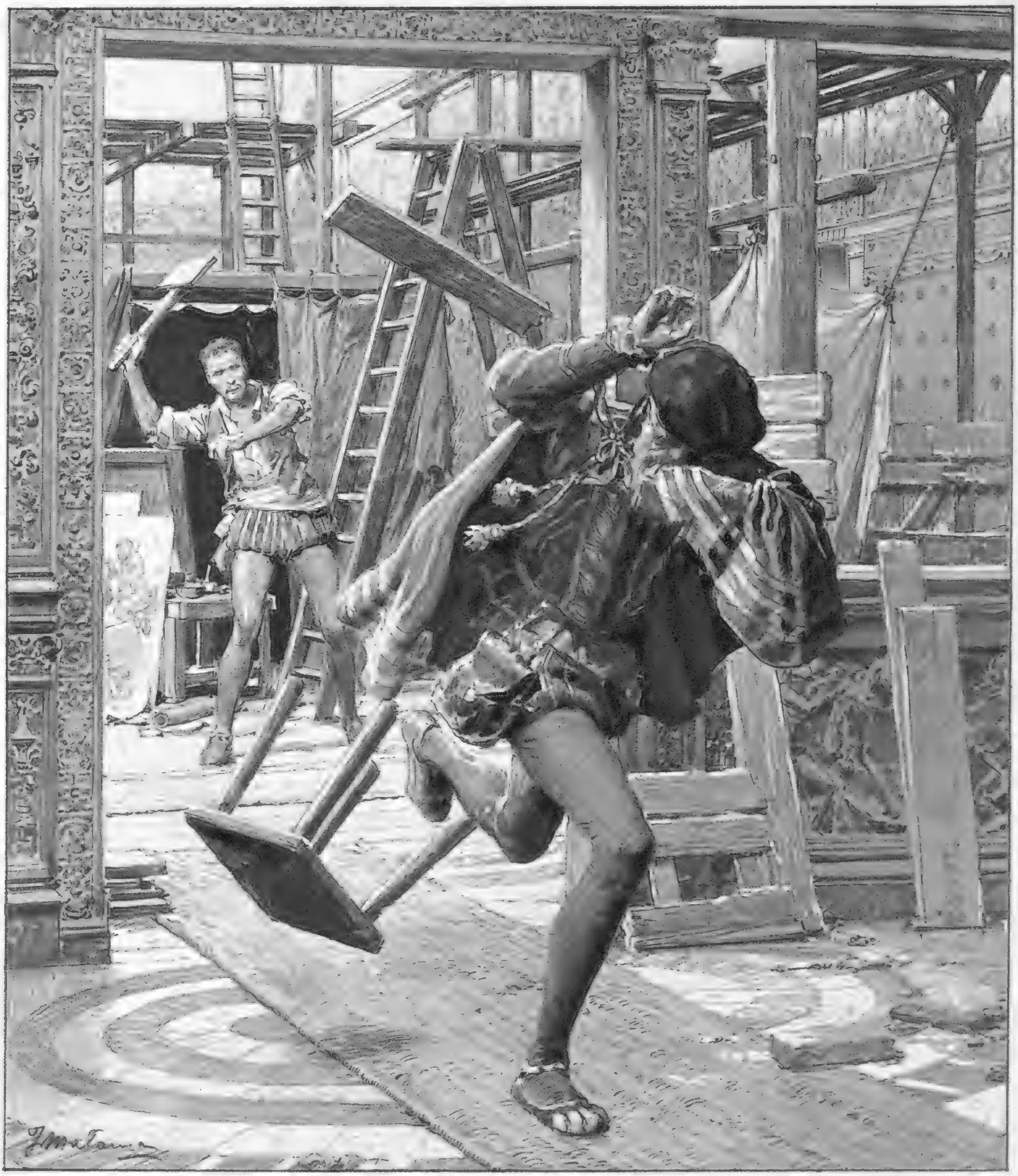
The ill-starred victim was placed on the boat, which at once put out to sea, while the merchant pondered fearfully over the fulfilment of his terrible vow. If he carried out his orders, he would offend the Gods; if he failed, he would offend the King as well as the Gods, for the deities of that day held sacred an oath.

The terror-stricken girl was stripped and securely bound, the anchor was dropped; all due preparations were made. In accordance with the King's commands, the girl was lowered into the water.

The immersion, however, lasted but a few seconds.

The letter of his oath had been fulfilled; the spirit of such a command was better left unredeemed. With the subtlety of the Near East, the merchant bethought him that, while he had undertaken to drop the girl overboard, he was not enjoined from immediately rescuing her — even as Shylock had covenanted for no jot of blood in his infamous contract with Antonio.

Later, Fronima, who had remained under the protection of her benefactor and rescuer, was happily united to a devoted lover in another country where the writ of her royal father did not run — to the delight of the merchant who had obeyed the commands of the King without violating those of the Gods.



No. 9. Michael Angelo and the Pope who pried

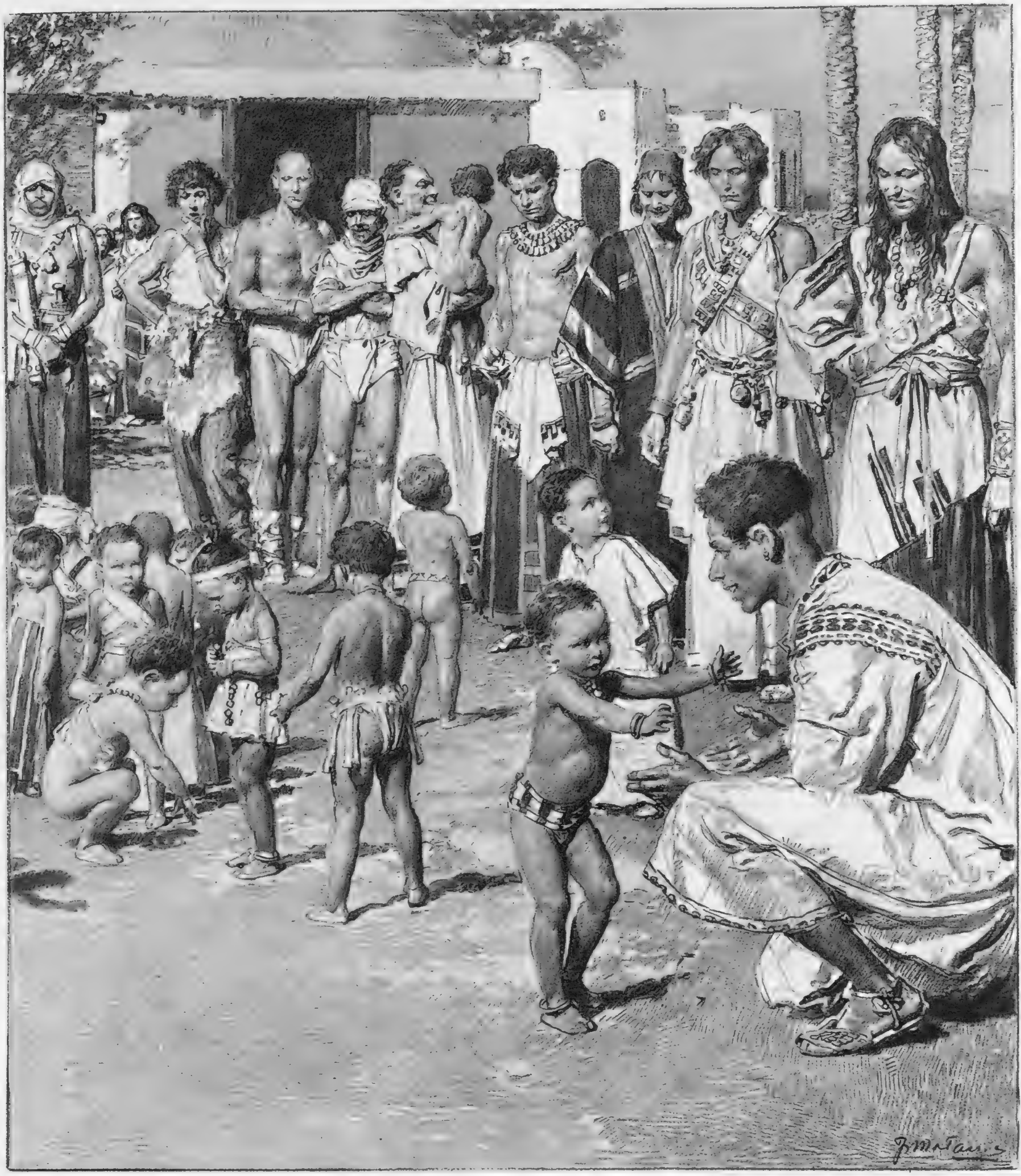
of the frequent attempts which were constantly being made to gain ingress to the forbidden chapel; in consequence, he took all due precautions and surrounded himself with trustworthy servants.

But incorruptible servants are as rare as a genius of the rank of Michael Angelo, and this facet of human nature was also not unknown to the artist. One day he decided himself to catch the trespassers. He managed to delude the servants into thinking he had gone out and secreted himself in the chapel to await the intruders.

History does not relate how many [times he waited before he met with success, but, during one of these vigils, an inquisitive little man succeeded in bribing the servants and was accorded entry.

As he quietly stepped in, he gazed up at the unfinished masterpieces. He had been better advised to look first on his own level! Michael Angelo, without hesitating to ascertain who the stranger might be, hurled at him everything on which he could lay his hands, with such speed and force as to compel the unwelcome and imprudent visitor to run for his life under a hail of miscellaneous objects.

The intruder happened to be His Holiness Julius II in disguise, who probably had never in his exalted existence been so punished for so worldly a curiosity!



No. 10. "It's a wise child . . ." How paternity was settled in a marriageless community

age of two, or until they could walk by themselves. Thereafter, they passed under the care and protection of their fathers.

But who were their fathers? How could the responsibility of masculine parenthood be established?

Here the mentality of the Libyans has set the high-water mark of faith in a subliminal, yet absolutely personal, divine justice.

Every three months the children old enough to walk unassisted were assembled in a group in the centre of a circle of men deemed "eligible" for paternity. Then the children were let loose, for it was believed that each child would instinctively walk towards its own father!

The fathers thus "adopted" by the children were perfectly ready to shoulder the responsibility of their upbringing, their clothing, their food, and their education.

In its utter simplicity, this system of establishing paternity excluded all argument. However absurd, however abandoned, even however immoral it may seem to us, it was ideally equitable, for it placed an equal burden of responsibility upon every several member of the clan, without enjoining upon those citizens the risk of an unhappy marriage.

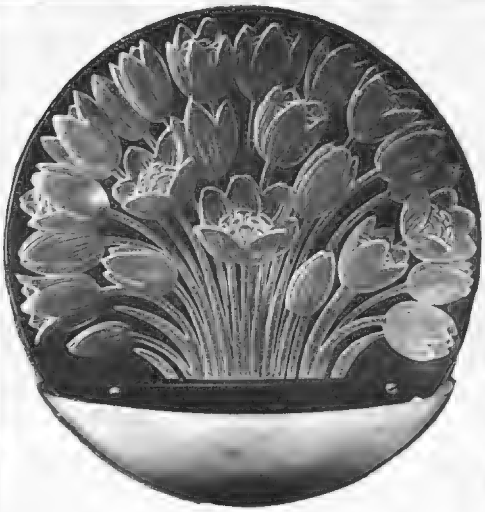
The history books, however, omit to inform us what happened to the man—fortunate or unfortunate, according to the point of view!—who was so popular among or attractive to children that he arrested the attention—and the attentions!—of perhaps half a dozen of them at once!

LIGHTING

THE possibilities of flood-lighting are only just beginning to be realised, but an illumination in the garden is of practical value as well as being extremely beautiful

MODERN decorators are learning to use the mystery of electricity to great advantage

By DORIS ADENEY LEWIS



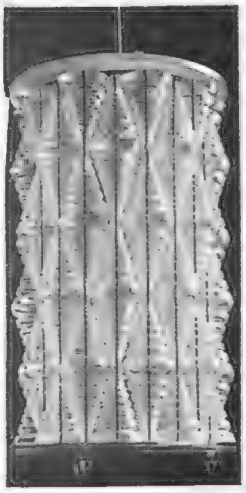
A WALL light of exquisite design conceals a bulb in a shallow marble bowl and throws the light on to a plaque of engraved glass. From Breves Galleries

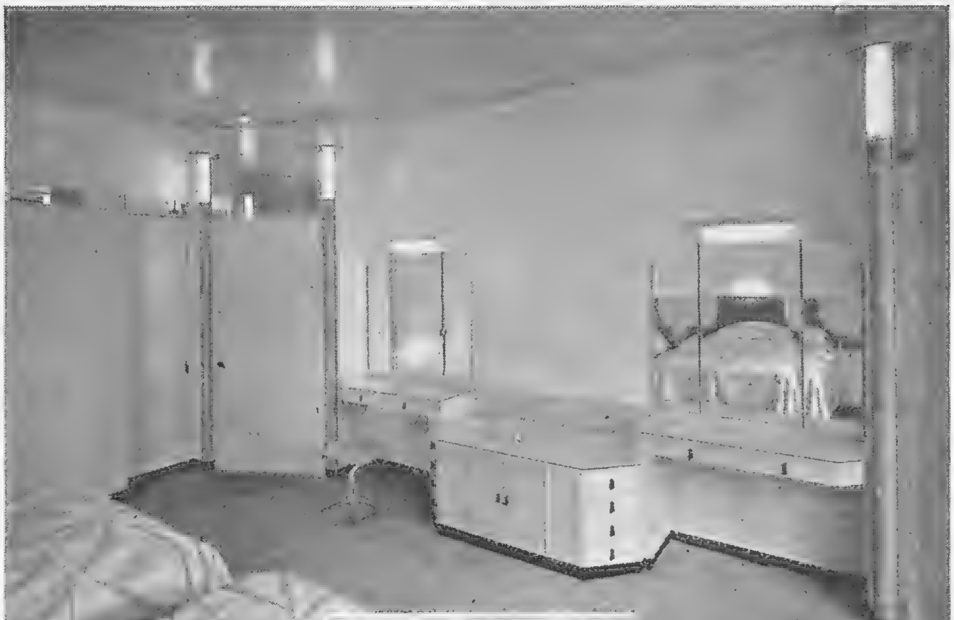
Left:

AN unusual scheme of lighting is carried out in this dining-room, where glass tubes in a metal base conceal an electric bulb and throw gigantic shadows on the wall

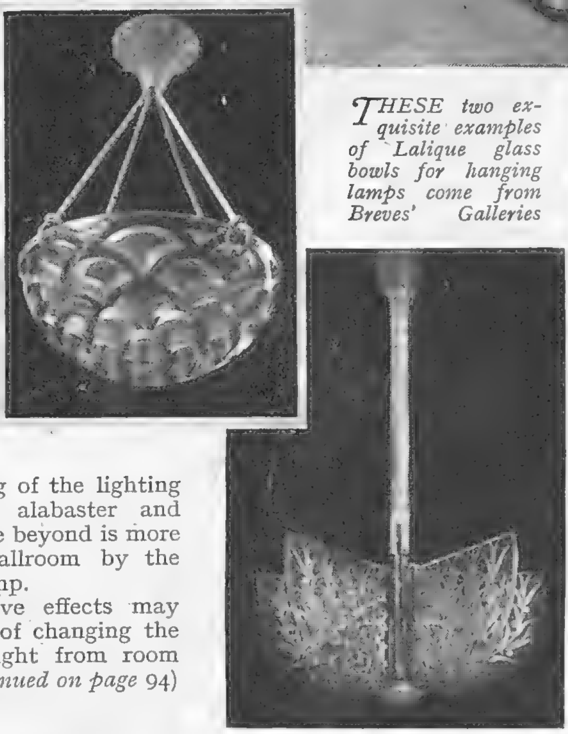
Below:

A CIRCULAR lamp for the centre of the ceiling is made of Lalique glass and diffuses the light most attractively





A DOUBLE built-in dressing-table and its accompanying wardrobes are efficiently lit by tubular lights which form part of the decorative scheme. Architects: Hall, Easton & Robertson



THESE two exquisite examples of Lalique glass bowls for hanging lamps come from Breves' Galleries

WITH the invention of electric light we have another example of science outstepping art. Edison gave to the world a form of light which no longer depended upon air for its combustion, but he lived half his life before the importance of this began to dawn upon the designers and decorators of our buildings.

Electric light was forced—and still is to a great extent—to adapt itself to the old forms that had been designed when candles lit our homes and flaring torches our streets. Electric light bulbs are still manufactured in dull imitation of the flickering light of a candle, so slow are we to grasp our opportunities!

Simple pearl electric bulbs are not unsightly, nor are they harmful to the eyes, and they may be used in groups or clusters with great decorative effect, where care in design and economy go hand in hand. Again the tube lights need no expensive shade or covering and their simple form when well placed can be very decorative, but they are not cheap, and of course the tubes need replacing from time to time. There is no doubt that direct lighting is the most economical, but it does not lend itself to a great variety of treatments.

Cornice lighting is probably the most popular form of indirect light, as it gives a soft even glow all over the room, but it is not suitable for the ordinary flat or house. High ceilings are necessary if it is to be effective, and it is a mistake to attempt this method in rooms under ten feet high. It is an expensive way to light a room, both in the first cost and in upkeep.

In the channel specially constructed above the cornice the light bulbs must be very carefully placed to avoid "striation" or a spotty effect, and they must be so arranged as to spread their light sufficiently to illuminate the room. In a cramped space this cannot be accomplished, and for this reason the effect of cornice lighting in many rooms is disappointing.

A BETTER method for lighting a low room is by wall reflector lamps, or reflector lamps placed in vital positions in pieces of furniture or within ornaments. Bedrooms, for instance, may have attractive general lighting arranged from the tops of cupboards.

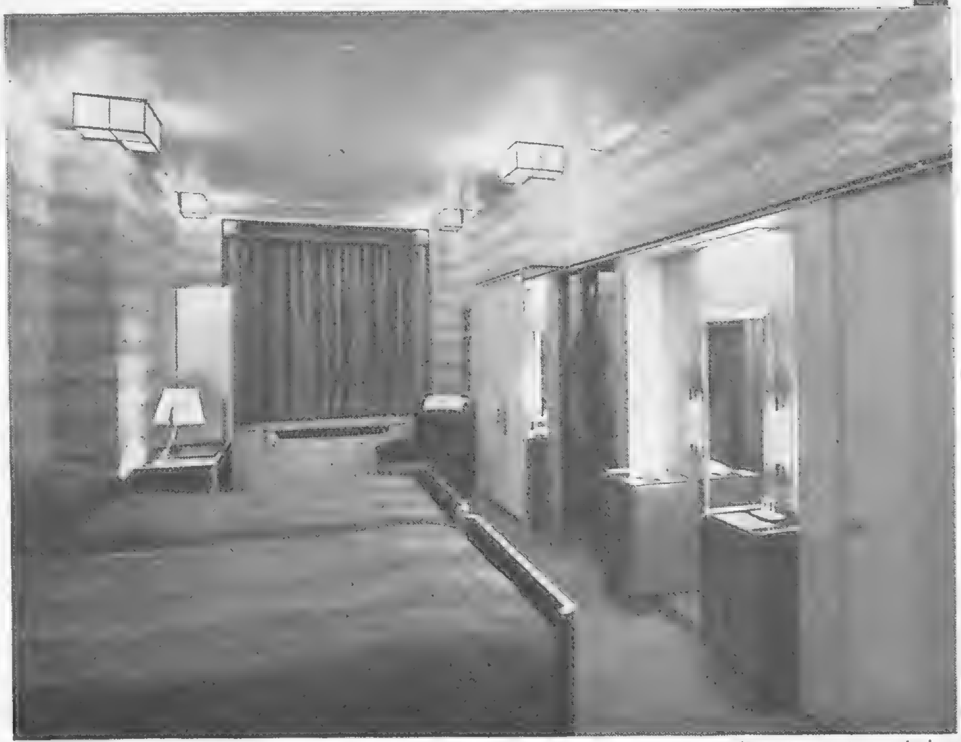
Stand and table lamps are now equipped with reflectors to light up as well as down, to serve the double purpose of reading lamps and general lighting for the room. A very large room may be quite satisfactorily lit from a couple of wall reflectors burning only sixty candle power lamps.

Indirect lighting, however pleasant in general tone, is a little lacking in vitality. Brilliant spots of light seem necessary in most decorative schemes, and these have led to the manufacture of many fittings of most interesting and original design.

In the small ballroom designed by Mr. Girard the success of the scheme largely depends upon the interesting design and the careful placing of the lighting fittings. They are all of alabaster and polished copper. The lounge beyond is more brilliantly lit than the ballroom by the addition of a fine hanging lamp.

Very fascinating decorative effects may be obtained by this method of changing the colour or quality of the light from room to room.

(Continued on page 94)



BUILT-IN and tubular lights illuminate this modern bedroom, which has an amusing wavy paper in pastel shades and boxed-in cornice lights. Designed by Doris Robertson, A.R.I.B.A.

Humphrey and Vera Joel

Winifred Lewis discusses—

SPRING renovations often reveal the necessity for extra pieces of furniture. This limed oak chair and bridge table bookcase are refreshingly inexpensive at £5-12-6 and £5-5-0 each. The Lister mohair rug is in beige and green

William Spriggs, Ltd.

Planning *for* SPRING

Though Spring finds our homes no less in need of rejuvenation this year, our pockets are, of necessity, reluctant to respond. Here are some suggestions which involve the least expenditure and the most result

IT is safe to assume that nobody is going to have much money to spare for house renovating this year in view of taxation and other things too painful to mention. It is as equally certain that our homes stand as much as ever in need of rejuvenation at the first appearance of spring sunshine and that the only course remaining to us is home decorating. Perhaps you are inclined to be impatient of the suggestion; many people are, but only, I feel, because they have either witnessed some disastrous experiment or personally figured in one through having approached the task in the wrong spirit.

Having made the decision to dispense with the services of professionals, one is apt to be carried away with enthusiasm and to attempt too much which is a pity, especially since such good results can be obtained in small ways.

Look around your home; take an inventory of its dilapidations, so to speak. Must the sitting-room wallpaper be replaced, or couldn't you divert attention from it by some judicious renovations elsewhere in the room? Anyhow, unless you are exceptionally talented, avoid paper-hanging. I have witnessed a few excellent experiments and lamented even more.

It might suffice merely to rewash the ceiling, a very simple job for an amateur, or even to repaint the woodwork, also an easy task in these days of excellent materials. By making these simple changes, and perhaps substituting new curtains and cushions to vary the colour scheme, one might easily give an entirely fresh aspect to a room. If, however, the wall covering must be renewed, stick to paint or distemper in preference to paper if you intend to do the job yourself; one is far less likely to meet with failure in this way. Glossy paint for walls is no longer so popular as in past seasons, but the amateur can achieve some very good effects with a stippling brush on a matt surface or by merely going over it with a sponge wrung out in paint.

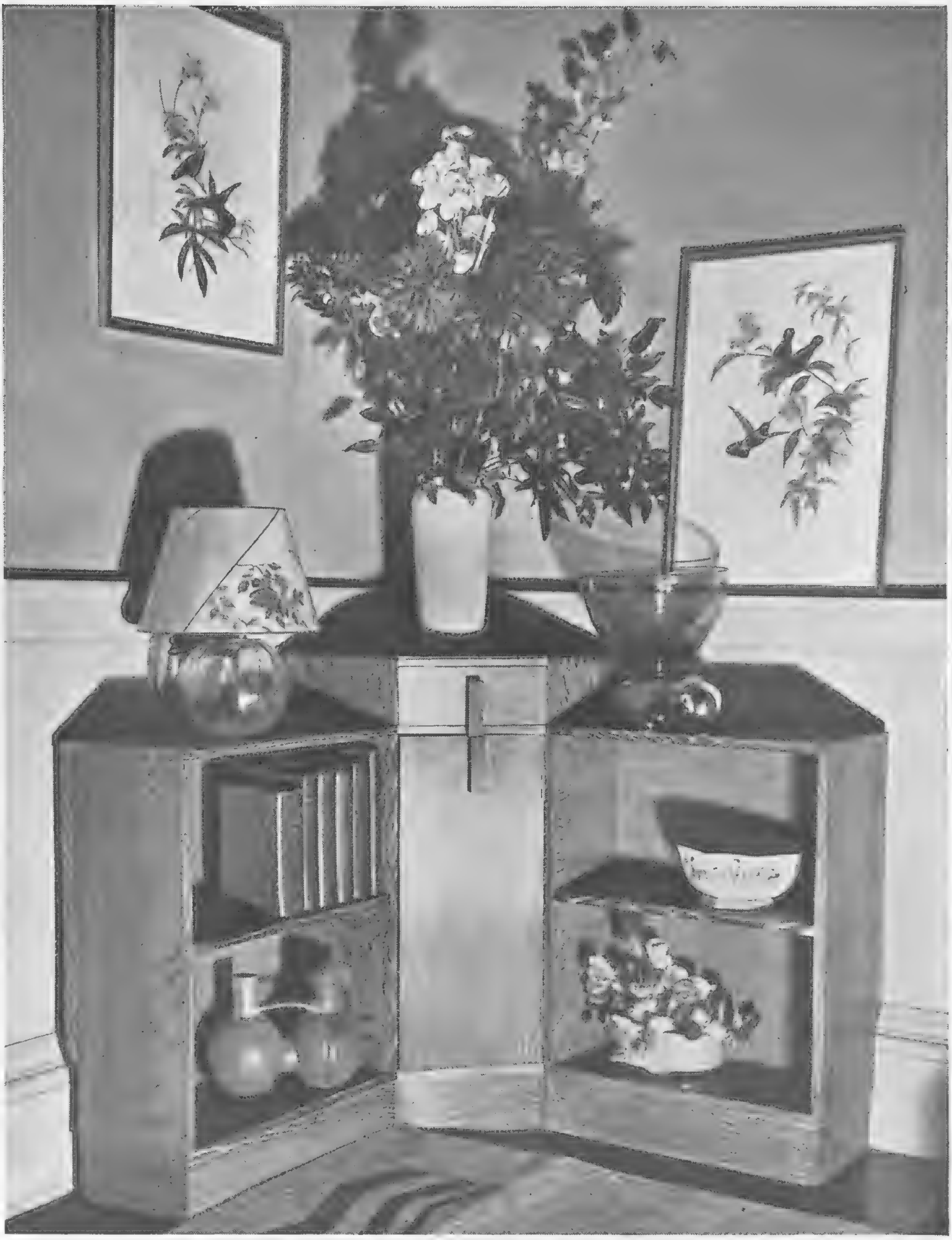
But to return to less ambitious methods. Floors offer a promising field for experiment in freshening up a tired room. Suppose, for instance, one finds that the linoleum in a room is shabby, or even the carpet, then the older covering can be scrapped and a painted floor substituted with great success.

Opinion is generally opposed, I know, to painted and stained floorboards. It has been proved, however, that if properly treated with the right materials painted floors can be both attractive and durable; so, if you contemplate this experiment see that the boards are immaculately clean before any new paint is applied, and that every trace of old stain or varnish is removed. This can be done with a varnish remover and, if the stains are still obdurate, by the application of a bleach. Oxalic acid crystals in hot water will serve this purpose (sufficient water to cover the surface and as much crystals as the water will absorb). This should be applied and allowed to dry, then the floor should be washed over again with hot water, dried and finally wiped down with a cloth moistened with benzene to remove all traces of dust. Afterwards sandpaper the surface until smooth and wipe down again, after which the surface is ready for the application of one of the uncrackable paints made for the purpose. If you hesitate to treat a whole floor surface in this way you might easily adopt it for the carpet surround with effect.

ON the whole there are numberless things the amateur can do towards freshening a house with paint. Have you thought of brightening disused fireplaces and tiled surrounds with heat-resisting enamel? Gas and electric fires, especially in bedrooms, frequently have disused fireplaces of rather dismal character as backgrounds which can be made attractive and protected from rust as well as linked up with the general colouring of the room. Aluminium heat-resisting paint is also a good thing to know of for the decoration of radiators, pipes and cisterns.

I SAW an attractive small bathroom recently that had been decorated at very little cost by the owner. The walls and ceiling had been coloured a pale apple green with washable distemper and the woodwork treated with aluminium paint. This was a cunning move since, being in an old house, the bathroom was structurally out of date and had an unsightly tank on the wall, to say nothing of numerous pipes spiralling every-

A REARRANGEMENT of furniture and pictures is surprisingly effective in giving fresh interest to a room. Here, a hitherto neglected corner has assumed an aspect of charm and importance by the addition of a limed oak bookcase and an intelligent harmony of accessories. The bookcase is from William Spriggs and costs £4-15



Helen Macgregor

where. The aluminium paint was applied to these and, being heat-resisting, was just as practicable as it was unusual in effect, as well as rendering them less noticeable by exactly matching the woodwork.

A touch of warmth was given to this attractive but somewhat frigid scheme by simply adding brilliant orange accessories. There was a row of orange jars on a shelf for bath salts, talcum powder and shaving water, the bathmat flaunted brilliant orange and green squares and a mirror frame had been painted the same rather drastic hue. This, incidentally, is an expedient one would do well to imitate in any room decorated in receding or cold colours. Just a few splashes of warm colouring here and there are surprisingly effective in imparting a less chilly tone to the room, mainly, of course, by mental suggestion.

Having saved so much by dispensing with the costly services of professional decorators, you will perhaps feel justified in having new curtains and covers for your room. Certainly nothing is more effective in the process of " brightening " as colourful fabrics. The new rayon velvets are particularly worthy of attention as much for their price as for their richness of colour and texture. British rayon velvets have definitely captured the market from the Continent and, one is proud to learn, entirely on their merits. Finally, a new piece of furniture might be included in your spring campaign, and will provide the best of reasons for rearranging the room—always a pleasure to inconstant woman and an effective means of disguising the old.

Quite often one fresh piece of furniture will entirely alter the character of a room if it is situated imposingly with accessories and colours planned in relation to it. A successful experiment has been carried out in the corner photographed on this page, one which was formerly occupied by a chair and otherwise left, as corners almost inevitably are, to itself.

The bookcase, which is as practical as it is attractive, having ample accommodation for books as well as a useful, small cupboard in which to keep all the paraphernalia for cocktails, fitted the breach unusually well, but it is the accessories and their careful arrangement which have given dignity to the group and displayed a simple item of furniture to such advantage that it is now a dominating feature of the room. Moreover, though decidedly modern in character, the bookcase harmonises quite cheerfully with furniture of a rather earlier style, in fact it would be a most useful means of infusing a little modern spirit into any similar scheme.

In a room where such an arrangement is impracticable, however, and the need still felt for some "fresh blood," the attractive chair and three-way table shown on the facing page recommend themselves for their appearance as well as their inexpensiveness. The chair is an especially comfortable one, having a well-sprung seat and softly padded back, while the height is exactly right for serving tea from a low table or for sewing before the fire. The table, which makes an excellent companion for the chair, adequately combines three purposes without displaying such awkward dimensions as sometimes characterise these pieces. In the first place it will accommodate books and magazines, in the second serve the purpose of a bridge table with compartments at the sides for cards and other items, while, finally, the top can be turned over to reveal a baize covering for serving tea so that all danger of heat stains is obviated.

The Process of Rejuvenation

Illustrating some effective means of achieving it

Above:

DIGNITY might be given to a new scheme of decoration by this weathered oak cocktail cabinet, which might be included as a comparatively modest item of renovation. The price is £11 18s. 6d. From William Spriggs

Above:

NEW curtains and covers are not to be resisted while fabrics are as cheap and lovely as now. Cretonne, rayon and printed linen are among these Lister fabrics which can be seen at any big store

ROBBIA
FLAT STAIN

Right:

PAINT, specially manufactured for every imaginable household purpose is at the disposal of the amateur to-day. Certainly the most important economies can be effected in the home by a careful study of how and where to use them

Photographs by Helen Macgregor

PAPER-HANGING may be too ambitious a task for the amateur, who will be wise to confine himself to paint and distemper, both of which are capable of effecting unusual wall treatments if used intelligently. If, however, the services of a professional are used, some of the new wall motifs offer enchanting possibilities as the basis of new schemes. The "Gazelle" motif, right, speaks for itself

TO confine one's efforts to walls and furniture is not enough. Attention should be given to new table decorations and other subsidiary ways of putting a new face on the old home. Oddly enough, lustres are again in favour for table use and the woman who can unearth a pair from her lumber-room is saved the expense of new. This example from Fortnum and Mason in green glass costs 30/-

CUPBOARD cleverness is one of the virtues of the younger architects of medium and small houses; but this is not to say that cupboard cleverness is exclusively a modern achievement. A few weeks back I took tea in a twelfth-century flat in a Bernese house in which the cupboards in any one room would have contained easily a " bijou " home of to-day . . . but in those days space was less precious than it is to-day, when it is planned, or should be, down to the last cubic millimetre.

We have learned lately that there are several sides to economy, not all of them concerned with absence of cash disbursements. Efficiency, that bugbear of the woman who can't decide and won't plan, is certainly one of them.

It is not yet, unfortunately, usual or always possible to hand over the interior as well as the exterior of a new house to the architect, although furnishing, which is primarily a matter of the space left as well as that filled by the furniture, is definitely a job for the architecturally minded. Gone are the days when it was necessary to plan the house to shelter the large (probably inherited) " wardrobe-and-wash-stand, etc.," suite, the washing equipment is fitted and if the cupboard for filing one's clothes is not built in, then it is very carefully selected to streamline with the room.

Not only does the bedroom ask for a sufficiency of cupboards but the modern combined dining and sitting-room needs them as no room ever needed them before. All the eating equipment must be hidden from view during most of the day and accommodation is required for gramophones, records, games and the other multitudinous " necessities " of daily life.

Another problem in the house is passages. These are the arterial roads of the home and must not be cluttered up with jutting out " pieces," so that this is a matter for built-in shelves and a job for the architect. One very good type of cupboard for this space is illustrated on the opposite page; it is effective, handy, and in no way impedes movement in the passage.

I am deliberately not extolling the virtues of " stunt " cupboards because they are apt to be expensive and few of us can afford luxuries at the moment; but I am definitely concerned with the several varieties of cupboards that solve inexpensively the different problems which beset the modern house-minded woman.

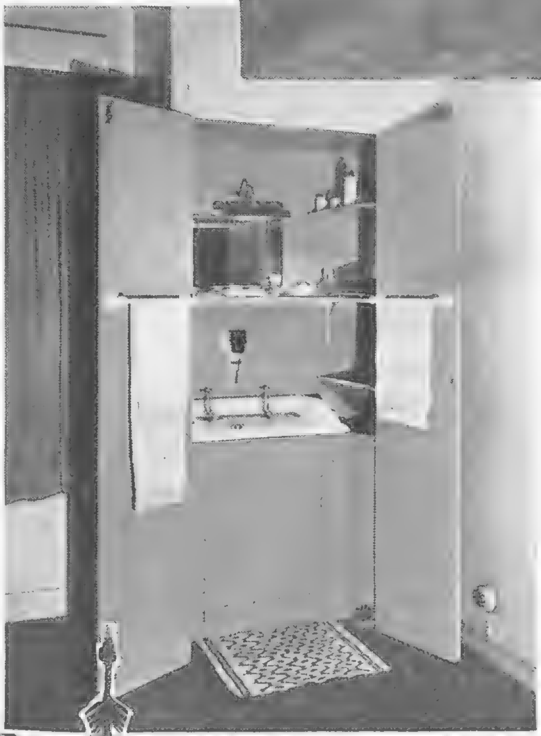
It is particularly interesting to examine the real cupboard cleverness illustrated in the studio bedroom-sitting-room shown in the photograph above. As you see, the bed and all the toilet accessories are neatly and pleasantly tucked away in inexpensive painted whitewood cupboards.

Another method of solving the problem presented by the occasional guest in the very small mews flat is the amusing settee, shown in the photograph at the bottom of this page, where all the washing and clothing equipment may be hidden in the roomy triangular cupboards on either side.

If you want an extra bathroom you can, at a pinch, make it from a cupboard and shut it away after use, and this can also be done with a basin; both of these ideas are illustrated here and neither

Right:

THE artist who lives here has equipped his combined bed-room and sitting-room with ample built-in fitments that contain his bed, his wardrobe, his entire washing equipment and his plate, glass and linen, for the cost of £20. (By courtesy of Halliday)



Below:

CUPBOARD doors conceal the very efficient wash-basin in Edward Halliday's bed-sitting-room. The opening of the doors automatically switches on the light

Left:

AN ingenious idea of the Marchesa Malacrida is illustrated in this small mews flat, where the guest's bed-room is in the drawing-room. The settee makes into a bed, and the side cupboards contain storage and toilet space

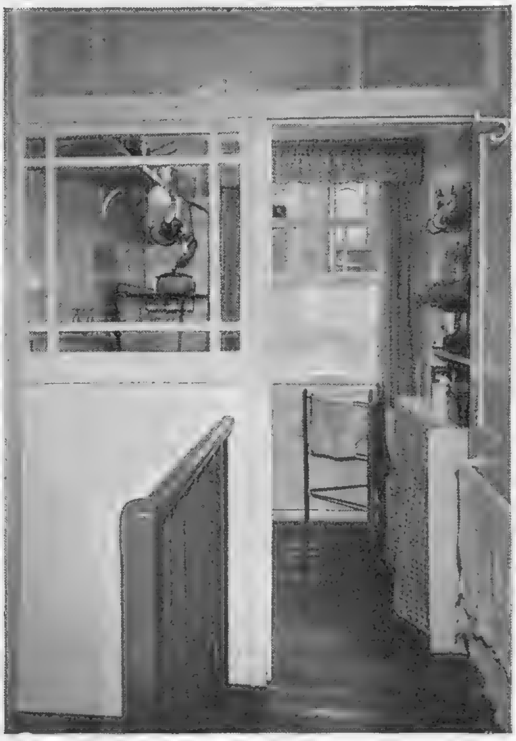
Concerning

By

The house which contains enough cupboards to satisfy the heart of a woman has yet to be built, but here are some clever suggestions for the utilisation of limited space

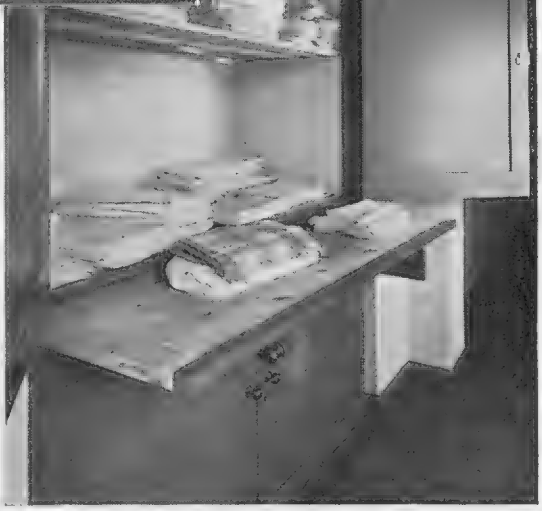
Right :

SURELY one of the best examples of ingenuity is this kitchenette made from a cupboard at the head of the stairs in a bachelor mews flat



Below :

A SHALLOW cupboard in a narrow passage contains household linen and has a sorting shelf which may be pulled out when required



was at all outrageously dear.

At the same time one must think of the dozens of young folk greedily snapping up converted flats or semi-derelict mews. The problem of the kitchenette in a home of this description can be solved very simply and inexpensively by putting it in a cupboard, provided that adequate ventilation is available.

The woman who rents a flat or maisonette very often finds that not only is the creation of built-in cupboards beyond her means, but is unpractical since she cannot take them away with her, and such alterations often contravene the terms of her lease. She wants some contrivance for storing her wardrobe and space is nearly always limited.

In such cases slim filing cabinets of metal, which can for a slight extra charge be painted to match the walls, are an excellent and very inexpensive acquisition and one which greatly discourages the activities of moths.

Another space-saving idea is to square up sloping attic roofs and thus create two capacious cupboards on either side of the window or bed recess.

Comparing some well-preserved late Victorian drawing rooms one wonders not so much that the servants stayed, but that the household stayed sane (as, with occasional lapses, they appeared to do) hemmed in by the silent invitation of so many breakable knick-knacks. For these days even the wireless, which with perhaps one chaste vase of flowers is all the ornament of the modern living room that shows, is boxed or cupboarded away except when in use.

Then there is the vexed question of cupboarding or otherwise hiding radiators . . . and here there is ample scope for a new radiator design that will not offend.

Equally difficult in the small room is the question of *shoes* ; this has been solved by the production of several inexpensive suggestions for the ideal shoe cupboard, but, ideal or not, every small bedroom should have some sort of provision for at least nine pairs of shoes, out of the dust and off the floor. One of the simplest methods is to fit into the bottom of a wardrobe two metal rods, one at a slightly higher level than the other, so that the heels of the shoes slip over the higher rod and the tips of the toes rest on the lower.

The utility of revolving dress cupboards and the store and linen cupboards is enhanced if fitted with their own interior and automatic lights ; this is not an expensive fitment and is well worth installing. However, a still more economical idea is to be recommended. This is a refined edition of the useful garage inspection light, a long piece of flex with a wired protected light on a handle at the end, which puts an end to the necessity of groping under beds and behind wardrobes in the dark.

FINALLY there is the story of the famous house at Newlands Corner built for Mr. St. Loe Strachey just before his death. His architect sent the plans to him when he was in America ; from Mrs. St. Loe Strachey the cabled request for " *more bathrooms and fitted cupboards* " is said to have come instantly, with the excellent result that a comparatively small house contains four bathrooms and enough streamlined built-in cupboards to accommodate a regiment in ease and comfort !

That is the ideal start for every modern home.

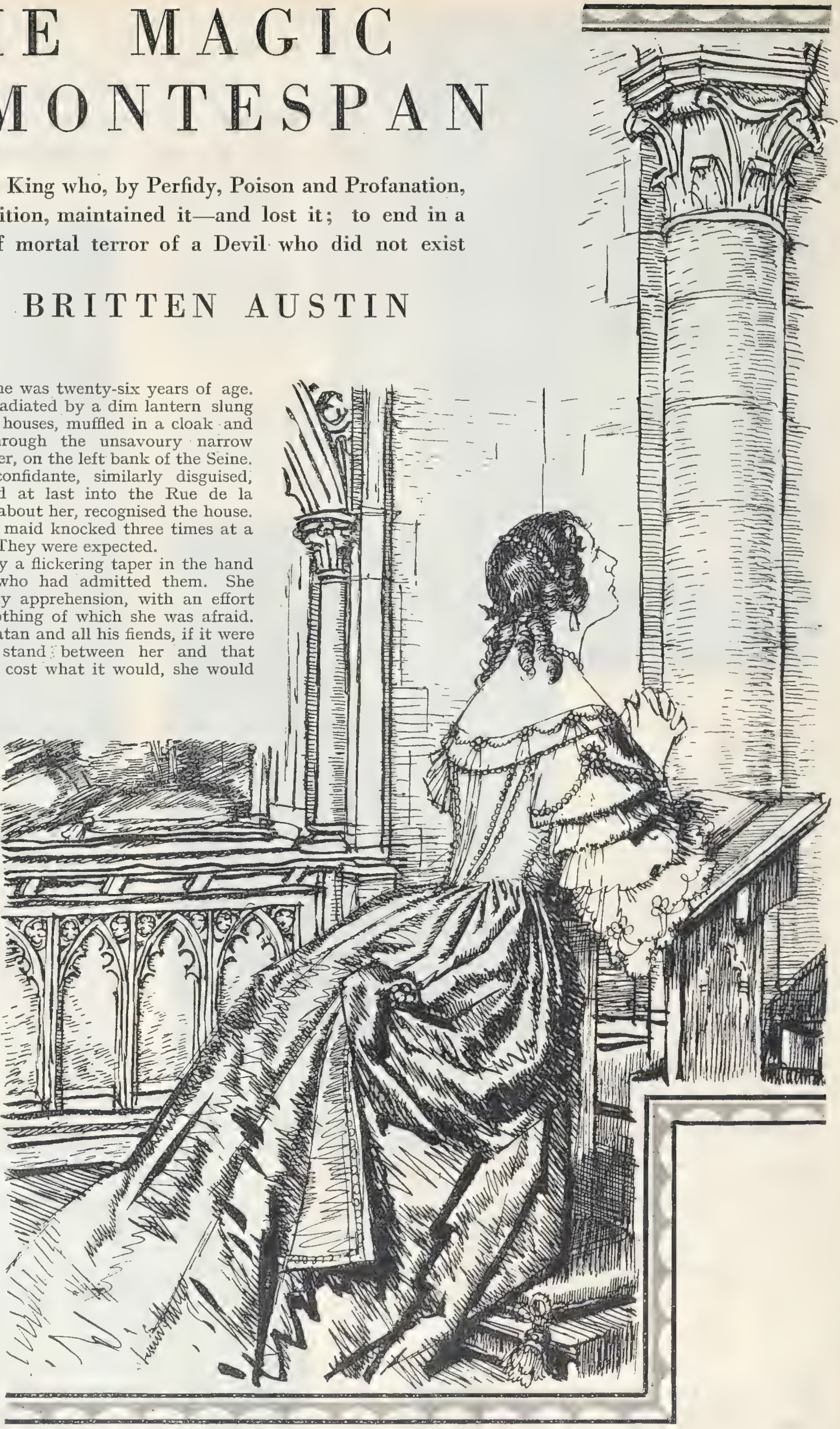
CUPBOARDS

Joan Woollcombe

THE MAGIC OF MONTESPAN

The Mistress of a King who, by Perfidy, Poison and Profanation, achieved her position, maintained it—and lost it; to end in a Hell on Earth of mortal terror of a Devil who did not exist

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN



IT was the year 1667. She was twenty-six years of age. In the darkness rarely irradiated by a dim lantern slung between the overhanging houses, muffled in a cloak and masked, she hurried through the unsavoury narrow alleys of the St. Severin quarter, on the left bank of the Seine. Desœillets, her maid and confidante, similarly disguised, conducted her. They turned at last into the Rue de la Tannerie. Desœillets peered about her, recognised the house. " It is here, madame ! " The maid knocked three times at a door. It opened instantly. They were expected.

They entered a gloom lit by a flickering taper in the hand of the short, stout woman who had admitted them. She mastered a spasm of uncanny apprehension, with an effort of proud will. There was nothing of which she was afraid. She would ally herself with Satan and all his fiends, if it were necessary. Nothing should stand between her and that most daring ambition which, cost what it would, she would achieve.

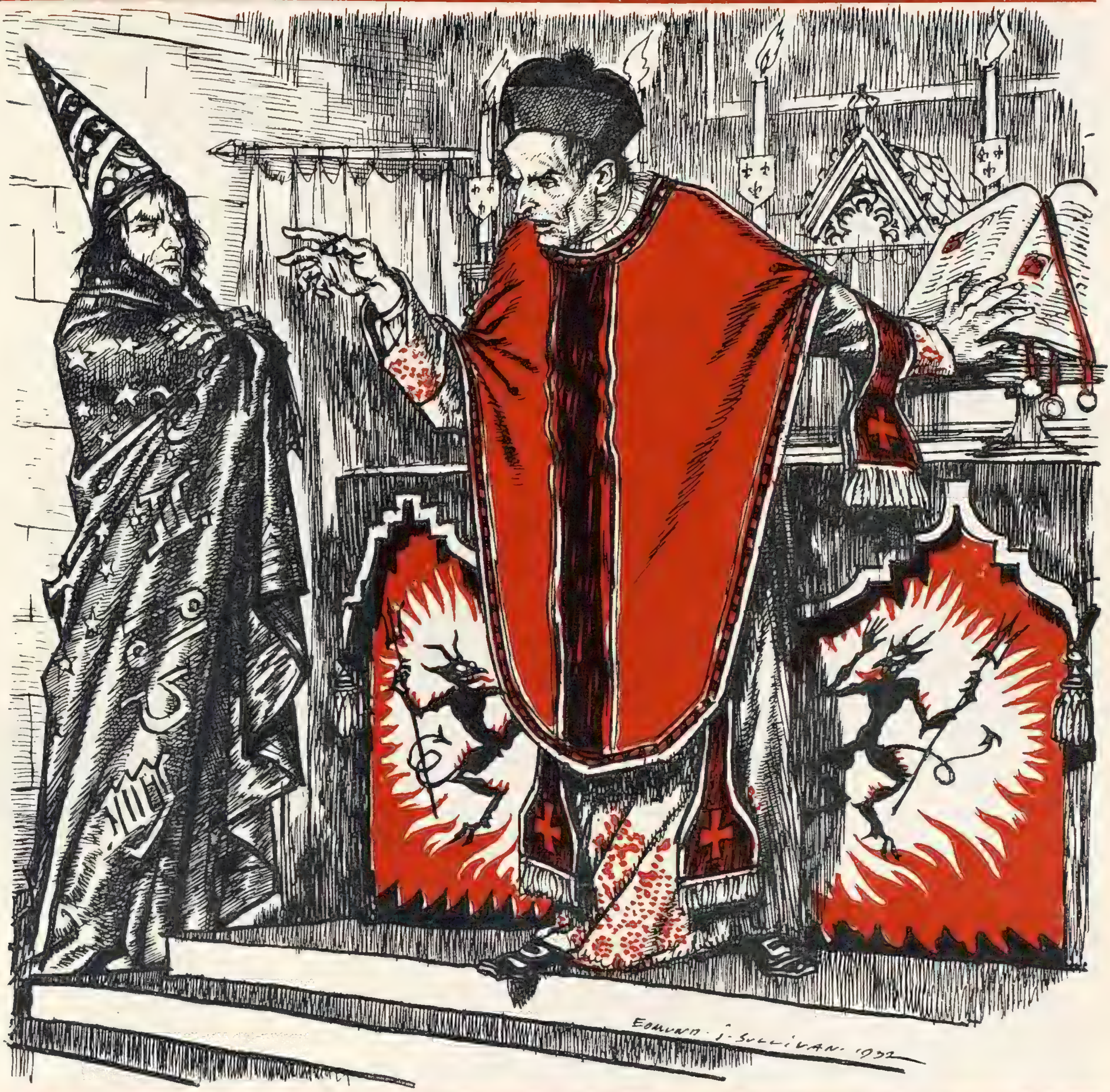
" Is everything prepared ? " she asked, haughtily.

The short, stout woman answered with plebeian deference :

" All is ready, madame. If madame will deign to follow me."

Taper in hand, she led them to a small chamber. At its further end was a small altar, lighted candles flanking the crucifix. Standing by it were two men. One was a priest, tall, emaciated, with feverish, burning eyes in an intensely white face, in full vestments as for the Mass. That must be Mariette, *curé* of St. Severin. The other was evil-looking and misshapen. He leered at her, grotesque in a tall conical hat and a robe figured with a complexity of mysterious devices. That was certainly Lesage, the magician of whom all fashionable Paris whispered, who had drawn out for her the horoscope of the King, wherein it was written that in second marriage he would wed one not of royal blood.

" Will not madame uncover herself ? " asked the short, stout woman. Evidently also, this was La Voisin, in whose powers Desœillets had such superstitious faith. Incongruous with the vulgar accent of her speech, the sorceress wore a magnificent ceremonial robe of crimson velvet embroidered with a multitude of golden double-headed eagles, over a skirt of green velvet broadly edged with costly lace. She yielded her cloak to Desœillets ; with a proud disdain removed her mask. She saw those two men start involuntarily at her suddenly revealed beauty—that superb and dazzling



beauty she had so often contemplated in her mirror, her ringletted golden hair falling almost to touch the semi-bared bosom of her queenly stature. Who should say she was not worthy of the destiny she would compel?

THE priest advanced towards her, took up position before the improvised altar. "Kneel down, my sister," he said. She obeyed

The priest advanced towards her, took up position before the improvised altar.

" Kneel down, my sister," he said. There was something shudderingly awesome in this man with the burning, tortured eyes. He also was imperilling his soul.

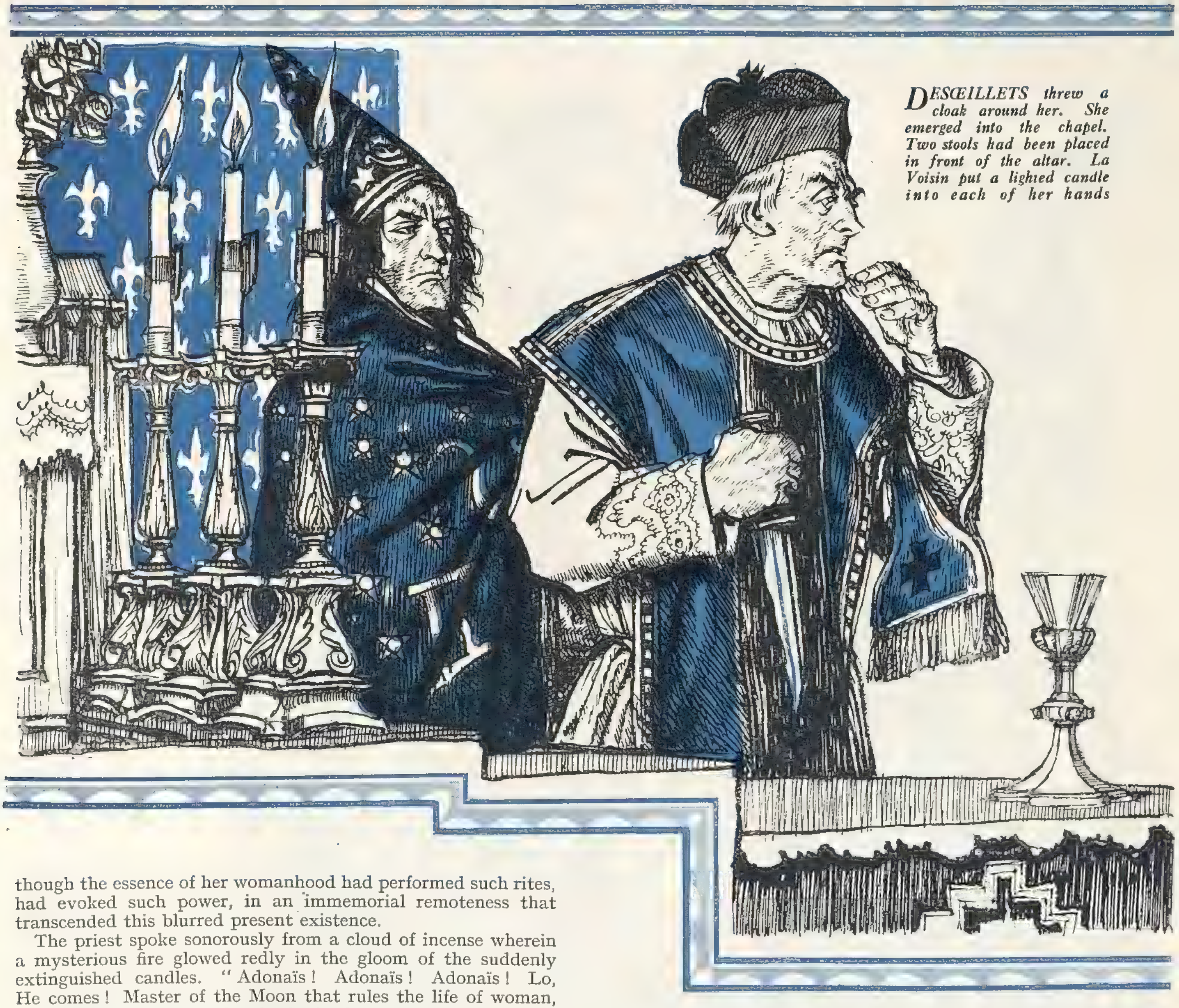
She obeyed.

The priest commenced to mutter strange prayers in Latin, prayers in which Ashtaroth and Asmodeus were invoked, prayers she did not understand. The evil-faced magician sang the *Veni Creator Spiritus* in a harsh cracked voice. Then, assisted by the magician, the priest performed elaborate rites which were a travesty, which were a profanation, which were a blasphemy. He took a Bible from the altar, rested it upon her head, read a chapter from the gospels. He closed the book, and said impressively: " Recite after me, my sister, these words of power ! "

In a shudderingly vivid sense of circumambient evil, as though the Devil himself were indeed invisibly near, she repeated after him vehemently those magic formulas of demoniac malignity, those blasting curses which in minutely specified detail and in comprehensive totality should burn, wither and annihilate utterly the beauty, the health, the life of Louise de la Vallière.

THOSE awful prayers came to an end. The priest commenced an appalling invocation. As she pronounced it after him, repeating it word for word, something overwhelmingly puissant seemed to flood into her, to take possession of her, surging up from tenebrous depths in herself, an obscurely elemental feminine principle with which she was intoxicatingly identified in the inmost of her being, omnipotent to create or to destroy, subjugating eternally to its service that other sex of man. She thrilled in that dark ecstasy, elusively familiar as

Illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan, R.W.S., R.E.



DESŒILLETS threw a cloak around her. She emerged into the chapel. Two stools had been placed in front of the altar. La Voisin put a lighted candle into each of her hands

though the essence of her womanhood had performed such rites, had evoked such power, in an immemorial remoteness that transcended this blurred present existence.

The priest spoke sonorously from a cloud of incense wherein a mysterious fire glowed redly in the gloom of the suddenly extinguished candles. " Adonaïs ! Adonaïs ! Adonaïs ! Lo, He comes ! Master of the Moon that rules the life of woman, the Serpent bruised by her heel, the Serpent that of old time she tamed, obeys the summons He may not resist ! Lo, He the Old One, is here ! Demand of Him what you will, my sister, and it shall be granted to you ! "

Her voice was clear and resolute, faltering not in that dread presence of the supernatural.

" I ask for the affection of the King ! I ask that the King may leave La Vallière and look no more upon her ! I ask that I obtain from the King all that I desire for myself and for my family ! I ask that the Queen may be barren, and that the King may leave her bed and table for me ! I ask that the Queen may be repudiated, and that I—Françoise Athenais de Rochechouart-Mortemart, Marquise de Montespan—may be freed from my husband and espouse the King ! "

SHE sat with La Vallière, in the modest pavilion-house adjacent to the garden of the Palais Royal which Louis XIV had bought and furnished for that shy, gentle creature who for six years had utterly sacrificed herself to him. Stupid little fool ! It was all she could do, sometimes, not to mock outright this baby-faced pious simpleton, who at twenty-three had already lost her girlish beauty, who daily wept and prayed God to pardon the sinful love which was stronger than her life, who naïvely welcomed as her dearest friend the woman who surely—with the guarantee of irresistible magic powers—would supplant her !

But she smiled, exerted all her radiant charm, gossiped with that fascinating wit in which consciously she excelled. The wistful face of La Vallière lit up as she listened, grateful and admiring. It was so kind of this brilliant, beautiful creature to visit her in her solitude, to bring her news of the great outside world wherefrom unrepiningly but monotonously she was secluded ! The little ninny laughed, in innocent mirth, at some of those titbits of scandal she related so amusingly, but without a trace of malice, a Christian charity softening all. If for anything the charming Madame de Montespan was yet remarked at Court, it was for a conspicuous and edifying piety. To it, indeed, she owed this intimacy. They were kindred souls. The little fool !

She played with her victim, in pleasant superiority.

" You look ravishing to-day, *chère amie*," she said, " Never have I seen you in such beauty ! "

The little simpleton glowed with pleasure, was really almost pretty.

" Do you truly think so ? I get so terribly afraid sometimes. —Do you really think I look well to-day ? "

" Indeed I do ! Surely His Majesty must have remarked it ? "

The little fool's countenance went anxious.

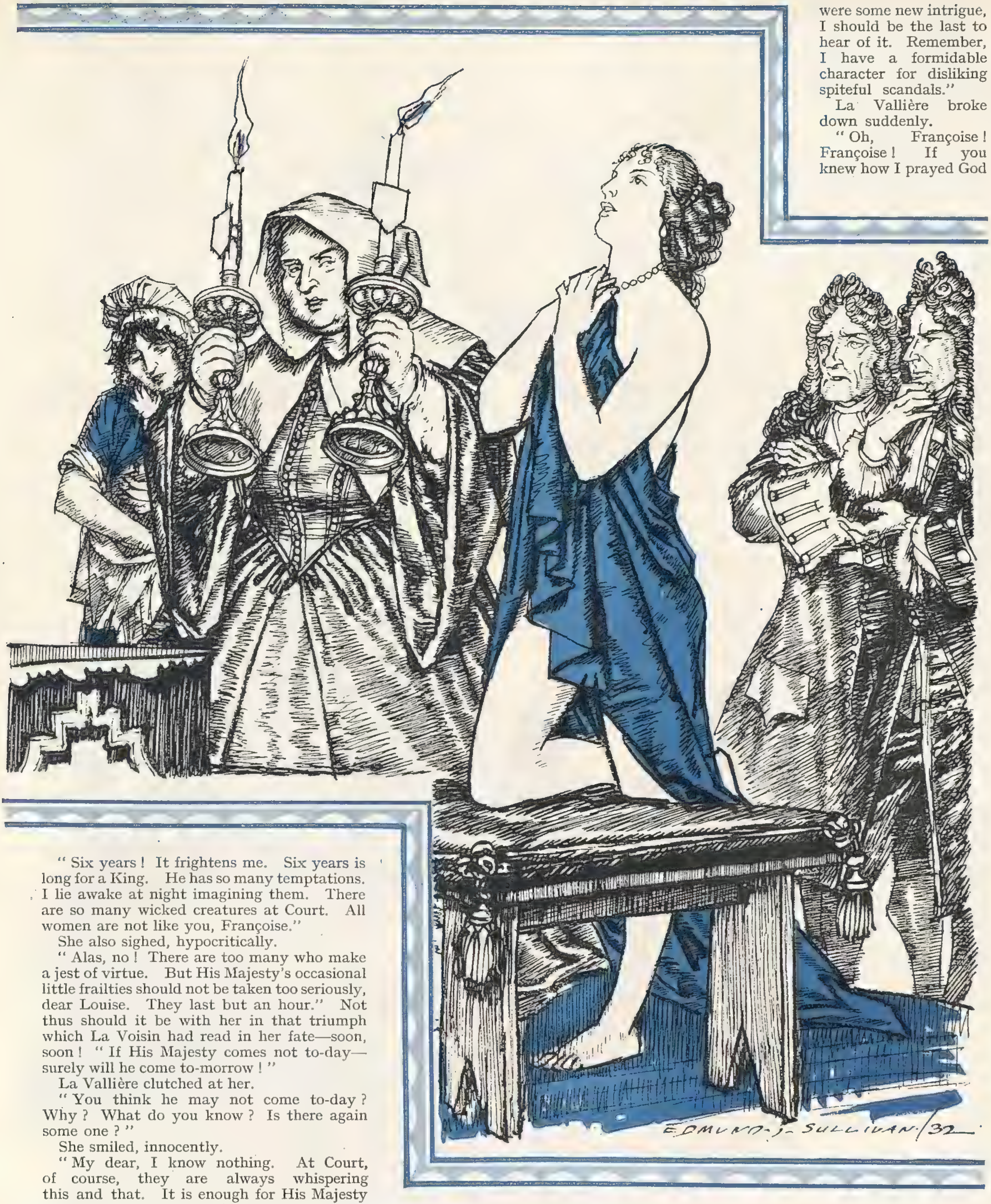
" His Majesty has not yet come. I hope he will not be prevented. He has so much to do these days."

Excellent ! The King had not yet come. Therefore, he might arrive at any minute, would find her here. Despite the certainty of that magic in which she implicitly believed, it was so difficult to be noticed by him. Indefatigably occupied with the affairs of the kingdom he autocratically ruled, more than ever absorbed now by his preparations for the war in Flanders, he was rarely visible. When he appeared, he was Jupiter-like, majestically aloof from common mortals. Almost never did he speak to the ordinary ladies of the Court. But one day would she surely meet him here. This perfidious friendship had been a master-stroke !

She smiled over those lightning-swift thoughts.

" Do not torment yourself, *chère Louise*. A fidelity of six years is a habit not lightly broken."

Louise de la Vallière sighed.



" Six years ! It frightens me. Six years is long for a King. He has so many temptations. I lie awake at night imagining them. There are so many wicked creatures at Court. All women are not like you, Françoise."

She also sighed, hypocritically.

" Alas, no ! There are too many who make a jest of virtue. But His Majesty's occasional little frailties should not be taken too seriously, dear Louise. They last but an hour." Not thus should it be with her in that triumph which La Voisin had read in her fate—soon, soon ! " If His Majesty comes not to-day—surely will he come to-morrow ! "

La Vallière clutched at her.

" You think he may not come to-day ? Why ? What do you know ? Is there again some one ? "

She smiled, innocently.

" My dear, I know nothing. At Court, of course, they are always whispering this and that. It is enough for His Majesty to smile, to speak half a word, and evil tongues start wagging. But I vow that I know nothing, dear Louise."

Louise wrung her hands.

" Yes, yes—I am sure you know something ! Tell me, Françoise ! Tell me the truth ! I have only you in whom I can trust ! "

She shook her head of massed golden curls—caught a glimpse of herself in a wall-mirror. She was radiantly beautiful to-day. At her best. If only the King would come !

" Indeed, dear friend, I know nothing. If perchance there were some new intrigue, I should be the last to hear of it. Remember, I have a formidable character for disliking spiteful scandals."

La Vallière broke down suddenly.

" Oh, Françoise ! Françoise ! If you knew how I prayed God to spare me these agonies ! If you knew how I suffer—sitting here alone ! And I love him so ! I love him so ! "

She wept unrestrainedly, chokingly, uglily, the tears streaming down her wan, drawn face, her eyes red-rimmed, a piteous object. If only the King would come now !

What was that ? She heard the lumbering wheels of a coach, a clatter of hoofs that stopped suddenly, heard voices. The King !

La Vallière heard it too. The little fool sprang up, in delirious joy, laughing while yet she sobbed. "His Majesty! He has come! He has come after all!"

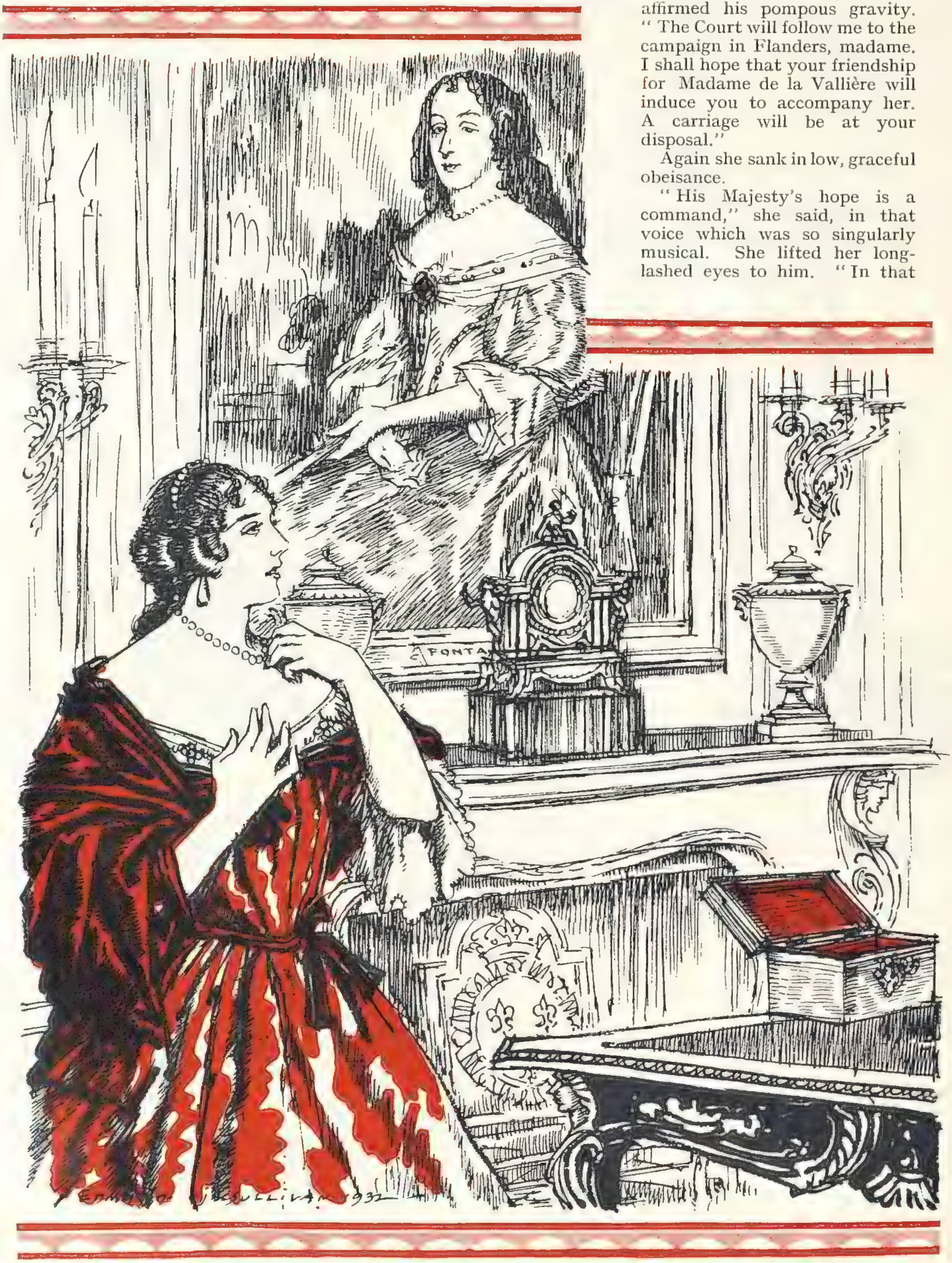
She spoke hypocritically, triumph leaping in her.

"I will withdraw myself, dear Louise. But first dry your eyes, dear friend. His Majesty must not find you like this."

La Vallière clung to her hysterically.

"No, no, dear Françoise! Do not leave me yet! Help me to compose myself! Help me to look pretty again!"

Pretty again! The little fool! Perfidiously, she dabbed the tear-stained face, patted the disarrayed ringlets. The improvement was not great. She dallied over it as much as she might. Her heart beat fast in that imminent approach. Opportunity at last!



THE door was thrown open. The King! Both ladies sank in a low wide-skirted obeisance.

He stood with imposingly emphasised dignity, a pale-faced man of twenty-nine years, whose moderate stature was enhanced by his high-heeled shoes and enormous wig. Glancing up from that profound reverence, she saw his eyes fixed on her, saw them abruptly turn away from her beauty in a quick, involuntary awkwardness. She caught her breath in the shock of that perception, in that sudden lightning-flash of startling intuition. It was as though, with a supernatural lucidity she had seen into his very soul, had pierced to his inmost secret—the secret which, it was an intoxicating certitude, put him at her mercy. He, the magnificent autocrat, the formidable monarch before whom all trembled — was fundamentally *shy with women!*

La Vallière had risen, was smiling timidly at her royal lover. She, De Montespan, could feel that he enforced himself not to glance again at that dazzling beauty of which she was never more triumphantly conscious; the beauty which was in such contrast to the haggard plainness of his mistress.

"Sire!" said La Vallière, "permit me to present to you Madame de Montespan. There is no lady at Court who is so much my friend."

The King inclined his head majestically, as though from that Olympus where hyperbolic poets fabled him to dwell. Actor! she thought. Actor strutting a godlike part! No longer can you awe me. I have surprised your secret!

"That is indeed a recommendation, madame," he said, gravely, to La Vallière. He turned again to that disturbing beauty, met her eyes. She permitted herself slightly to smile. Her seductiveness enwrapped him. She was thrillingly conscious of it, as if all her being went out to meet his in a spell of bewitching allurement. Self-consciously, awkwardly, he reaffirmed his pompous gravity. "The Court will follow me to the campaign in Flanders, madame. I shall hope that your friendship for Madame de la Vallière will induce you to accompany her. A carriage will be at your disposal."

Again she sank in low, graceful obeisance.

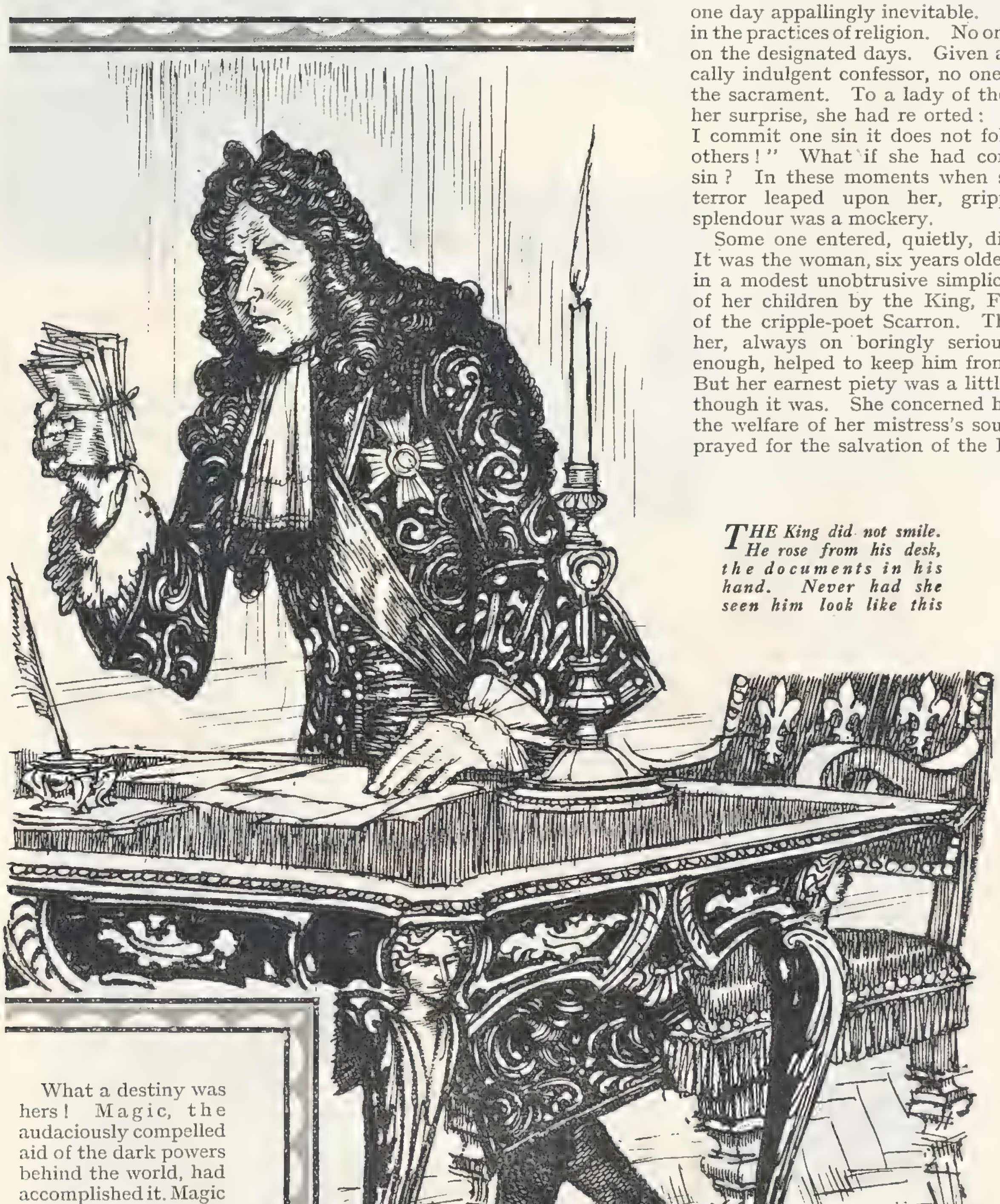
"His Majesty's hope is a command," she said, in that voice which was so singularly musical. She lifted her long-lashed eyes to him. "In that campaign, the proudest must find their glory in yielding to his irresistible puissance."

Was there the subtlest of veiled significance in her tone? In that meeting of their eyes something leaped to a peculiar intimate little shock, mutual between them. He changed colour.

"Madame," he said, recovering his formal stiffness, "then I shall confidently hope to see you in Flanders." He turned away from her to the timidly smiling La Vallière. "You choose your friends well, madame. Madame de Montespan is charming."

Those words rang in her ears as she rode homeward in her jolting coach. Believe not now in magic, who would! She was dizzy with that absolutely certain future.

SHE had triumphed—years ago. It was 1674. All, or almost all, that she had demanded had happened. She was the mother, by the King, of three children he had recently and publicly legitimised. Long since her tiresome husband had made a theatrical departure from her life, his coach decked with black plumes, his servants ostentatiously in funeral mourning as for a wife that was dead; her marriage had been legally annulled. Her journeys through France were a royal progress. In this vast new palace of Versailles, still in course of construction, she had twenty rooms on the first floor. The Queen Marie Thérèse had but eleven rooms on the second. Louise de la Vallière, year after year cynically and cruelly kept at Court to screen that replacement by her rival it was yet inconvenient to avow, was in a convent. The last of the throng of courtiers had left those splendid apartments where multitudinously tiered candles burned low in the crystal lustres. She was alone. Presently the King would return, as was his wont. She sat now, fatigued by that festivity, in the heavy magnificence of her robes, blazing with jewels unequalled in Europe.



THE King did not smile. He rose from his desk, the documents in his hand. Never had she seen him look like this

What a destiny was hers! Magic, the audaciously compelled aid of the dark powers behind the world, had accomplished it. Magic had maintained it. Every time that the King's fancy had momentarily strayed to one or other of the frail and only too willing ladies of the Court, La Voisin had been prompt with philtres and powders of mysteriously horrible ingredients which had been secretly left overnight under the sacred chalice of the altar. Duchesne, bribed servant of the royal "*Bouche,*" had cunningly mingled them with the King's food. The royal digestion had correspondingly suffered. What mattered it? They had been efficacious. The King was still madly infatuated with her. But it had been a never-ending struggle, demanding ceaseless vigilance. For she—and it was the intimate secret of her success—had given him confidence in himself. No longer was he afraid of women. Yet triumphantly—with an ever-renewed supernatural reinforcement of her charms—she had defeated all those who for a brief moment of arrogance had thought to supplant her! She had only one step more to climb. Surely soon would be removed that eternally ailing Queen, completely effaced in those above-stairs apartments desolate of courtiers.

Yet as in this solitude she contemplated her success, she shuddered. In that dark commerce with the Evil One, she had imperilled her immortal soul. She believed in the one as firmly as she believed in the other, with an anguished certitude. What if she must expiate this envied splendour with an eternity of tortures among the damned? Always that terror haunted her. She did what she could to avert the reckoning, one day appallingly inevitable. No one was more assiduous in the practices of religion. No one fasted more meticulously on the designated days. Given absolution by a sycophantically indulgent confessor, no one partook more fervently of the sacrament. To a lady of the Court who had expressed her surprise, she had retorted: "*Quoi, madame!* Because I commit one sin it does not follow that I commit all the others!" What if she had committed the unforgivable sin? In these moments when she was left to herself, the terror leaped upon her, gripped her sickeningly. Her splendour was a mockery.

Some one entered, quietly, discreetly. She glanced up. It was the woman, six years older than herself, still beautiful in a modest unobtrusive simplicity, who was the governess of her children by the King, Françoise d'Aubigné, widow of the cripple-poet Scarron. The King liked to talk with her, always on boringly serious subjects. She was safe enough, helped to keep him from more dangerous contacts. But her earnest piety was a little tiresome, sweetly amiable though it was. She concerned herself really too much with the welfare of her mistress's soul. Quite unnecessarily she prayed for the salvation of the King himself. It was more than enough that Bishop Bossuet, tutor of the Dauphin, should thunder from his privileged pulpit. What did she want now?

The *gouvernante* smiled deprecatingly, as was her wont.

"A visitor to see you, madame."

"What?—a visitor at this hour? Impossible! Who is it?"

"It is the Bishop Bossuet, madame."

"I cannot see him. The King will return at any minute."

A deep, strangely thrilling voice answered from the doorway.

"I come in the name of One who is the King of Kings, madame."

She glanced round to see him there, severely garbed in ecclesiastical black, a man well under fifty, whose singularly handsome features were lit with an ascetic spirituality, whose personality was irresistibly dominating. There was no one of whom she was so much afraid.

"Madame, it is necessary that I should speak to you!"

(*Continued on page* 105)

BOOKS: We have now reached William IV:

Reviewed by ARNOLD PALMER

MISS GRACE THOMPSON, who has written a very good-tempered and lively book entitled, "The Patriot King"

AT school, we learned History in the chronological order. Interest in our ancestors, a post-war fashion which has spread from Germany, works in the opposite direction. So, after Edward VII, Victoria, and her Albert, it was inevitable that we should come to William IV. Miss Grace Thompson's book, *The Patriot King* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) is thus a timely book. It is also a very good-tempered and lively book. William IV has relatively been neglected by historians and biographers, and it is easy to understand how it comes about that Miss Thompson, anxious to redress a wrong, is a little apt to overvalue her hero. In spite of her best efforts, William remains (for me, at least) a good-natured but simple soul. He was moved to easy enthusiasms, and so he was often capable of championing and supporting great men and great causes. This gave him at times almost an air of nobility, and definitely raised him above his brothers. But he was, like most of his brothers, a rather stupid man with a heavy touch. His humour was elephantine; seriousness made him prosy.

Admittedly, he was unfortunate in his environment. To put him out of mischief, he was sent into the Navy. The life suited him well, and he took his career in earnest. Had he been a commoner, he would probably have ended as a trusty, reliable, popular admiral. But, as a Prince, he was removed from the Service as arbitrarily as he had been placed in it, and one gets the impression that, after this disappointment, nothing ever succeeded in rekindling his damped enthusiasm. During the next forty years, until he ascended the throne, he presents the spectacle of a well-meaning man leading a completely useless life. He incurred £60,000 worth of debts; he begat ten illegitimate children; and from those two facts his character may be deduced. He was not a vicious man; he was merely a rather muddled drifter. People who handled William the right

MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK
latest novel is "The Rich Wife,"
ciated by the novel-reading

way could do anything with him. But, except for his brothers, the people who knew how to handle him were rather nice, lovable people—not always paragons of virtue, of course, but not rotters. There was something genuine in his nature which kept him clear of the worst of the mob round Prinney.

DURING these years, the period described by Miss Thompson, England passed through and emerged from a long and perilous struggle, and was as disturbed as the England of a hundred years later. "George IV" she writes, "was too intelligent not to know that a change had taken place in his world, but his selfishness argued 'Things will last my time' A large section of the nobility took the same stand; some of the great men were even sufficiently dull to be genuinely ignorant. They saw no need for any changes in the best of all possible worlds. The small ruling class of England had had a wonderful time; it had been, as Mrs. Gore, the novelist, pointed out, 'throughout Europe holiday time for people intent on promoting the greatest happiness of the smallest number.'" But "a war-time aristocracy of money had been created, and had no intention of retiring or putting its head under the heel of the old aristocracy of birth." A little later on we read "To these troubles were added a crushing load of debt, crippling taxes and an appalling

The Orphan Complex

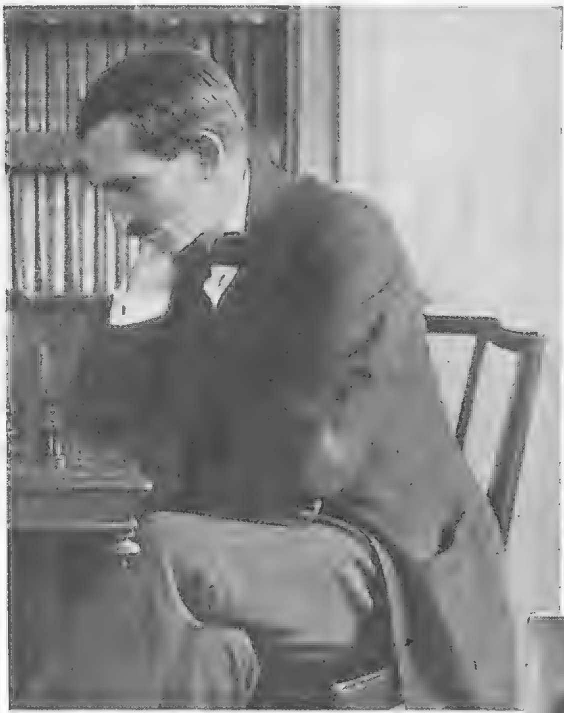
"Good Time": *by James Wedgwood Drawbell.* (Collins, 7s. 6d.)
"Business Girl": *by Stephen Somerset.* (Philip Allan, 7s. 6d.)
"Cake Without Icing": *by Maysie Greig.* (Benn, 7s. 6d.)

THE really typical article is always rare. Who has ever met the average man, the man in the street? The typical English town—which is it? The typical English house—how often have we entered it? And "the typical novel"—it is a useful description, but as a label it suffers from the difficulty of attaching it to any one book. Nevertheless, one does sometimes meet with the man, the house, the town which seems to include almost all the expected features. And in the three novels named above I have met three typical (as I imagine) Circulating Library novels.

Mr. Drawbell's is the most lively, Miss Greig's is the most unashamedly "popular." (Her heroine's hair is "like a stormy winter sunrise," her hero's eyes are "like Scotch lakes at sunrise." What a dawn!) Mr. Drawbell's heroine, I found, was an orphan, who had been brought up by an unsympathetic aunt. By a strange coincidence, the heroine of *Business Girl* has also been brought up by an unsympathetic aunt. But when I found that Miss Greig's rainy-looking heroine had been brought up by yet another unsympathetic aunt, I abandoned the idea of coincidence and realised that I was in the deadly grip of a formula. I looked at the formula; the formula looked at me; and slowly we smiled and bowed. For we had met before, surely. Beautiful girls whose parents were doomed to an early grave, unscrupulous aunts and godmothers—I used to play with them in the nursery. Where are those old books of fairy stories? Here they are, disguised. And their readers, I suppose, are children disguised by beards and lipsticks, long skirts and spats.

JAMES WEDGWOOD DRAWBELL, author of "Good Time"

Some early Novels of 1932



NIVEN at home. Mr. Niven, whose
is not, perhaps, so fully appre-
public as his skill deserves

amount of unemployment." Whole paragraphs could be lifted from the middle chapters of Miss Thompson's book and included in a summary of the financial or social conditions of to-day.

But if William was a popular joke up till 1830, there was little fun for him or for the country when once he ascended the throne. His short reign was long enough to include one of the most bitter periods in all our political history. The story of the Reform Bill, admirably narrated by Miss Thompson and illustrated with many brilliant pen-portraits, should be a heartening story of great patriots rescuing their fellow countrymen from subjection and despair. Actually, it is a little difficult to give unqualified admiration to any individual leader, and Miss Thompson is on firm ground in claiming for the King as great a share of honour as was earned by any one man. William was old, and his health was declining. No doubt he made mistakes, but on the whole he behaved with remarkable patience and fairness, and showed a disinterestedness and a willingness to sacrifice himself which few, if any, of his Ministers could match. He abhorred the party spirit, and the country (as usual, in advance of the politicians) appreciated this, and at a highly inflammatory moment was steadied by the knowledge. The savagery of the judges and magistrates was perhaps partly responsible in quelling the spurts of revolution, but William's refusal to allow himself to be stampeded by the threats of the Whigs or the shrieks of the Tories had probably an even greater influence.

ERNST LOTHAR, whose novel "The Clairvoyant," is a serious, purposeful story which falls short of complete success

I THINK almost all my readers will enjoy Miss Thompson's book. It is written with great spirit, and the author has drawn freely upon the letters and diaries of a voluminous and witty generation. Moreover, William's reign links up with Victoria's, and so with our own times. Under the gentle, wholesome influence of Queen Adelaide, Society scraped itself clean of the rather dirty polish favoured by George IV. People found that they were happier for being less hectic. As a result of the example set by the Court, domestic felicity became fashionable again and was found to be not altogether distasteful. In short, the foundations of Victorianism were well and truly laid before Victoria's reign began, and she inherited a realm that, thanks not a little to her predecessor, was Reformed in more senses than one. William was a queer, sometimes a comical figure. Nothing funnier than his adventures as Lord High Admiral can well be imagined. But as a King he was indisputably a success; and it is difficult, even as one smiles, not to love and respect him as a man.

The first novels of the year are now upon us. It is perhaps too much to say that these, like the early snowdrops, are apt to be modest blooms, but certainly one never seems to get the stronger colours and scents before mid-season. I began the year with *The Clairvoyant* (Secker, 7s. 6d.), a translation by Beatrice Ryan of a novel by the Austrian writer Ernst Lothar. It is a curious story of second-sight and the complex problems which confront the possessor of such a gift. A serious, purposeful novel, it seems to me to fall short of complete success; and it fails in a manner peculiarly Continental. English novelists, with their widely differing technical equipment, for the most part write romances. Herr Lothar has produced not a romance but (*Continued on page 82*)

L. du Garde Peach

A Brief Phenomenon

"Radio Plays":
by L. du Garde Peach.
(Newnes, 2s. 6d.)

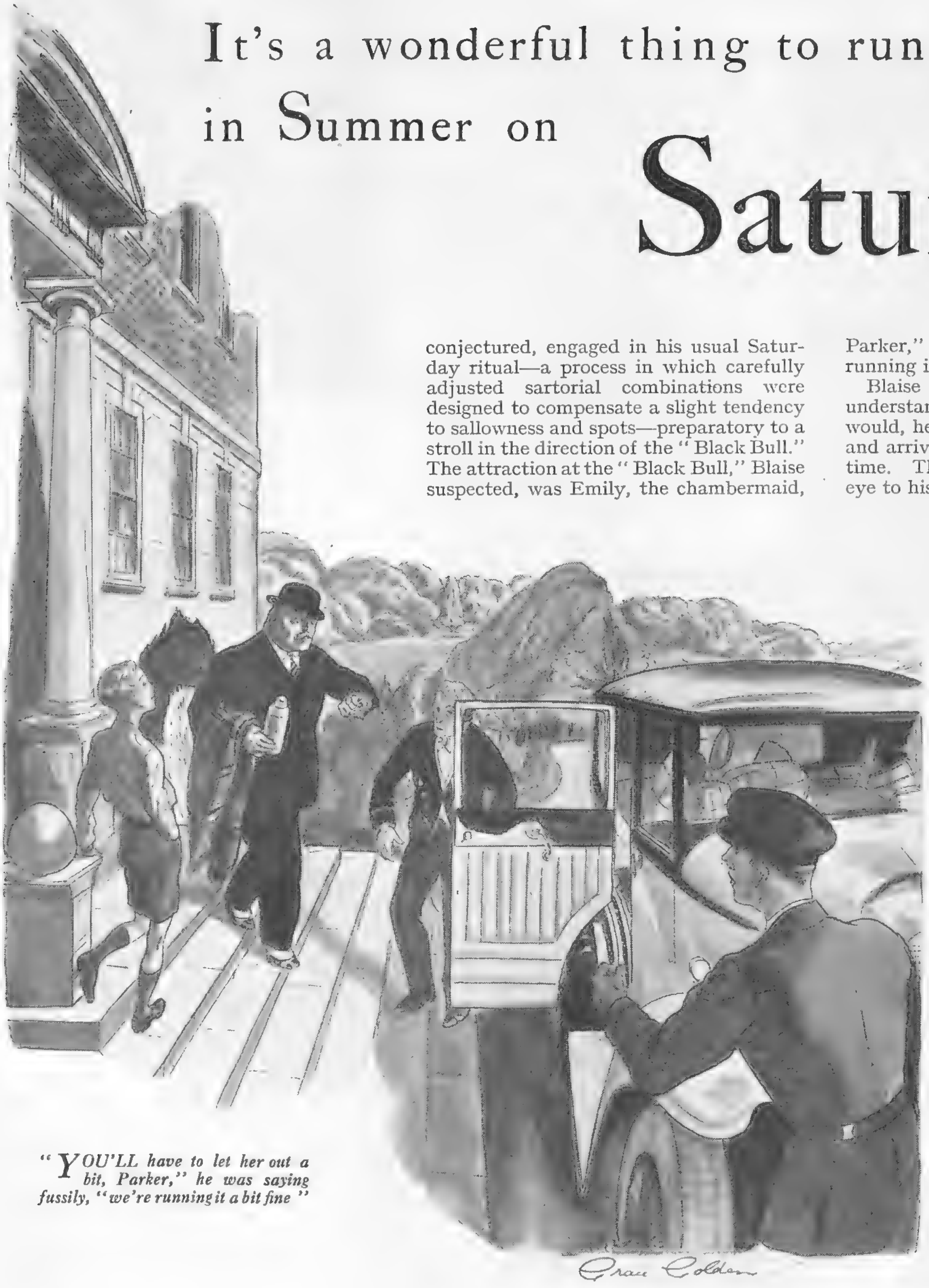
THE technique of the wireless play is at present in an elementary state, and, as Mr. Peach indicates, it will probably never pass beyond that stage because the perfection of the means of television may at any moment make obsolete the idea of a merely audible drama. Nevertheless, while we are where we are, invisible plays are broadcast, and in *Radio Plays* Mr. Peach gives us five of these curiosities, three of them already successfully launched upon the ether, and one of the other two shortly to take the plunge.

In his introductory note, Mr. Peach refrains from discussing the technique of the ephemeral art he practises. I regret this; for, though he has evidently studied the limitations and peculiarities of his medium, he seems to me to have studied them from his own end only, the studio end. As a keen listener I, too, have my technical rules for radio plays. The first and most important of these rules is that one man's voice is apt to be indistinguishable from another's, one woman's from another's. The perfect form for the radio play is thus a duologue between a man and a woman; at most, a cast of men and women of different nationalities is permissible. Mr. Peach either ignores my rule or goes out of his way to flout it by having one scene monopolised by women and the next scene reserved for men. His plays "read" excellently, but I am sure that, had I listened to them, I should soon have switched off in despair of keeping the characters individualised. And indeed I must confess that this is what I am generally driven to do.

MISS MARJORIE BOOTH, author of "Caps over the Mill," a novel with a sincere and genuine feel about it

Adventure is to the Adventurous—Golden Hours of

It's a wonderful thing to run wild in Summer on Saturday



"YOU'LL have to let her out a bit, Parker," he was saying fussily, "we're running it a bit fine"

AT two o'clock on a grilling June afternoon adult vitality is at its lowest ebb, and even that of twelve years old feels the need of some form of stimulant. Blaise, from a point of vantage in the strawberry beds, noted with an expert eye the windows of his aunt's bedroom, where closely-drawn curtains added their shade to that of the orange sunblinds, and pricked an attentive ear to the subdued rhythm of the Bentley as it slid up to the front door beyond the wall. That meant that his uncle was catching the two-thirty-three to London from Little Pettering. Mr. Perkins, his tutor, had already retired to his room, and was probably, as Blaise conjectured, engaged in his usual Saturday ritual—a process in which carefully adjusted sartorial combinations were designed to compensate a slight tendency to sallowness and spots—preparatory to a stroll in the direction of the "Black Bull." The attraction at the "Black Bull," Blaise suspected, was Emily, the chambermaid, but he had had no opportunity hitherto of verifying this supposition.

Hastily swallowing a strawberry too large to overlook, although its reverse surface revealed a sizable green patch, he rubbed his hands on his knickerbockers, smoothed back his yellow forelock, and presented himself, a conscious picture of the youthful heir and devoted nephew, at his uncle's elbow on the front steps.

In spite of the heat, Sir Edward was carrying a heavy plaid travelling rug and a thermos flask. It was obvious to Blaise that he had come to his invariable conclusion that the stable clock was not to be relied upon.

"You'll have to let her out a bit, Parker," he was saying fussily, "we're running it a bit fine."

Blaise exchanged a glance of secret understanding with the chauffeur, who would, he knew, drive at his usual speed, and arrive, as always, ten minutes before time. Then he turned a confiding blue eye to his uncle.

"I was just wondering, Uncle Edward," he said engagingly, "whether you would care for me to exercise the new mare for you this afternoon. It's Saturday," he added hastily, "and I haven't got anything special on hand."

Sir Edward arrested himself in the doorway of the car with a rhetorical splutter.

"Exercise the . . . Good God, boy! Do you want to kill yourself?" he demanded, his left spat fluttering over the step like a butterfly over a cabbage.

"No, Uncle Edward," said Blaise meekly — and for that matter truly. Then, adept in evading the prohibition direct, "Didn't you say you were going to take that new salmon rod up to Hardy's, Uncle? I don't see it in the car."

"God bless my soul, don't tell me that idiot has forgotten it! Here, quick, my boy, it's in my study. We shall miss the train, that's how it'll end."

Sir Edward interspersed himself elaborately among his numerous parcels, and Blaise handed the rod in after him. Then, with pleasurable anticipation of three hours' untrammelled freedom well earned, he watched the last swirl of dust settle behind the Bentley at the end of the drive.

Three minutes later, in jodhpures and blue cotton shirt, he slipped unobtrusively out of the back of the house and, after pausing for a moment to study the antics of the bees in the zinnias, strolled purposefully down to the stables.

IN the stable yard a haze of heat swam over the flag-stones, and the sweet peas and canary creeper in the tubs wilted, in spite of recent watering. Blaise sniffed appreciatively at the combined odours of horse and damp earth. Usually half a dozen enquiringly equine heads hung out in sociable observation, but to-day there

Mischief in the Golden Age of Youth

Afternoon

Illustrated by Grace Golden

By Shirley Bax

was no sign of life except for rhythmic munching, augmented by occasional stampings and snortings from the cool depths of the loose-boxes. Blaise set out on a tour of inspection. In the harness-room, Higgins kept several volumes of *The Book of the Horse*, and he wavered for a moment between a desire to glance through one or two chapters condemned by Higgins as unsuitable reading for the young, and the knowledge that Saturday afternoons, though fugitive, are recurrent, and frequently wet. After a short contest, theory lost to practice, and setting aside the pursuit of knowledge till a more propitious moment, Blaise clambered up the iron ladder into the loft.

Jim, the stable boy, lay curled up on a pile of hay, eating tomatoes annexed on the gardener's afternoon off, and reading *Treasure Island*.

" Hullo, Jim."

" Hullo, Blaise."

Formality, except in the presence of grown-ups, had long since been discarded by the two boys.

" I want the new mare saddled ; I'm taking her out."

Jim uncurled himself suddenly, like an unwary hedgehog.

" You're never ! Your uncle'd never let you ! "

" All right," said Blaise nonchalantly. "You know best, of course. The only thing is I've just asked him. He could have said ' No,' I suppose."

" Whew ! " Jim whistled. " Sooner you than me, that's all. She's a bitch, that mare. She put Higgins down yesterday." He giggled reminiscently. " In the lower paddock, it was. He didn't half look a fool."

Blaise tapped his thigh professionally with his crop. " Oh, that's nothing," he said airily. " In Mexico, where we lived before my parents died, we always rode bronchos—and . . . and mustangs. That was all there was *to* ride. We *had* to."

Jim sniffed with a nicely-calculated blend of scorn and disbelief.

" I thought you said it was the Rockies you lived in," he said suspiciously. " There's no Red Indians in Mexico. What about all them you scalped single-handed ? Nor there's no wolves neither," he added dogmatically. " *I* know that."

" Oh no, Jim." Blaise's tone was patient. " There are no wolves in Mexico, of course. That was in Russia. I shall never forget it," he added, warming to his narrative. " All night we galloped the sledge through the impenetrable forest, with a pack of desperate and ravening wolves gaining on us at every step. . . . Fortunately my father was a crack shot."

" When you come here," reiterated Jim, in dogged pursuit of veracity, " your luggage didn't have no foreign labels on it at all, 'cause I helped to get it off the cart. You come from the Isle of Wight viar Southampton. I seen that myself."

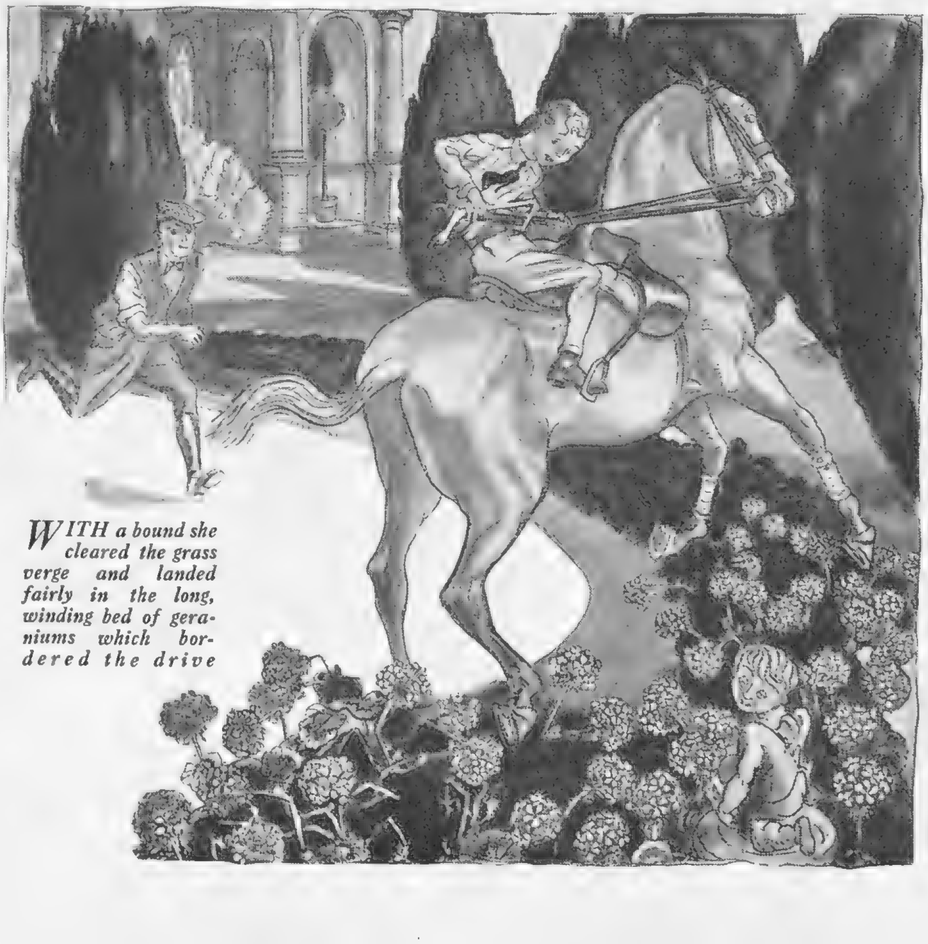
" Very likely." Blaise looked detached. " It's quite possible we may have come from the Isle of Wight *then*. One forgets when one travels so much and has such hair-breathing adventures." Then, with a change of tone, " Come on, Jim, give me a hand with Asphodel. I want to get off before my tutor comes nosing round."

" What—Mr. 'Arold Perkins ! " Jim spat contemptuously. " Son of the blooming Bishop of What's-its-name. I suppose 'e's off to give the girls a treat as usual. I wonder they put up with his spots."

" I expect it's his clothes," said Blaise pensively. " They probably don't notice his face. I can't understand it myself, but women are a funny lot. Come on, Jim—be a sport."

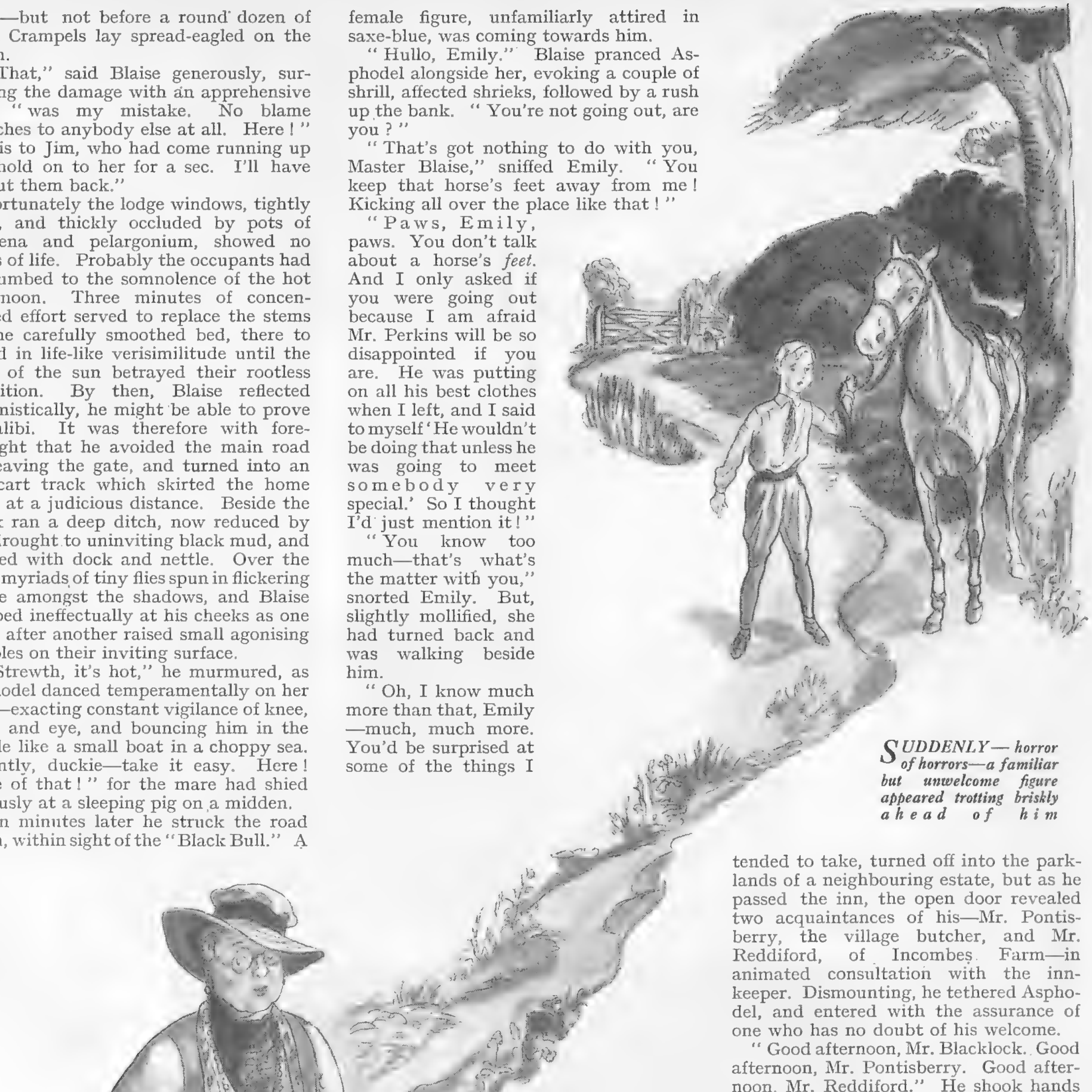
The two boys swung down the ladder.

" She's a beauty, isn't she ? " said Blaise, patting the mare's glossy flank—a caress to which she responded with a vigorous cow-kick. " Come hup, my pretty."



WITH a bound she cleared the grass verge and landed fairly in the long, winding bed of geraniums which bordered the drive

SADDLING her was no easy matter, but it was child's play to the difficulty of mounting, and both boys and mare were sweating freely by the time Blaise, having left the yard rather more briskly than his own inclination would have dictated, was curvetting crab-fashion down the south drive. Glancing behind him, he saw Jim watching admiringly from the yard door, and raising his arm in a cow-boy salute, he incautiously applied his heels to the animal's sides. The effect was instantaneous. With a bound, she cleared the grass verge and landed fairly in the long, winding bed of geraniums which bordered the drive. Blaise had her back on the gravel in a



SUDDENLY—horror of horrors—a familiar but unwelcome figure appeared trotting briskly ahead of him

flash—but not before a round dozen of Paul Crampels lay spread-eagled on the earth.

" That," said Blaise generously, surveying the damage with an apprehensive eye, " was my mistake. No blame attaches to anybody else at all. Here ! "—this to Jim, who had come running up—" hold on to her for a sec. I'll have to put them back."

Fortunately the lodge windows, tightly shut, and thickly occluded by pots of verbena and pelargonium, showed no signs of life. Probably the occupants had succumbed to the somnolence of the hot afternoon. Three minutes of concentrated effort served to replace the stems in the carefully smoothed bed, there to stand in life-like verisimilitude until the heat of the sun betrayed their rootless condition. By then, Blaise reflected optimistically, he might be able to prove an alibi. It was therefore with forethought that he avoided the main road on leaving the gate, and turned into an old cart track which skirted the home farm at a judicious distance. Beside the track ran a deep ditch, now reduced by the drought to uninviting black mud, and fringed with dock and nettle. Over the mud myriads of tiny flies spun in flickering dance amongst the shadows, and Blaise clapped ineffectually at his cheeks as one sting after another raised small agonising pimples on their inviting surface.

" Strewth, it's hot," he murmured, as Asphodel danced temperamentally on her toes—exacting constant vigilance of knee, hand and eye, and bouncing him in the saddle like a small boat in a choppy sea. " Gently, duckie—take it easy. Here! None of that ! " for the mare had shied furiously at a sleeping pig on a midden.

Ten minutes later he struck the road again, within sight of the "Black Bull." A female figure, unfamiliarly attired in saxe-blue, was coming towards him.

" Hullo, Emily." Blaise pranced Asphodel alongside her, evoking a couple of shrill, affected shrieks, followed by a rush up the bank. " You're not going out, are you ? "

" That's got nothing to do with you, Master Blaise," sniffed Emily. " You keep that horse's feet away from me ! Kicking all over the place like that ! "

" Paws, Emily, paws. You don't talk about a horse's *feet*. And I only asked if you were going out because I am afraid Mr. Perkins will be so disappointed if you are. He was putting on all his best clothes when I left, and I said to myself 'He wouldn't be doing that unless he was going to meet somebody very special.' So I thought I'd just mention it ! "

" You know too much—that's what's the matter with you," snorted Emily. But, slightly mollified, she had turned back and was walking beside him.

" Oh, I know much more than that, Emily—much, much more. You'd be surprised at some of the things I know, if I were to tell you," said Blaise modestly. " It comes from reading so much. Why, Emily," with a change of expression. " I *do* believe I see Mr. Perkins coming over the field now. He *must* have hurried. I think I'll leave you. Oh—and, Emily, don't you think it'd be a good idea if we didn't mention we'd met ? I mean, if you hadn't seen me riding this mare this afternoon, I couldn't have seen you meeting Mr. Perkins, could I ? "

" You get along with you," said Emily uncompromisingly.

Blaise set Asphodel into a slow canter. Just beyond the " Black Bull," an unfrequented footpath, which he intended to take, turned off into the parklands of a neighbouring estate, but as he passed the inn, the open door revealed two acquaintances of his—Mr. Pontisberry, the village butcher, and Mr. Reddiford, of Incombes Farm—in animated consultation with the innkeeper. Dismounting, he tethered Asphodel, and entered with the assurance of one who has no doubt of his welcome.

" Good afternoon, Mr. Blacklock. Good afternoon, Mr. Pontisberry. Good afternoon, Mr. Reddiford." He shook hands politely all round. " If it keeps like this for the match, it'll be all right, won't it ? "

THE conversation swung itself back to next week's match, from which it had temporarily veered at his entrance. Opinion seemed to be general that that young Humbleton wasn't all he fancied himself as a fast bowler.

Blaise cleared his throat. " I'm rather thirsty," he said ingratiatingly. " I think I'd like a glass of beer, please, Mr. Blacklock. I can't pay for it just at the moment because my to-day's pocket money has been stopped to pay for the study window, but we're expecting my Uncle Hugh next week-end—for the match, you know—and he always gives me a pound. So if you'd be kind enough to put it down to me, I'd be obliged."

" Now look here, Master Blaise," said Mr. Blacklock, with an embarrassed cough, " I can't do it, you know. You know what a fuss there was last time. Sir Edward came down here himself about it—and very awkward it was. I'm sure a glass of our beer wouldn't hurt an infant in arms, but there it is. I don't want any unpleasantness. Her ladyship was properly upset."

"But I'd be more careful this time," pleaded Blaise. "I'd eat some parsley before I went in. Last time Aunt Adela caught me on the stairs. You wouldn't think she'd smell a little drop of beer through all that paint and powder and stuff," he added reflectively, "would you?"

"No, sir, I'm sorry, but it can't be done." Mr. Blacklock shook his head. "But I'll tell you what. You go round to the house door. The missus is bottling up the rhubarb wine she made last month. You tell her I sent you. Not that she'd refuse you in any case. You can look at Floss's new pups, too."

THE rhubarb wine and the puppies all came up to the most exacting standard of entertainment, and since Mrs. Blacklock was in the act of baking Sunday's cake, Blaise came in for an unexpected windfall in the scrapings of the mixing bowl. An apple for Asphodel distracted her attention and made mounting, if not easy, at least not impossible. Waving a gracious good-bye to Mrs. Blacklock, Blaise struck out for the open country, and was soon galloping gloriously over the sharp-bitten grass of Tillingworth Park, virtuously conscious of the freedom of the estate granted by no less a person than Lord Tillingworth himself. The last bluebells of a late season had barely faded from the coppices, although the foxgloves already stood on guard in the clearing and the hedges were massed with honeysuckle and dogrose. Asphodel sailed over the springy turf like a seagull over the Atlantic. Soon they had left the Castle behind, and were dropping down the gentle, bracken-covered slope to the valley. Cocking a wary eye for rabbit holes, Blaise pulled the mare back to a trot and took a survey of the district. A quarter of a mile below, a large enclosure, bounded on three sides by a five-foot wire fence and on the fourth by a hedge of dogwood and hawthorn, seemed to invite investigation. Muttering to himself Rikki Tikki Tavi's motto—"Run and find out"—Blaise set off on a tour of inspection. At the further end, huddled under the shade of a mountain ash, half a dozen fallow deer were lazing in the bracken, and a few yards from them a magnificent stag—a new acquisition, as Blaise surmised, of Lord Tillingworth's—was surveying his domain with indolent detachment. Blaise set Asphodel at a convenient gap and landed neatly beside him.

Blaise looked at the stag; the stag looked at Blaise—and there was something in the indifferent insolence of the animal's gaze which no boy of twelve could allow to pass unchallenged. Raising himself in his stirrups, Blaise swung an imaginary lassoo, and uttering a blood-curdling yell, charged like a knight at a tournament. With a startled leap the stag threw dignity to the winds, and, tossing back his magnificent head, scudded down the grass track like a terrified rabbit, with Blaise's war cry echoing in his ears and Asphodel's excited hooves thundering at his heels.

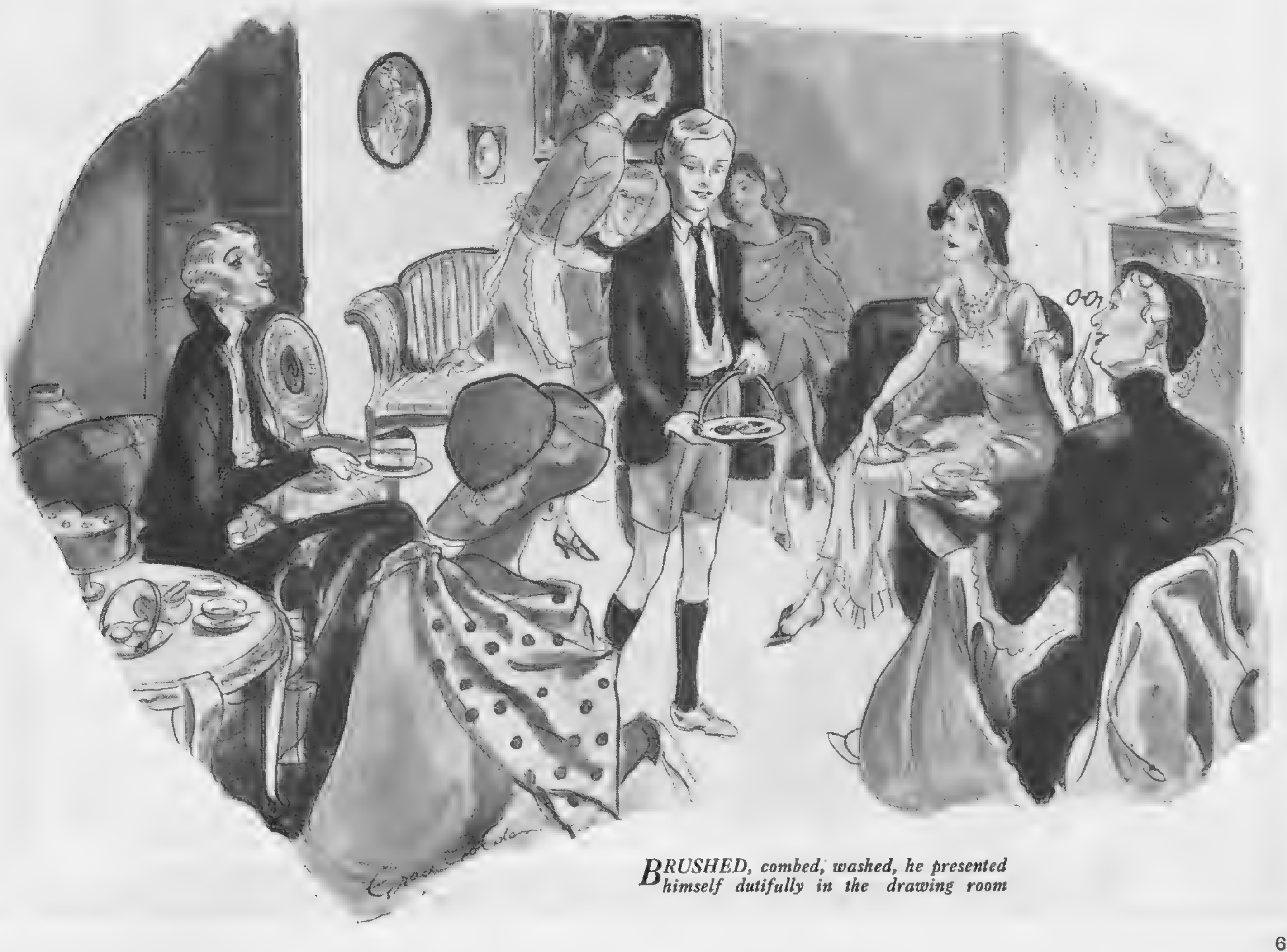
"A stag," sang Blaise, slackening speed as the fence at the end drew in sight. "A stag, a stag, a *runnable* stag! *My* God!"

The stag, oblivious of everything but his pursuer, had cleared the five-foot wire in one frenzied bound and was dashing up the hillside as if the whole Tillingworth pack were after him!

FOR a moment Blaise stood still in the paralysis of stupefaction. Then he located the gate, fifty yards to his right and repellently constructed of iron. "S'il faut aller au diable," he murmured, presenting Asphodel, "au moins allez y en voiture. Crikey! We've mucked it!" The mare touched, floundered and came down in a welter of hooves, stones and dust.

Blaise sat up dizzily and, realising that his quarry was now beyond all hope of interception, turned his attention to his mount, reflecting that it was a mercy he had managed to keep hold of the reins. Fortunately the ground was soft, and except for viciously rolling eyes, retracted ears and sweating sides, she did not seem much the worse. His own shoulder, however, had come into contact with a partially buried tree root and was bleeding pretty freely from a six-inch graze. He rose stiffly, making conciliatory noises to Asphodel, whose disposition seemed unlikely to have benefited by the mishap. Then, finding his left arm still weak and painful from the blow, he exerted his full energy in a gallant effort to mount on the off side. This was the last straw; and after a spirited five minutes Asphodel managed finally to convey her disinclination to carry him again. Making a virtue of necessity, he slipped the reins over her head, and set off at a measured walk, not altogether sorry of a respite on his own account. Already the shadows at the top of the hill were beginning to lengthen, and a dissonant clang from the Convent of St. Agatha, a mile further down the road,

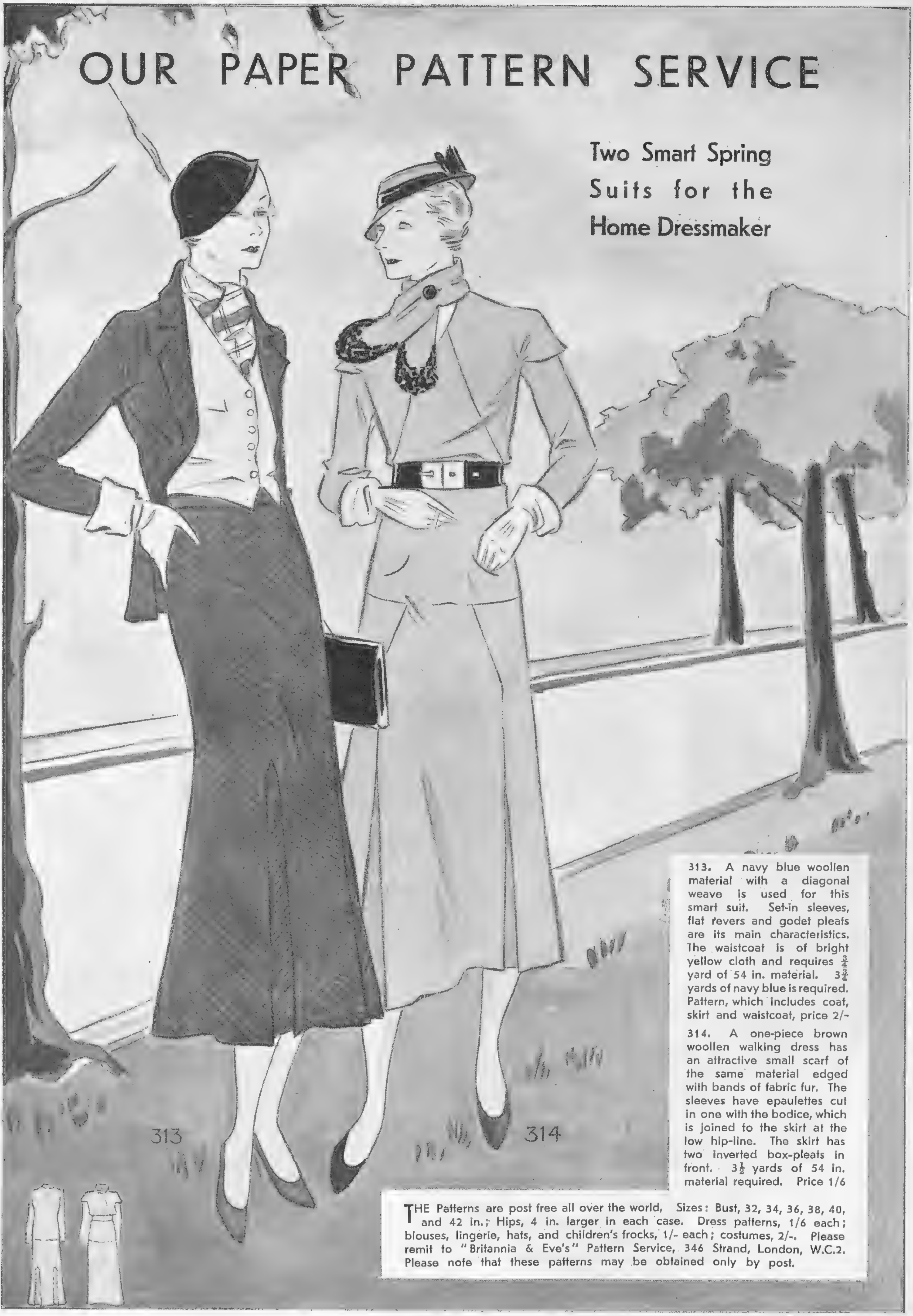
(*Continued on page* 82)



BRUSHED, combed, washed, he presented himself dutifully in the drawing room

OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

Two Smart Spring Suits for the Home Dressmaker

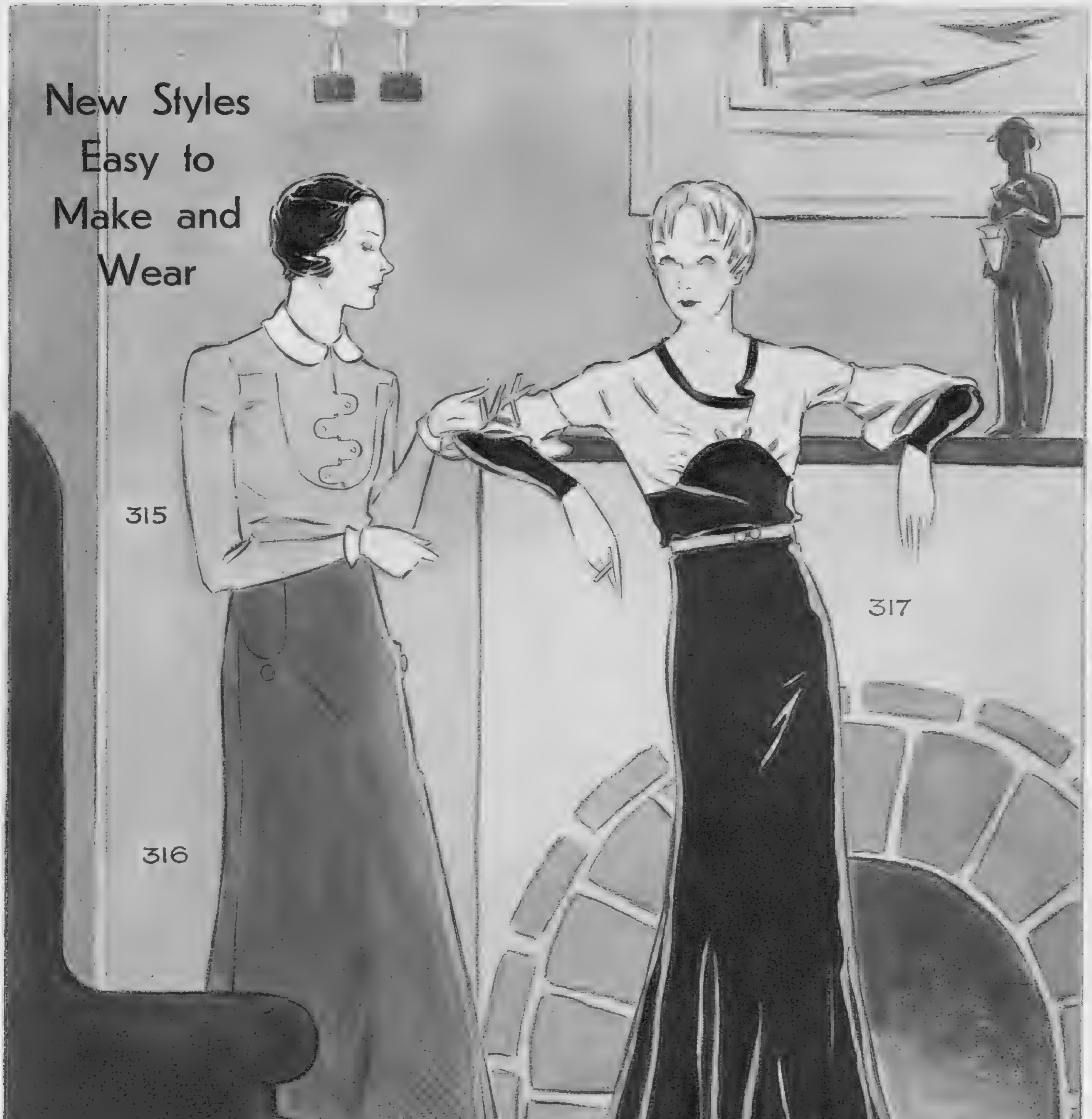


313. A navy blue woollen material with a diagonal weave is used for this smart suit. Set-in sleeves, flat revers and godet pleats are its main characteristics. The waistcoat is of bright yellow cloth and requires ¾ yard of 54 in. material. 3¾ yards of navy blue is required. Pattern, which includes coat, skirt and waistcoat, price 2/-

314. A one-piece brown woollen walking dress has an attractive small scarf of the same material edged with bands of fabric fur. The sleeves have epaulettes cut in one with the bodice, which is joined to the skirt at the low hip-line. The skirt has two inverted box-pleats in front. 3½ yards of 54 in. material required. Price 1/6

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346 Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post.

New Styles Easy to Make and Wear

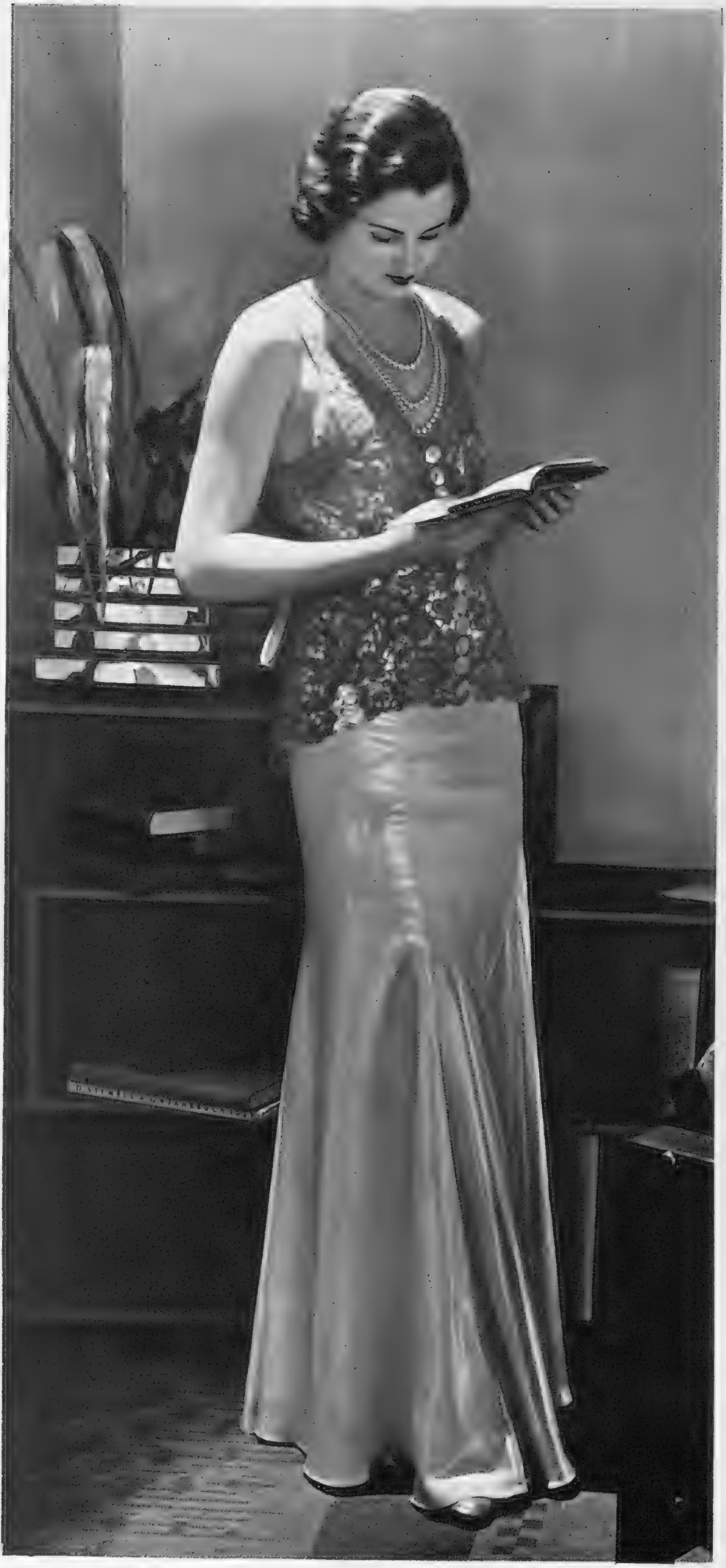


317. The fashion for parti-colour dresses is well illustrated in this attractive model, which requires 3¼ yards of black and 1½ yards of white material, 38 ins. wide. The full white sleeves are gathered into long black cuffs which reach to the elbow, and the cowl neckline is bound with black. Price 1/6

315. The blouse is made of blue checked Macclesfield silk with collar and cuffs of plain blue. The plastron front is amusingly fastened in zig-zags. 2¼ yards of 36 in. material required.
Price 1/-

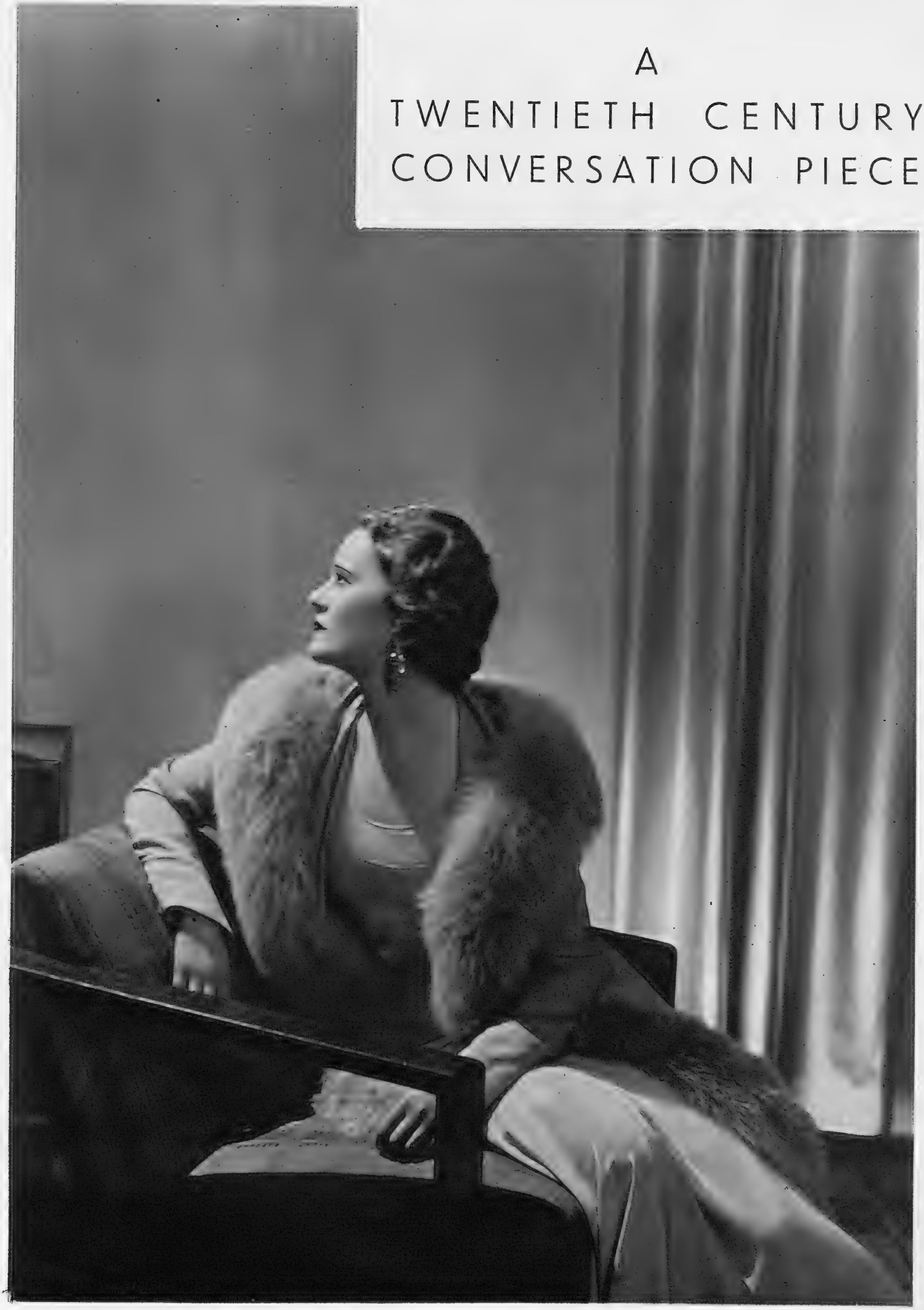
316. The skirt of blue tweed is slightly flared and has pockets on either side which are fastened by large buttons. This most practical and well-cut skirt requires only 2 yards of 54 in. material.
Price 1/-

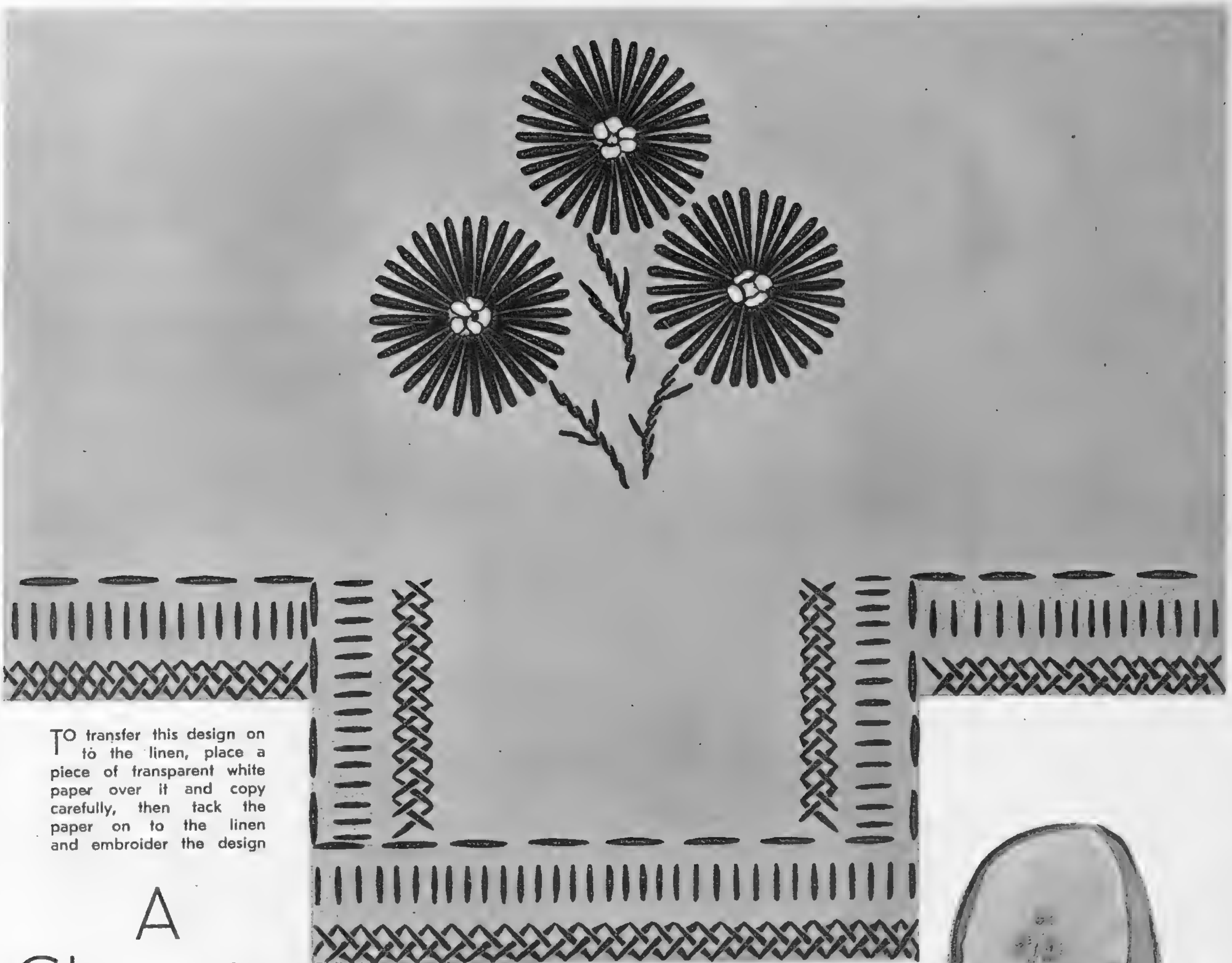
IN this charming photograph, which shows two of London's prettiest débutantes in a modern setting arranged by Curtis Moffat, Lady Bridget Poulett is seen on the left engaged in serious contemplation. Her white satin gown from Norman Hartnell has a short coatee of deep coffee-coloured lace with large pearl buttons down the front and a bow at the back of the waist. In the chair sits Miss Averil Streatfield, looking very lovely in a crêpe romain gown of the palest pink and a coat of pale hyacinth mauve bordered with grey fox lined with pale pink, which also comes from Norman Hartnell



Photograph by Shaw Wildman

A TWENTIETH CENTURY CONVERSATION PIECE





TO transfer this design on to the linen, place a piece of transparent white paper over it and copy carefully, then tack the paper on to the linen and embroider the design

A Charming BREAKFAST SET

A Coffee-Pot Cover and a Tray Cloth to Match

THIS breakfast set can be easily and quickly worked and the design can be utilised on almost any size piece of linen

ROSE PINK and bluebell blue were chosen for this charming design for a tray-cloth and coffee-pot cover. The design is worked in simple stitches on pale pink linen, and Clarks' Anchor Stranded Cottons were used for the embroidery.

MATERIALS REQUIRED

1 yard pink linen at 3s. 11d.; 1 card blue bias binding at 6½d.; one skein of Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton in green, pale rose, putty, and dark blue, and two strands of deep rose pink and light harebell blue; an embroidery needle.

MEASUREMENTS

The tray cloth is 10¾ in. wide and 17¾ in. long, and the coffee-pot cover is 12¼ in. high and 8¼ in. wide at the base. It has three sides, with the design repeated on each side.

THE TRAY CLOTH

Cut the linen to the measurements given above (or to the size you require) and work the design at each end as follows: first the running stitches ⅜ in. long, with ¼ in. between each stitch, in dark blue embroidery cotton, using all six strands, then straight stitches in pale blue, using only three strands of the silk, and finally herringbone stitch worked closely together—also in pale blue (three strands).

The flower petals are straight stitches radiating from a small centre circle, in deep rose pink on the coffee-pot and shaded with paler rose on the tray cloth. The flower fills a circle, made round a 2s. piece, with four French knots in putty colour for the centre.

The short slim stalks are worked in green stem stitch slightly curving towards each other. The design is repeated on all three sides of the coffee-pot, and at both ends of the tray cloth, in exactly the same way.

Bind the edges of the tray cloth with blue bias binding, chosen to tone with the darker shade of blue in the embroidery.

Press the work on the wrong side, over a damp cloth.

THE COFFEE-POT COVER

The coffee-pot cover is made in the same way as a tea-cosy, to fit over a padding of sateen and cotton wool. Cut the three sides of linen to the measurements already given and work the design on each side. See that the rows of blue stitchery meet at the edges. Make up the cover, using the bias binding to keep all the edges in position.

Press the embroidery and the bound edges carefully, as described for the tray cloth.

The design could be adapted to fit across the corner of a square breakfast cloth to match this pretty set if you are interested in elaborating the idea. The cloth should be 36 in. square and bound with bias binding to match the tray cloth and coffee-pot cover.

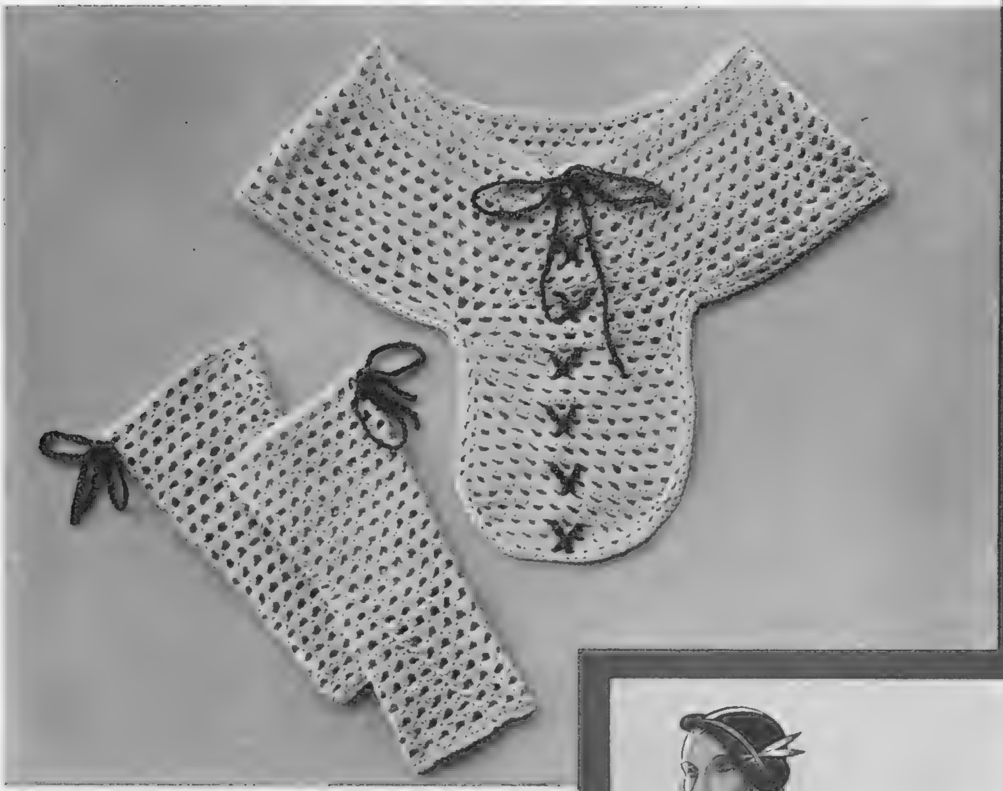
If you decide to work a large cloth like this, allow an extra skein of pale blue and deep rose. You will probably find that you have sufficient embroidery cotton left of the other colours. You will also need a second card of binding.

WASHING NOTE

These silks wash very well, and only ordinary normal care is required when laundering this useful set.

A CROCHET YOKE AND CUFFS

In Buttercup Yellow on a Brown Frock



THE YOKE.

Abbreviations: ch. = chain; d.c.=double crochet; sl.st.= slipstitch.

Make 132 ch. and form into a ring with a sl.st., being careful not to twist.

1st round.—1 d.c. in each ch.

2nd round.—1 d.c. on each d.c.

3rd round.—x 3 ch., miss over 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c. Repeat from x all round. Join with a sl.st.

4th round.—3 d.c. into each loop of ch.

5th round.—Sl.st. to centre d.c. of 1st scallop, x 3 ch., 1 d.c. in centre d.c. of next scallop. Repeat from x but increase four times in the round by making 3 ch., 1 d.c. in 1st d.c. of the next scallop, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in the last d.c. of the same scallop.

6th round.—3 d.c. into each loop of ch.

7th round.—Sl.st. to centre d.c. of 1st scallop, x 2 ch., 1 d.c. in centre d.c. of next scallop. Repeat from x. Join with a sl.st.

8th round.—2 d.c. into each loop.

9th round.—1 d.c. on each d.c.

10th round.—* 3 ch., miss over 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c. Repeat from * all round. Join with a sl.st.

11th round.—3 d.c. into each loop of ch.

12th round.—Sl.st. to centre d.c. of 1st scallop. * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in centre d.c. of next scallop. Repeat from *. Join with a sl.st.

13th round.—3 d.c. in each loop.

Repeat these last two rounds twice more.

14th round.—Quarter the collar, and mark these four places. Now work the round the same as the 5th round, but at the four quarters increase by making 3 ch., 1 d.c. in 1st d.c. of a scallop, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in the last d.c. of the same scallop.

15th round.—3 d.c. in each loop.

16th round.—The same as the 11th round but make the increases come in the spaces between the previous increases.

17th round.—3 d.c. in each loop.

18th round.—Same as 5th round.

This charming little yoke and cuffs are very easy to make in simple crochet stitches.

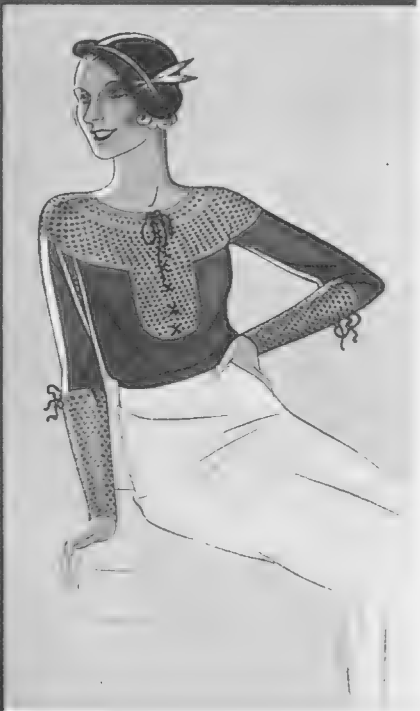
To make the set you will require:—

- 3 ounces of yellow Azalea crochet wool.
- A penny ball of brown wool, and
- A number eleven bone crochet hook.

19th round.—3 d.c. in each loop.

20th row.—Work the loops of 3 ch. as usual, but only make 25 of them, then make another 3 ch. and sl.st. into centre d.c. of next scallop and turn.

21st row.—1 d.c. in 1st loop, then continue with 3 d.c. in each loop until you get back to where all the rounds have commenced. Join with a sl.st. Turn.



22nd row.—Sl.st. to centre d.c. of first scallop, work the loops of 3 ch. along this short row. Sl.st. into the centre d.c. of the last scallop of 3 d.c. (not into the 1 d.c.). Turn.

23rd row.—1 d.c. in 1st loop, then continue with 3 d.c., but 1 d.c. into last loop. Break off.

Count along 13 scallops on the piece which has been left unworked and join on. Work the other shoulder to correspond with the one you have just worked, but do not break off your wool when finished. Instead sl.st. down to commencement of piece which has been left unworked. Work across this short piece with the usual loops of 3 ch. Join with a sl.st. Turn.

Next row.—3 d.c. in each loop.

Next row.—3 ch., 1 d.c. in centre d.c. of 1st scallop. Continue with loops of 3 ch.

Next row.—3 d.c. in each loop.

Repeat these last two rows 10 more times.

Next row.—Sl.st. to centre d.c. of 1st scallop, then work across row with loops of 3 ch.

Next row.—1 d.c. in 1st loop, 3 d.c. in the others.

Next row.—Sl.st. to centre d.c. of 1st scallop, then work across row with 3 ch., but not into the 1 d.c. at the end.

Next row.—1 d.c. in first loop, 3 d.c. in the others.

Repeat the last two rows twice more.

Now work right round the vestee and yoke with loops of 2 ch. and 1 d.c.—placing the d.c. wherever a place suggests itself—in the sides of the rows, and when you come to the scallops, in the centre d.c. Then work 2 d.c. in each loop all round.

Neaten off all ends of wool. Press very carefully on the wrong side with a damp cloth over the work, taking care to keep the vestee a good shape.

Make a long length of chain with the brown wool and then thread up the front of the vestee and yoke to simulate a fastening, ending with a little bow at the neck.

THE CUFFS.

Make 48 ch., and form into a ring with a sl.st.

1st round.—1 d.c. in each ch.

2nd round.—1 d.c. on each d.c.

3rd round.—x 3 ch., miss over 2 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c. Repeat from x all round. Join with a sl.st.

4th round.—3 d.c. in each loop.

5th round.—Sl.st to centre d.c. of 1st scallop, x 3 ch., 1 d.c. in centre d.c. of next scallop. Repeat from x. Join with a sl.st.

6th round.—3 d.c. in each loop.

Repeat these last two rows eleven more times.

29th round.—Sl.st. to centre d.c. of 1st scallop, x 3 ch., 1 d.c. in 1st d.c. of next scallop, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in last d.c. of the same scallop, then (*Continued on page 86.*)

SPRING FEVER

SOME sound advice on how to avoid the evil consequences of the sudden warmth and treacherous winds of early Spring

By

Peggy Winefred Yeomans

MARCH, we are told and perennially reminded, is a very treacherous month; although March winds do not always come in their alleged season. Winds after rain are healthy since they aid in the purification of earth and air; turn the youngsters out of doors in these clean winds for they will purify and brace them as nothing else can do. Clothed in three layers of porous wool, Chilprufe next to the skin, with plenty of allowances for expansion of chest, supple movement for growing body, warmth around tummy, chest, and throat *without* stricture, the little ones will return indoors aglow with life.

But beware of the dry, dusty blasts that spread germs and reach to the very vitals of the young and tender, especially those whose bodies are unprotected by fat muscle, and those who breathe through the mouth, and those very little ones who must sit in perambulators or only walk but slowly, held by the hand. These, and children returning home from school tired and hungry, are the ones to watch, for their own resistance to disease and chill is handicapped, and their powers of fighting or warding off illness are necessarily limited. They cannot move fast enough through the rushing air to whip their skin and stimulate their blood stream to that glowing vigour which is the body's finest armour. And the tired scholar's empty stomach, the fact that extra blood has been drawn to the brain, and that his lungs have been but a quarter of their capacity in action during school hours, means that he falls a ready prey to infection and the effects of fatigue and chill.

For these reasons, I think, it would be an admirable plan for many children, particularly those who have some distance to go home, for them to take a small flask containing a hot drink to be consumed when lessons are done. Ovaltine, Horlicks, Postum, or lemon squash would be fine. Five minutes arm-swinging, good running, or jumping before commencing the return journey, would further help to keep them fit.

The youngsters would then be ready for and able to digest a hearty meal, with greater pleasure, ease, and benefit than when a big tea-supper is consumed with the body in a state of fatigue and the mind still half- or wholly-occupied with lessons. Many children do not eat a sufficiently good tea because they are tired, because their brain is still on school-work, or school worries, or because the internal secretions are insufficient or not active enough to deal with it. This either means an underfed child or one, who, at the risk of disturbed nights, will want a good supper later in the evening. . . .

ANOTHER help for the school-child is cod-liver oil and malt or an emulsion. And to the thin, highly-strung child prone to biliary chills, daily doses of glucose. These may be given neat or in the form of syrup to fruit salads and pudding sauces. Many children overcome a tendency to take cold merely by an increase in their fruit, milk, and vegetable rations; for a shortage of vitamins and mineral salts is responsible for low resistance, a toxic intestine, and a general sluggishness that is no aid to healthy vigour.

Of course, one can buy these mineral salts in bottles, but surely it is undoubtedly better to obtain them from such homely foods as milk, raw egg-yolk (easily slipped into junket, soups, and fruit drinks); roots, vegetables, and salads. A generous dish of salad makes the tea-table healthful and beautiful. It may be composed of grated beet and carrot, onion and apple, shredded celery and swede; a little cooked potato and cauliflower, or rice all well-dressed with oil, lemon, and mayonnaise. Or it may be made with the tender leaves of spinach beet, the shredded heart of a cabbage, with beet, tomato, celery, and apple. Iron, phosphorus, lime, sulphur, are in these natural and unspoiled elements, all of which go into the making of "spring-time tonics" and blood mixtures.

MANY children owe their colds to an excess of sugar: white bread, lots of highly milled cereals (even if in milk puddings), lots of sweet cakes and floury puddings. Before blaming the climate or the treacherous weather of March, let the dietary be analysed and, if necessary, revised. I have known a reduction of the devitalised commercial sugar ration, the change from all white flour to half and half, the inclusion of dates, raisins, and figs with an increase in butter and olive oil, more eggs, more vegetable soups and casseroles, more pure water to drink, to change a catarrhal, lack-lustre creature into a joyous, springing, singing lark of a child!

The same applies to babies who, during winter and early spring, are a constant anxiety. March finds us often with lowered resistance that shows the weak points in the physique.

Many people still believe that it is natural and necessary for children to "catch" measles, chicken-pox, and whooping-cough. But just consider the mental distress and ostracism; the complications and debility which accompany and follow these complaints, and then ask yourself if they do any good? No. They can and should be avoided. And until we acknowledge this, we'll never overcome their attacks nor prevent their ravages. Their incidence is particularly favoured by dust-spreading winds, by spells of fog and dank humidity, when ventilation and outdoor exercise are reduced, when resistance is low, when children breathe through the mouth, and their bodies are unhealthy through incorrect feeding.

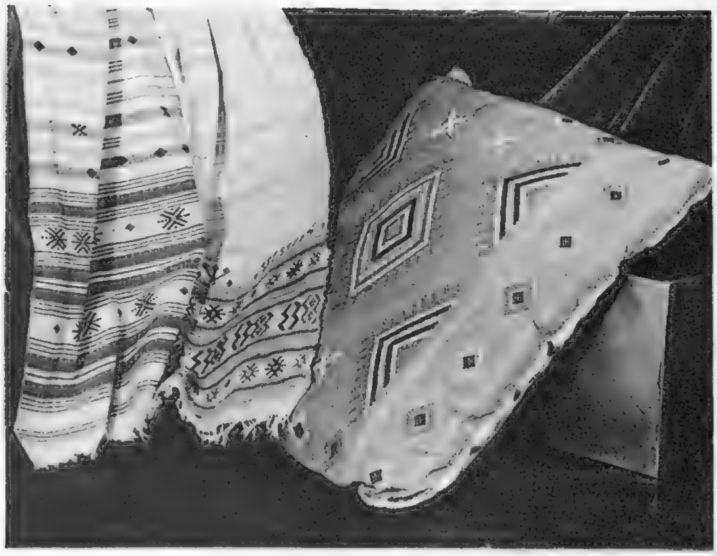
So let the little ones be fed more naturally, live naturally, learn how to breathe, and practice nasal and general hygiene; to avoid chills and fatigue, stuffy atmosphere and over-heating diet. With older children this should come automatically with training for and practice of games.

Here are a few of my "tips":

To clean the system in early spring, flowers of sulphur are good. Buy an ounce from the chemist, and mix a level teaspoonful with fine Barbadoes sugar or white pieces, blend with a little milk. This is a dosage for a child of seven, to be taken on alternate days for a fortnight. Younger children take proportionately *less*. It is not a swift purge, rushing the food through the intestines; it works gently, everywhere. and will be found to restore appetite and calm the nerves.

Mix thoroughly together in a bottle (dark-coloured bottle, please) the following, well strained: yolks of three new-laid eggs; 2 tablespoons of dissolved glucose; juice of two lemons and two oranges; pure cod-liver oil, 4 ozs. Under the name of "Golden Bubbles," and well shaken, this mixture will readily be taken by the small people. Dosage: under 6 months, one eggspoon divided into two doses, between feeds; between 6 months and 1 year, 1 teaspoon twice daily; 1-2 years, 1 small teaspoon three times daily after meals; 2-5 years, from 1½ to 2 teaspoons twice daily after meals. Upwards the dose may vary according to age, to 1 tablespoon daily.

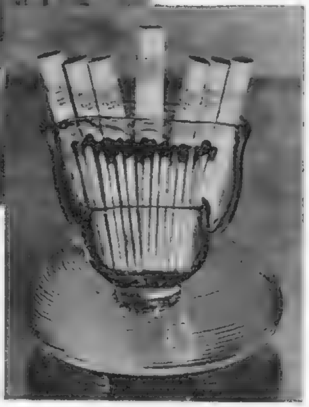
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH



THE hand-woven table runners may be obtained in several colours and sizes from 3/6 each. The cushion costs 10/6

THESE pottery dishes are not expensive. The jug costs 3/-, the casserole 3/-, and the bowl 2/3

AN attractive blue vase which is so dark that it looks black costs 6/6



A COMBINED cigarette and match stand in pale blue glass costs 9/-

A TEA-SET in this new design painted with tulips costs £1-18-6. A coffee set costs 15/6

THE cushion and table runners shown in the photograph above are hand-woven and are really most effective. That they are strong goes without saying, for most hand-woven material lasts almost for ever. They do not cost much either, for the table runners can be bought from 3s. 6d., and the cushion complete costs 10s. 6d. Naturally, these are not the only products in this hand-woven material—inexpensive luncheon sets, tray cloths, and material by the yard can also be bought.

BLACK, purple, or dark blue vases for flowers are very popular at the moment and form a perfect contrast to the fresh colours of spring flowers. A number of shapes may be obtained, and many of these are quite inexpensive too, the one in the illustration on the right costing only 6s. 6d. Although it gives the appearance of solid black, it is in reality made of an exceedingly dark blue glass.

A NEW design in china for a tea or coffee set is shown in the photograph at the bottom of this page. The tulips are hand painted in delicate colours and the china is of an unusual shape. The tray is one of several which can be obtained to match almost any set however delicate the colouring. It costs 15s. 6d. and the china tea set costs £1 18s. 6d.

TWICE a year a potter of Winchombe fires his pots, and although he exhibits his work regularly at Burlington House, he does not despise the small receptacles for culinary art and his fireproof dishes, casseroles, etc., are most attractive. The work of this potter is based on traditional cottage pottery, and it is much sought after by people who value samples of hand-thrown pots. If you are fortunate enough to see his work just after he has had his bi-annual firing, you may be able to buy one of his large lamp bases or cider jars or fruit platters. Though at the same time you will notice that all his pieces down to the smallest casserole or fireproof dish have the same amusing and decorative feeling.

It is a brown glazed pottery, the tones of the brown varying from a light burnt sienna to rich honey, and the lines are quite a dark brown. Being hand-made each piece is individual, no two pieces being exactly alike.

The prices of this much-sought-after pottery are low. The jug shown in the photograph costs 3s., the casserole 3s., and the bowl 2s. 3d. These pieces were left from his last firing. He fires again this month.

LOOKING at some glass for the table, I noticed the combined cigarette and match stand shown above. It costs 9s., the glass is very slightly tinted blue and the stand part is quite heavy. Since it was so heavy I thought it would not only look rather well on a modern writing-table, but could also act the part of a paper-weight as well as a cigarette-holder, and it would do equally well as a table accessory with matching glass candlesticks. At the same time I noticed some other British glass, among which were some grape-fruit glasses in different colours which were quite substantial and cost 4s. 6d. each.

The name and addresses of firms from which these articles can be obtained will be supplied on receipt of a post card addressed to the Woman Editor: "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

Left: DECORATIVE jars or bottles may be converted into useful lamps by the addition of an electric light fitment which costs from 2/6

Right: SOAKING the greens in boiling water for fifteen minutes after washing, but before cooking, will not only kill any bacteria, but also par-cook the greens

MADAM, DID YOU KNOW . . . ?

Some hints which will be useful to the woman who wishes to save both time and money

YOU can buy fitments to go inside the neck of old bottles, jugs or other objects, suitable for electric table lamps, from prices ranging from 2s. 6d. upwards, according to the size you want. Many useless jars and bottles can be thus converted into attractive lamps at a small expense.

THAT many an idle hour can be spent cutting out a jigsaw puzzle that can be made at home very easily and cheaply? Buy a fretwork saw; they vary in price from 2s. 6d.; extra blades are usually fourpence a packet. Buy a piece of three-ply wood from any ironmonger or toy shop. This should be a little larger than you want. Choose the cover of an old Britannia and Eve (the most difficult are those with few colours) and a picture that is rather nebulous. Paste your picture on to the plywood. Cover and weigh down with plenty of books, and leave for twenty-four hours. Begin sawing at the corner of the board and work towards the centre, taking care that you are not left with a piece that is impossible to cut at the end. You will find it very tiring at first until you have found the swing of the saw; after that it is easy going.

A YARD of chiffon folded diagonally, cut and then picot edged makes two very attractive scarves or halter collars. Chiffon or crêpe de Chine can be bought quite cheaply by the yard, but a scarf of this nature is expensive when ready-made.

THAT if you scrape carrots with an ordinary wire pot scourer they will take half the time and there will be less waste? Keep the same scourer for the purpose. They cost threepence.

THAT if you soak greens in boiling water for fifteen minutes before cooking, and after washing them, you not only kill any bacteria immediately, but you par-cook the greens? Pour off the water and boil in the usual way. There is no need to add bicarbonate of soda if they are done in this way.

THAT by placing slack coal in paper bags after slightly moistening it, and putting it at the back of a well-lit fire, you will get a lovely heat and no dust?

THAT rice can be kept white in the boiling, and the grains be kept separate, if a dessertspoonful of lemon juice is added to the boiling water?

THAT pianos at this time of the year are subject to damp and that this damp leads to a great deal of expense if it is not checked? Take the front of your piano down at least once a week in damp weather and leave open with a good fire going. Do not have the piano close to the fire, and shut it up before going to bed.

VINEGAR is a useful household accessory: did you know that a dessertspoonful of vinegar added to the water seakale is boiled in will keep the seakale white? And that your ivory brushes will look white and new if they are rubbed once a week with a damp cloth wrung out in equal parts of water and vinegar. Only warm water should be used. Another ready-to-hand cleanser is cream of tartar. Fruit stains can be removed by covering the stain with this and tying round with string or tape and boiling for a few moments in soapy water. Cooking salt on a wet rag will take off that greasy line round the bath as quickly as any patent cleanser. Valuable glass should never be washed in anything but warm water, to which may be added a little methylated spirit.

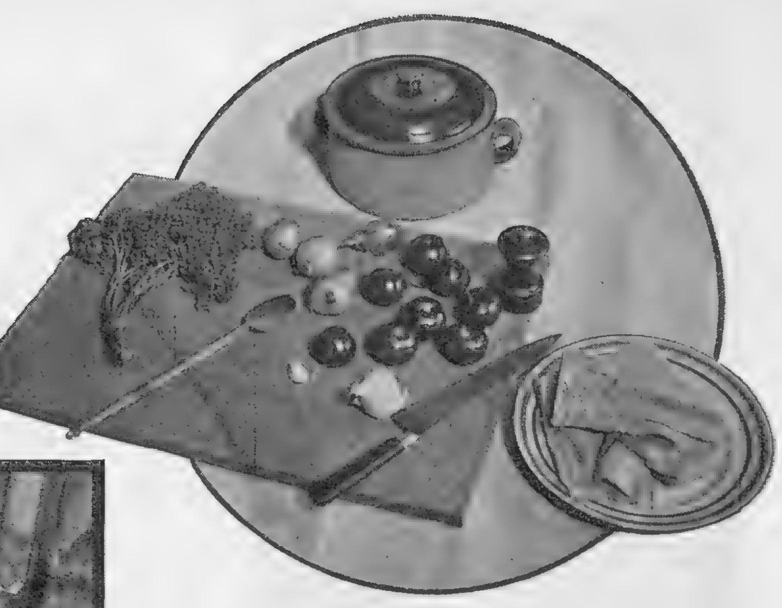
A SHAVING mirror with an electric light at its base costs 37/6, but if the mirror is a magnifying one the price is 62/6

IT is a good and economical idea to scrape carrots with an ordinary wire pot scourer and to keep one specially for this purpose

EASTER *in* the *English* Kitchen

Traditional fare which is suitable for the modern household

By A. H. Adair



WE should not forget Good Friday. A most excellent dish can be easily prepared with salt cod

LET us be traditional and have the old-fashioned Simnel cake for tea

EVEN our boiled eggs can be made to assume a festive appearance for Easter Sunday breakfast

EASTER is so early this year that one almost fears for our traditional Paschal lamb, for what Easter Sunday would be complete without that? Fortunately, our Colonies come once more to the rescue, and if our own sheep cannot supply us in time, we can rest assured that our Easter Sunday dinner need not suffer.

And let us be really traditional about it this time, starting the day with a gaily arranged breakfast table on which we can persuade even our boiled eggs to assume a festive appearance, and for tea we must have a Simnel cake, that old-fashioned English delicacy which one meets so seldom nowadays.

While giving recipes for Easter day, we have remembered Good Friday, which should not be neglected. The recipe for salt cod is one which is well worth trying, for it is not only the most suitable dish to eat on that day, but it is also extremely good.

Salt Cod with Tomatoes

Take a piece of salt cod, soak it for twelve hours in water, put it in fresh water, bring to the boil and simmer for fifteen minutes. Remove the bones carefully so that the fish does not break, and keep it hot. For every pound of fish take two onions, peel and chop them finely, and cook them in oil or butter until nicely browned, then add three tomatoes skinned and cut into pieces. Mix well together, cook for a few minutes, and then put in the pieces of fish. Simmer for twenty minutes, having added some pepper and a very small pinch of mixed spices. Serve with little pieces of bread fried in butter or bacon fat.

Stuffed Breast of Lamb

Remove the bones from a breast of lamb, flatten out the meat and season it well with salt and pepper. Meanwhile prepare the following stuffing.

Two slices of stale bread soaked in milk, a slice of cooked veal, one of raw ham, one onion, one shallot, a little piece of garlic, a sprig each of parsley, thyme and sage and a quarter of a pound of pig's liver. Mince all these together and mix well. Bind with two whole eggs, mix again adding salt and pepper and spread the meat with the stuffing. Roll the meat into a neat shape, tie securely and place in the baking tin with a little butter and a teacupful of water. Bake in the oven, basting frequently, and when the meat is three-quarters cooked, sprinkle it all over with breadcrumbs. Finish cooking, basting again several times. The strings should be removed before serving while the meat is still very hot.

Rhubarb Fool

Clean the rhubarb, carefully removing the stringy fibres, cut it into pieces about four inches long and cook it in water until quite tender. Remove it, drain it well and pass it through a wire sieve. Let this pulp get quite cold, add brown sugar and a mixture of cream and sweetened condensed milk in equal proportions. You should have the same amount of fruit pulp as of milk and cream. See that the fool is sweet enough, beat it for a few minutes and serve very cold.

(Continued on page 116)

Orange *and* Lemon Time

Easily made recipes which are as delicious as they are economical

ALWAYS choose firm fruit for marmalade and see that it is of a good colour. You will find that these points add materially to the success of your culinary efforts

MARMALADES, as distinct from jams, are made from the firmer fruits, such as oranges, lemons, grape-fruit and pineapples. You cannot hope for successful marmalade unless you have a well-made preserving pan—there are plenty of excellent aluminium ones to be had, and copper and brass ones are also very good.

The mixture must be boiled for a sufficient length of time to ensure its keeping properly, and it must, too, be stirred constantly, to prevent it from burning.

The marmalade should be tied down when quite warm, as the steam rising from it helps to exclude the air, and so keeps a vacuum between the top of the preserve and its parchment covering. If the marmalade is put into warm and well-dried pots, and is stored in a cool, dry place, it will neither ferment nor mould, but will keep perfectly.

Orange Marmalade

14 *Seville oranges (firm, heavy fruit, of a good colour) ;* 2 *lemons ;* 3 *pints of water to each pound of pulp ;* 1 *pound of sugar to each pound of pulp.*

BUTTER, eggs and lemons are the chief ingredients for lemon curd, and the zest of the fruit should be rubbed off with a lump of sugar

Slice the whole of the fruit by hand into small, thin slices, and put the pips into a basin, pouring a pint of boiling water over them. This will form a jelly. Weigh the pulp and put into an earthenware vessel, with three pints of water to each pound of pulp. Soak for twenty-four hours. Then pour the fruit into a preserving pan, bringing it rapidly to the boil, letting it boil fast until the fruit is soft. This will reduce the bulk of the liquid. Weigh the pulp again, adding a pound of preserving sugar to every pound of pulp, and also add the jelly from the pips. Bring this to the boil and simmer gently, stirring constantly. Not only does this prevent the marmalade from sticking to the bottom of the pan, but you will find that no scum rises to the surface. The marmalade is sufficiently cooked when a little of it, poured on to a saucer and cooled, forms a jelly. Pour the preserve into warm, dry jars and cover at once with paper brushed over with the white of an egg.

Lemon Marmalade

14 *lemons ;* 1 *pint of water to every pound of fruit pulp ;* 2 *pounds of sugar.*

Wash the lemons thoroughly, and boil in water until the skin is tender. This should take about two hours. After the first hour replace the water with fresh boiling water. Wipe the lemons dry and slice finely, discarding all the pips. Add the sugar and one pint of water to each pound of pulp, including the second quantity of boiling water. Boil for about an hour and a half, when the marmalade should jelly when tested on a cold plate. Cover and store as for orange marmalade.

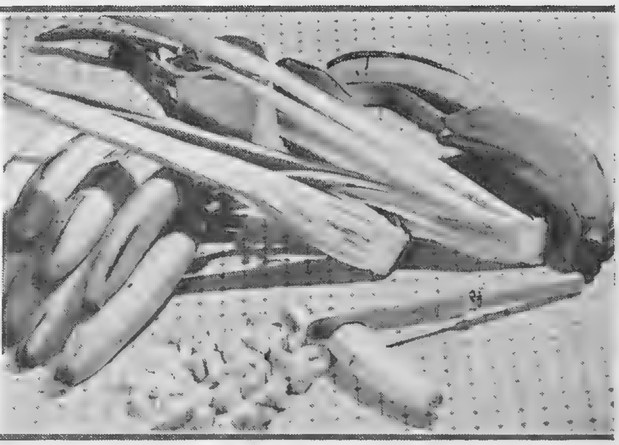
(*Continued on page* 86)

MANY people like lemon marmalade as a change from the orange variety, and it certainly makes an extremely appetising alternative

ORANGE honey can be made very quickly and is delicious when spread on bread or toast and butter

PRESERVED orange and lemon peel is not only a welcome addition to dessert but is excellent to keep for flavouring sweets as well

A MERINGUE case filled with sliced bananas, covered with a layer of sponge fingers sprinkled with sherry makes a delicious sweet



AN unusual salad consists of finely chopped bananas and celery arranged on lettuce leaves. Mayonnaise sauce should be served with it

Sweets, Salads *and* Chutneys *from* *BANANAS*

BANANAS form an excellent substitute for summer fruits until they come into season, and can be used with almost endless variety for sweets, salads, chutneys, etc. They should be looked upon both as a fruit and a vegetable, for they can be used as either, and the presence of vitamins makes them a wholesome food.

Bananas can be cooked as well as used raw in various dishes, and the cooking does not spoil the flavour, but rather enhances it. Banana fritters, for example, are excellent with bacon, and they can be grilled, baked or boiled in the same way as a vegetable.

The following recipes illustrate a few methods of utilising the versatile banana, and the ingenious will think of more.

BURMESE BANANA DISH.—Peel and slice lengthways as many bananas as are required and arrange neatly on a deep glass dish. Liberally cover with castor sugar and grated coconut. Grate half a fresh coconut into a basin and pour over a cup of boiling milk. Put a plate over this and let it stand for half an hour; then strain the extract and pour over the sliced bananas.

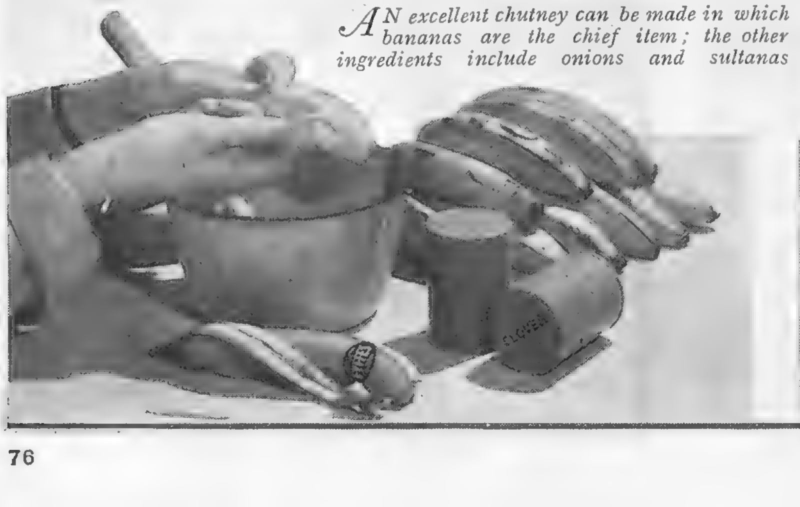
BANANA MERINGUE.—Buy or make a meringue case and fill it with bananas sliced lengthways into four. Next cover with sponge fingers and pour a little cooking sherry over them. Cover this with a custard flavoured with vanilla and, when set, arrange small heaps of whipped cream round the edge. A few peeled and split almonds stuck in the custard on the top will add a flavour and a decoration.

BANANA SOUFFLÉ.—Peel and slice four bananas and rub them through a sieve. Next melt an ounce of butter and stir in an ounce of flour. When it has cooled a little add a gill of milk and stir it until there is no mixture on the sides of the stew pan. Now take the pan off the heat and add by degrees three yolks of eggs; beat the mixture well. Next stir in the banana pulp, a half-teaspoonful of vanilla essence and one ounce of castor sugar. When this is well stirred up add the stiffly whisked whites of three eggs. Turn into a fireproof soufflé dish and bake for about 15 minutes. Place the dish on another hot dish, dredge with fine castor sugar and serve at once.

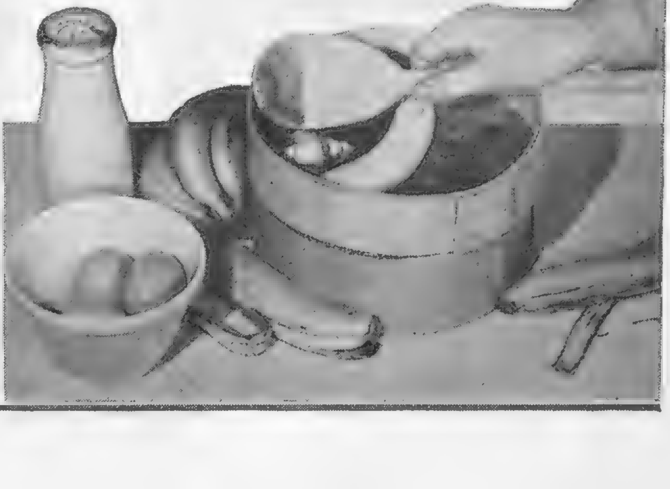
BANANA AND CELERY SALAD.—Peel and cut some bananas into round slices and cut these in turn into four. Mix these pieces of banana with an equal quantity of shredded celery. Some pineapple chopped up is an attractive addition, but it is not essential. (*Continued on page* 86)

A BURMESE method of serving bananas is to slice them and cover them with sugar and grated coconut

AN excellent chutney can be made in which bananas are the chief item; the other ingredients include onions and sultanas



BANANA soufflé is quite simple to make and is a pleasant change from the more usual varieties



To banish woodworm, paint over the infected area with a mixture of paraffin and turpentine in equal parts, and squirt a little of the mixture into each hole with a fountain-pen filler

Scratches spoil the look of any polished furniture, but they will hardly show if you rub them with cottonwool dipped in linseed oil, and then polish with furniture cream

Before beating, put a damp cloth over your upholstered furniture. This will prevent the dust from flying about and it will also protect the covering material

How to Spring Clean Your Furniture

Antique or Modern, it deserves regular and skilled attention

WELL-POLISHED furniture denotes a well-kept home, but furniture needs more attention than just its regular dusting and polishing. It will look so much better if it is washed occasionally before it is polished.

Washing with tepid water and a pure soap removes all grease and finger marks. If the furniture is stained, a little vinegar added to the rinsing water will help to move the stains.

Nearly all furniture is improved by washing. Instead of water a little warm beer is excellent for cleansing dark oak furniture. Oak furniture should also, from time to time, be rubbed with linseed oil.

Hide Furniture.—The best way to clean this is to use a good saddle soap, which can be bought from almost any leather or saddler's shop. It should be used sparingly and the furniture well dried before finishing off with a good saddle or leather cream.

Upholstered Furniture.—A vacuum cleaner is one of the best ways of keeping this in good condition. It will remove the dust completely from every corner. Dust is injurious to upholstered furniture because it harbours moth. If you have no vacuum, then place a damp cloth over the furniture and beat lightly. The cloth being damp, will keep the dust from flying all over the place. It will also protect the surface of the material. After beating, brush well, particularly in the corners. To clean tapestry or repp rub all over with warm fig dust.

Cane Furniture.—This should be brushed well and then washed with warm, soapy water, but don't make it too wet. Rinse with salt and water to re-stiffen the cane. Cane furniture is best dried out of doors, so choose a fine, breezy day for this work.

Scratches.—Scratches cannot be entirely removed by any home treatment, but they will scarcely show if you rub them well with a little cotton wool dipped in linseed oil. Finish by polishing the furniture with a good furniture cream.

If a table should become marked with a white ring, through heat, put a little salad oil on the mark and leave overnight. Rub off in the morning and polish in the ordinary way.

ANTIQUE furniture must be constantly watched to see that it does not become infected with woodworm. Should this occur you will find a number of tiny holes apparently bored right into the wood. Oak, elm and walnut are the most likely woods to be attacked. If you find these holes in a piece of your furniture it does not necessarily mean that the worm is still active. To test for this, tap the wood, and if any fine powder falls out you can be sure that the worm is still busy on his work of destruction.

To remedy this, make a mixture of paraffin and turpentine in equal parts. First of all brush all over the infected area, and then, with a fountain-pen filler or tiny oil-can, squirt the mixture into each hole, finally filling in the holes with melted beeswax. This should be coloured with stain to match the wood.

IF a small piece of veneer has come off, this can be replaced by sticking it on with seccotine.

If you have a table the polish of which has been damaged by hot plates and dishes, and you do not want to go to the expense of having it french-polished again, treat it in the following way. Remove the remaining polish with methylated spirit applied with a soft cloth and then repolish with a good wax polish. The first polishing may not be very brilliant, but a good hard gloss will come in time.

Furniture will be much improved if it is occasionally washed with warm, soapy water. A soft scrubbing brush can be used for the purpose. Warm beer is excellent for cleaning dark oak

Are you a Thermometer Fiend . . . ?

The Uses and Abuses of a Valuable Implement

Invented by Galileo

The potential hypochondriac

The Thermometer Fiends

95
100
105
95
100
105
95
100
105
95
100
105
95
100
105
95
100
105

Decoration by Mervyn Wilson

THE thermometer was originally invented by Galileo in the 17th century. The Fahrenheit thermometer, used in this country for ascertaining body heat, was introduced in 1714 and is an adaptation of Sir Isaac Newton's invention. As a result of experiment and experience, doctors have fixed a certain temperature, 98·4, as the mean or generally normal body heat of man. Anything over this is looked on as symptomatic of fever and an indication that all is not well, that some toxin or infection is at work. In cases of very high temperatures delirium generally supervenes and the patient is probably in a critical condition.

The thermometer is an extremely useful implement in the hands (or the mouths!) of intelligent people, but nervous subjects and obstinate, unimaginative doctors may well be misled by it. The potential hypochondriac rushes for the thermometer on the least excuse, an ache or a pain or a sniffle, and may be unduly alarmed, and therefore less capable of resistance, at the slightest rise of temperature. I believe that if the subject were studied it would be found that there are such things as "nervous temperatures," actually self-induced by fear when there is no other pathological reason for fever.

THE normal temperature, like the pulse rate, is by no means as universally fixed as many doctors, nurses and laymen insist on believing. The normal temperature of numbers of people is lower than that marked with an arrow on clinical thermometers, and there is a considerable number of people with what the medical profession would doubtless classify as abnormal reaction to what are generally feverish complaints, whose temperatures do *not* rise when they are expected to, and other symptoms must be relied on for diagnosis, such as the pulse and heart's action, the respiration and local and bodily conditions. For instance, many a child has complained of sore throat, headache or abdominal pain, but if its temperature, taken by a nurse or mother or even a doctor, is not above normal, it is packed off to school or sent out to play, probably treated as if it is shamming, with often serious consequences, because it is considered that if it is "sickening" for something, is going to have appendicitis, tonsilitis or diphtheria, meningitis or any of the other dreaded ailments, it *ought* to have a temperature. This is by no means always the case, and it can be dangerous to rely solely and pigheadedly on the evidence of the clinical thermometer.

ON the other hand, when there *is* a rise of temperature, no matter how slight, its cause should be sought. Another dangerous fallacy is the belief, quite generally held by people in charge of children, that their temperatures go up and down so easily that this indication can be ignored. Where there is fever there is some cause: some latent toxic condition which needs attention and, if it is discovered in time, endless trouble and suffering may be prevented. If a child frequently has sudden rises of temperature there is probably gastric trouble, bad tonsils or teeth or rheumatic tendencies to account for it.

People who ignore the message of the thermometer are as foolish as those who rely entirely upon it for the purpose of diagnosis. The thermometer fiends who are always pushing the little contraption of glass and mercury into their own mouths and the mouths of all their associates or dependants, and pronounce the subjects well or ill simply because the mercury rises to four points above 98° or forges up to 100°, are a danger in their homes or wherever they operate.

PEOPLE who do not "run temperatures" often have cause for grievance in nursing homes or hospitals where the chart is a kind of fetish. If the little black dots and their hyphenating lines dash hectically up and down the scale or rise steadily like the record of a flight, nurses and doctors gather interestedly round the patient's bed, consultations are held, exciting "tests" made: even the night nurse is attentive. Whereas nothing can equal her bored, almost contemptuous expression when she comes on duty and glances at the tell-tale chart which records a straight line of intermittent black blobs. And the patient who has prepared a long list of symptoms for the doctor is effectually silenced when he glances at the chart, beams and says "Temperature normal, I see, nurse! Getting on splendidly," and departs hurriedly to pore over a really interesting temperature chart.

THE modern and observant medical man will tell you that a low temperature may be as alarming as a high one: like all valuable scientific apparatus, the simple and innocent-seeming little thermometer may be a danger in the hands of the ignorant.

An observant eye, an active mind, and psychological as well as pharmaceutical knowledge are at least as necessary a part of the equipment of a doctor as his stethoscope and clinical thermometer.

A Good Complexion

THE skin requires intelligent feeding, and every woman should find out what cream suits her best

A CLEANSING lotion, a base for powder, a good cream and a bleaching lotion are essential beauty aids

Cosmetics *may* enhance *but* they cannot counterfeit *a* perfect *Complexion—*

No. 2 of a New Series of "Feature-by-Feature" Articles on Beauty Culture. Next month—The Chin and Neck

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on"

By "Chrysis"

I HAVE no use for what I call "fake" complexions, and the only "beauty" treatments which interest me are those which go to the basis of the faults and imperfections which spoil a woman's beauty and treat them scientifically. I am therefore in favour of the treatments prescribed by the founder of a firm who says quite frankly that she would rather be regarded as a skin specialist than as a beauty expert.

The majority of doctors, preoccupied with cases in which life and death are involved, naturally regard "skin troubles" lightly, and my personal experience is that they are inclined to regard anything less than a scorbutic complaint as of minor importance, and neither their interest nor their knowledge is adequate.

The chief causes of complexion troubles are faulty circulation and clogged pores, which might be classified as cause and effect. These conditions are brought about, firstly, by external conditions, the assaults of "weather" (in its most opprobrious sense!), fogs, frost, wind, grime, and changes of temperature; secondly, by internal conditions, acid secretions, generally resulting from rheumatic or unsatisfactory gastric conditions.

The cure must therefore be founded on health rules, and the specialist to whom I have referred gives invaluable advice to her clients on diet and exercise and prescribes special complexion cachets and an anti-acid saline which go to the root of the imperfections or, if there is no actual trouble, improve general health and make the skin fairer, clearer, and more beautiful, because it is more healthy.

Then we come to local treatment. The whole basis of this particular treatment is the elimination of acids and impurities and a *conditioning* of the skin which makes it impervious to the assaults of adverse external circumstances.

First there is a special lotion to be used at night. This is painted on to the face and draws all the impurities and acidity to the surface. It is equally valuable in cases of real skin trouble, such as acne and eczema, or when a clarifying and lightning treatment is required. At the beginning of the cure, this lotion may have to be used every other night or twice a week, but once a clear and beautiful complexion is established, its application once a week will keep the skin in condition.

In the morning, the special skin food, one of the few face creams which is at once nourishing, emollient *and* stimulating, is applied and gently massaged into the skin with the movements prescribed in the informative brochure given to all clients. This is allowed to sink in and is then removed with a complexion soap and hot water. Even for those who cannot, as a rule, use soap and water, this soap is invaluable. Being superfatted, it is a solvent of the grease which has not been absorbed and the excretions of the skin which have been drawn out by the lotion.

A sluice with cold water to which a delicious camphor lotion, which makes the water very cold and replaces the use of ice, is a refreshing and tonic finish to this treatment, which leaves the skin soft and fresh and several tones lighter. (Special preparations for hard water can be supplied.)

On alternate nights, use of the skin food and a mildly astringent complexion milk are advised.

The day treatment consists of the use of a special lotion which is at once a base for powder and a protective skin lotion. The cosmetics prepared by this firm are pure and harmless, the natural concomitants of the rest of the treatment.

The individual needs and the constitution and skin of each client are studied, and both the creams and lotions are adapted accordingly. For specially delicate skins a special balm and a baby cream are recommended. The free advice of experts is at the disposal of all clients, and a course of this complexion treatment systematically followed out should give any woman the right to Shakespeare's compliment:

"Beauty's ensign yet
is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks."

The Important ART of RELAXING

A simple but effective method of combating fatigue is to master the art of scientific resting

By ANTONIA WHITE

THERE are various reasons why it is quite as necessary to relax as to be strenuous. The pace of modern life is a tremendous strain on the nerves, and nerves in a constant state of tension are ruinous not only to the health but to the looks. After a hard day's work, a few minutes' scientific relaxation will freshen one up amazingly, but it must be remembered that relaxation, to be effective, must be preceded by a definite muscular effort.

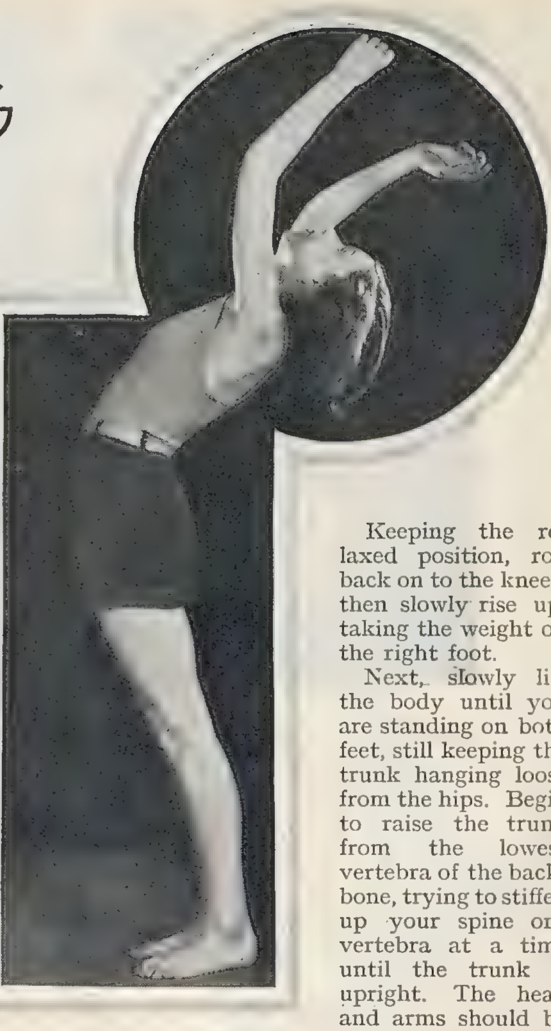
(1) Stand with the feet apart and the arms raised above the head. Now relax all the muscles of neck, shoulders, arms and back, and let the trunk drop forward from the waist. Swing the trunk upwards as far as it will go, with only moderate exertion of the back muscles, with the arms over the head and the neck relaxed. Let the trunk swing upwards and downwards in this manner, quite freely and loosely. Repeat fifteen times, resting after each five.

(2) Kneel, with the body upright, the arms raised above the head, and the head itself flung back. Drop the body forward until hands and forehead are touching the floor, with the arms and back completely relaxed and the body folded back on the heels. Return to first position and repeat eight to ten times.

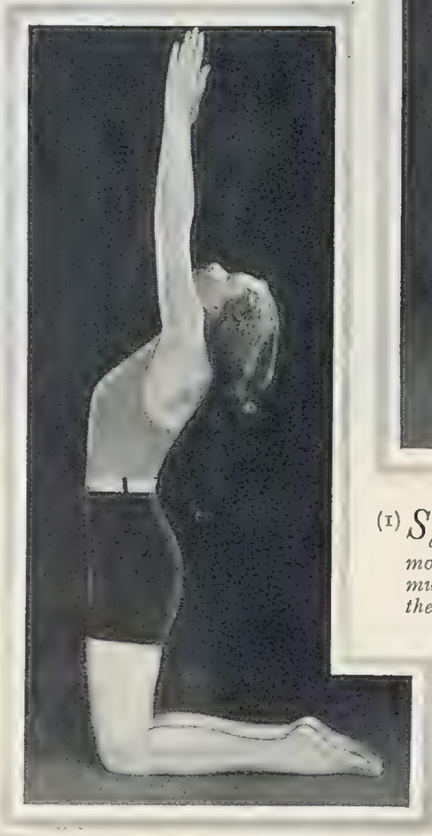
(3) Stand with arms stretched high, reaching upwards with every muscle at full stretch.

Relax, one after another, the fingers, wrists, elbows and shoulders. Now let the head, shoulders and back droop forward in succession. With the trunk fully relaxed, drop first to the right knee, then on to both knees.

Let the body fall forward on the floor, absolutely loose and relaxed. Roll over on the side and remain there, limp and boneless as a rag doll, for a few seconds. Now reverse the movement.



(1) *SWING the trunk upwards as far as it will go, with only moderate exertion of the back muscles, with the arms over the head and the neck relaxed*



(2) *KNEEL with the body upright, the arms raised and the head flung back*

Keeping the relaxed position, roll back on to the knees, then slowly rise up, taking the weight on the right foot.

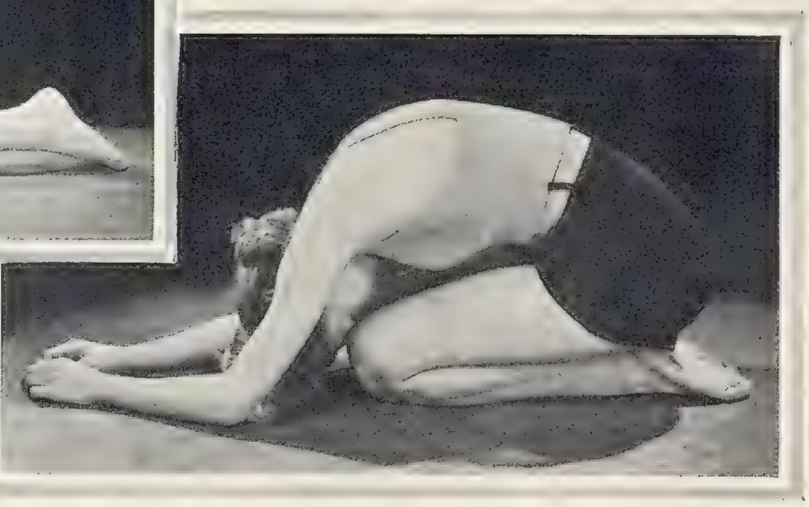
Next, slowly lift the body until you are standing on both feet, still keeping the trunk hanging loose from the hips. Begin to raise the trunk from the lowest vertebra of the backbone, trying to stiffen up your spine one vertebra at a time until the trunk is upright. The head and arms should be the last part of the body to rise. Stretch the arms upwards and yawn. Repeat this exercise slowly, carefully, and conscientiously five times.

(4) Lie flat on the back with every muscle relaxed.

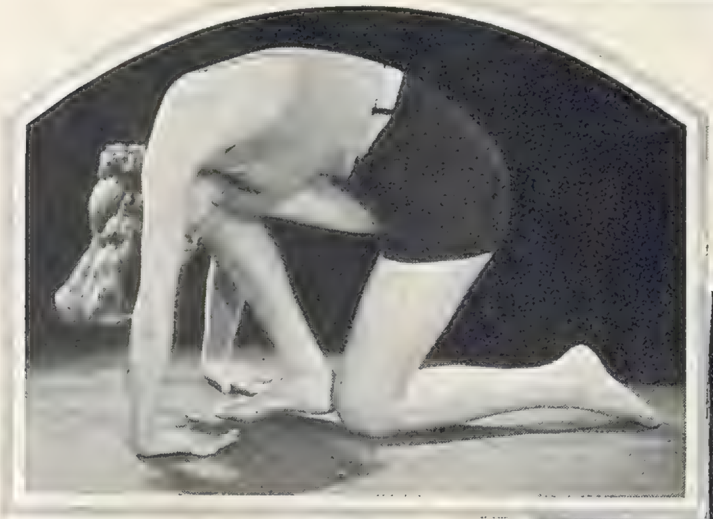
Lift the right arm and let it fall like a dead weight. Do the same with the left arm and alternately with each leg. Open the mouth and let all the muscles of face and neck go limp. Raise the head and let it fall back. (It is best to do this exercise lying flat on your bed or on a padded exercise mat.)

Stretch both arms back over your head, and both legs downwards, pulling as if you were trying to pull yourself in two at the waist. Loosen every muscle and relax completely, not only physically but mentally.

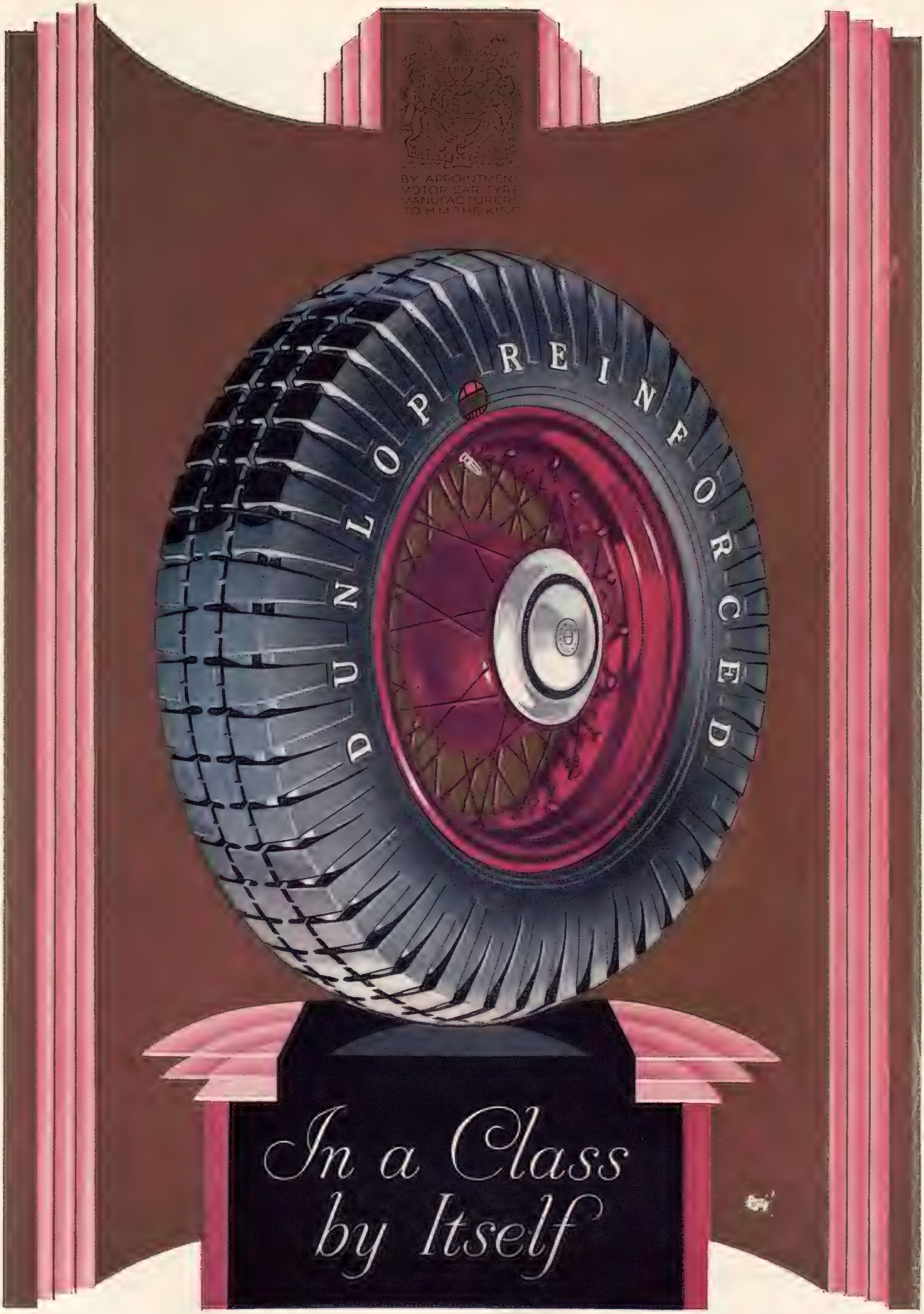
Repeat four or five times.



(3) *DROP the body forward with the forehead touching the floor and relax completely*



(4) *THIS exercise is more difficult to do than one would imagine and requires a certain amount of muscular flexibility and control if balance is to be maintained*


BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING
DUNLOP REINFORCED
In a Class by Itself

C.F.H. 1300

Thanks for the Compliment—

—But do please realise that my complexion's *natural*. I use a little powder now and then, but my standby is WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP. Why Wright's? Because it does more than ordinary toilet soaps. It protects my skin by keeping it thoroughly cleansed—cleansed pore-deep. Its soft, antiseptic lather kills germs, and so I never get blemishes and blackheads. And I like Wrights, too, because it's so refreshing. It has a healthy smell—it's as good as a tonic to a busy business girl.

Try it yourself—your mirror will soon show you the difference it makes.

6d. per tablet
British Made

The Double-Purpose Soap
WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR
SOAP

Doctors Use & Recommend it!

Streets

Saturday Afternoon

(*Continued from page* 63)

told him that the orphan children were being called in to tea. A faintly vacuous sensation insinuated itself into his own consciousness at the thought and he quickened his steps. Suddenly—horror of horrors—a familiar but unwelcome figure appeared trotting briskly ahead of him. Lady Tillingworth, dressed with an absence of cohesive purpose permissible only to peeresses and charwomen, was evidently returning from an afternoon's sketching, for she carried an easel—which even in its collapsed state seemed cumbersome to her five feet two inches—and a string bag bulging with other artistic requisites. She turned at his approach.

"Why, Blaise," she said kindly, "what are you doing this lovely afternoon? Having a ride?"

Blaise turned his ingenuous gaze to her.

"Well," he said truthfully, "I *have* been riding. This is a new mare. I thought I'd walk her for a little way now. Can I carry your sketching things?" he inquired politely, keeping his blood-stained shoulder out of her line of vision. Lady Tillingworth, to whom horse management was an exclusively masculine department, handed over the string bag with a beam of approval.

"That's right, dear," she said. "I like to see a boy kind to animals. Have you seen our new stag?"

Only iron discipline prevented Blaise from jumping guiltily.

"In the new enclosure?" he asked, innocently. "Yes, I did think I saw a stag. I thought to myself what a *very* big one he was. I thought the fence didn't look very high for such an enormous stag—it seemed to me," he added guilelessly, "that if anything sort of sudden were to happen to him he might jump over."

"Oh well," said Lady Tillingworth comfortably, "I expect Rogers knows." Blaise reflected uneasily that Rogers was indeed liable to know, and was, moreover, quite capable of putting two and two together correctly.

"I'm going over the field path," said Lady Tillingworth. "Will you come up and have some tea, Blaise?"

"No, thank you very much, Lady Tillingworth. I think Aunt Adela has people to tea, and she likes me to go back and hand the cups. Here's your bag."

Lady Tillingworth negotiated the low gate with the discretion of experience, and soon vanished from sight. A few minutes brought Blaise to the low fence surrounding the Convent garden. The Mother Superior was pulling up radishes with vigour and despatch.

"Well, Blaise," she said, without pausing in her work.

"Good afternoon, Reverend Mother," said Blaise, unconsciously assuming his Infant Samuel face. "*Could* I have a drink of water, d'you think? I'm *so* thirsty."

"Lemonade or cider?" inquired the Mother Superior briefly, scorning to waste time on polite formalities.

"Well, then, cider, please," said Blaise, responding in the same spirit.

"Very well. You may tie your horse up to the gate. I shall be here for a minute and can watch it, and you can go to the kitchen hatch and ask Sister Josephine from me. What have you been doing to your shoulder?"

Blaise raised his ingenuous gaze to hers. "Well . . ." he began.

"I see. Mischief. Well, I won't ask any questions." She returned with renewed zeal to the radish bed, and Blaise sauntered up the box-edged path to the kitchen door. A blue-aproned orphan brought him the cider. Under the eagle eye of Sister Josephine no rapprochement between the children was possible, but she managed to extend a clear pink tongue at him with lightning swiftness as she handed him the drink, and he stepped firmly but unmaliciously on her foot as he accepted it.

The Convent atmosphere seemed, when he returned, to have had a chastening effect on Asphodel, for when, aided unemotionally by the Mother Superior, he made one more effort to mount, she offered no resistance, but allowed herself to be trotted along the dusty road in passive resignation, only showing a trace of her old spirit by rearing stylishly as they entered the stable yard. Blaise ascertained thankfully that Higgins was still off duty, and received Jim's information that the company wasn't gone yet, as their chauffeur hadn't come out from his tea.

BRUSHED, combed, washed, and in a clean shirt, he presented himself dutifully in the drawing room. Lady Adela was, as always, unaffectedly glad to see him.

"Well, darling," she said, cutting him a large slice of walnut cake, as he settled down after the preliminary How-do-you-do's, "what have you been doing all the afternoon?"

Blaise lifted his limpid gaze from his plate.

"Oh, nothing much, Auntie," he said demurely. "There's nothing much *to* do, you know. I've just been pottering around."

END

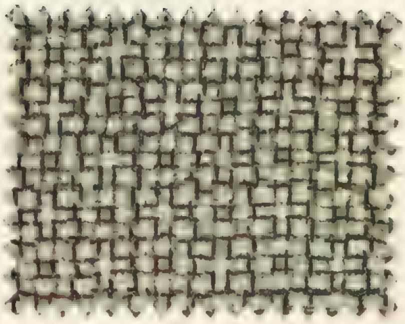
Books

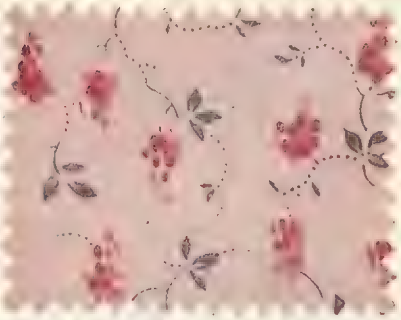
(*Continued from page* 59)

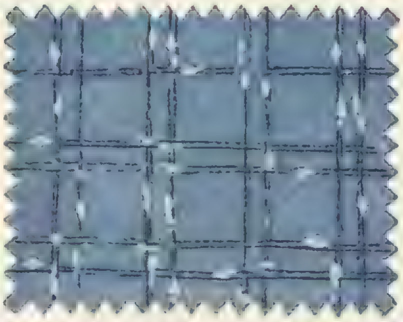
a novel in the manner of the Romanticists, and the result, though a highly respectable effort, has an old-fashioned and unreal atmosphere. He has theories about the form of the novel—as every novelist must—but he perhaps pays them too much attention. His book never seems to sail with a following wind.

MR. FREDERICK NIVEN is not quite at his best in *The Rich Wife* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), but he is such a good novelist that even his second-best ranks pretty high. I don't think he has ever been properly appreciated by the novel-reading public. The public in the end finds everybody worth finding, as well as a number of others, but it varies greatly in the length of time it requires to make its discoveries. Mr. Gilbert Frankau it found quite quickly, and I dare say that Mr. John Gunther is not overlooked. Both these writers show that they have studied their audience as well as their medium; what kind of story to tell as well as how to tell it. Their knowledge profits them. In *Christopher Strong* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) Mr. Frankau gives us more than a very readable novel. He gives us (if we have the patience to unpack his gift, his carefully wrapped-up gift) a very complete study of the ordinary Englishwoman of to-day. You will not find her in the book. She is outside the book, holding it in her manicured hand. She is the reader for whom Mr. Frankau writes, and he understands her exactly. Does he like her? He is far too astute to say, or even to allow us to guess.

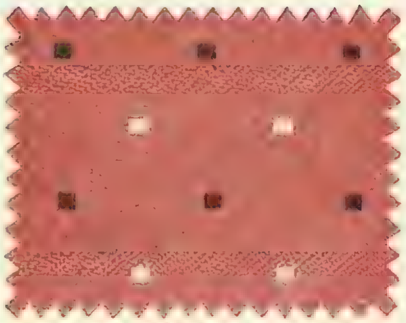
Mr. John Gunther's recipe is different. He believes in giving us what somebody has called "posh tosh." *The Bright Nemesis* (Secker, 7s. 6d.) is a detective story, a murder mystery unravelled by an American journalist; but Mr. Gunther uses every atom of his very considerable skill in serving up his novel and hiding its distressingly low origin. Mid-European colour, cosmopolitan flavouring, Hergesheimer-cum-Hemingway garnishing, and a thick *sauce psychologique* poured over the whole—this is the dish he offers. People who believe that good cooking consists in not letting you know what you are eating will simply love *The Bright Nemesis*. To less jaded palates I recommend *Caps over the Mill* (Murray, 7s. 6d.) by Marjorie Booth, a novel with a sincere, genuine feel about it. Miss Booth's writing suggests a reserve of power, a suggestion I somehow find comforting.

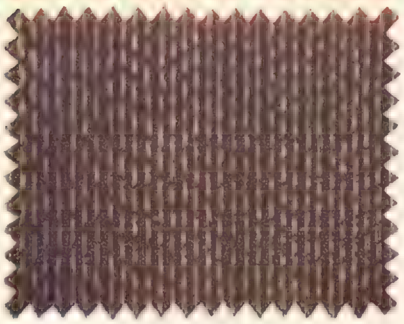

Design No. 7789—4/11

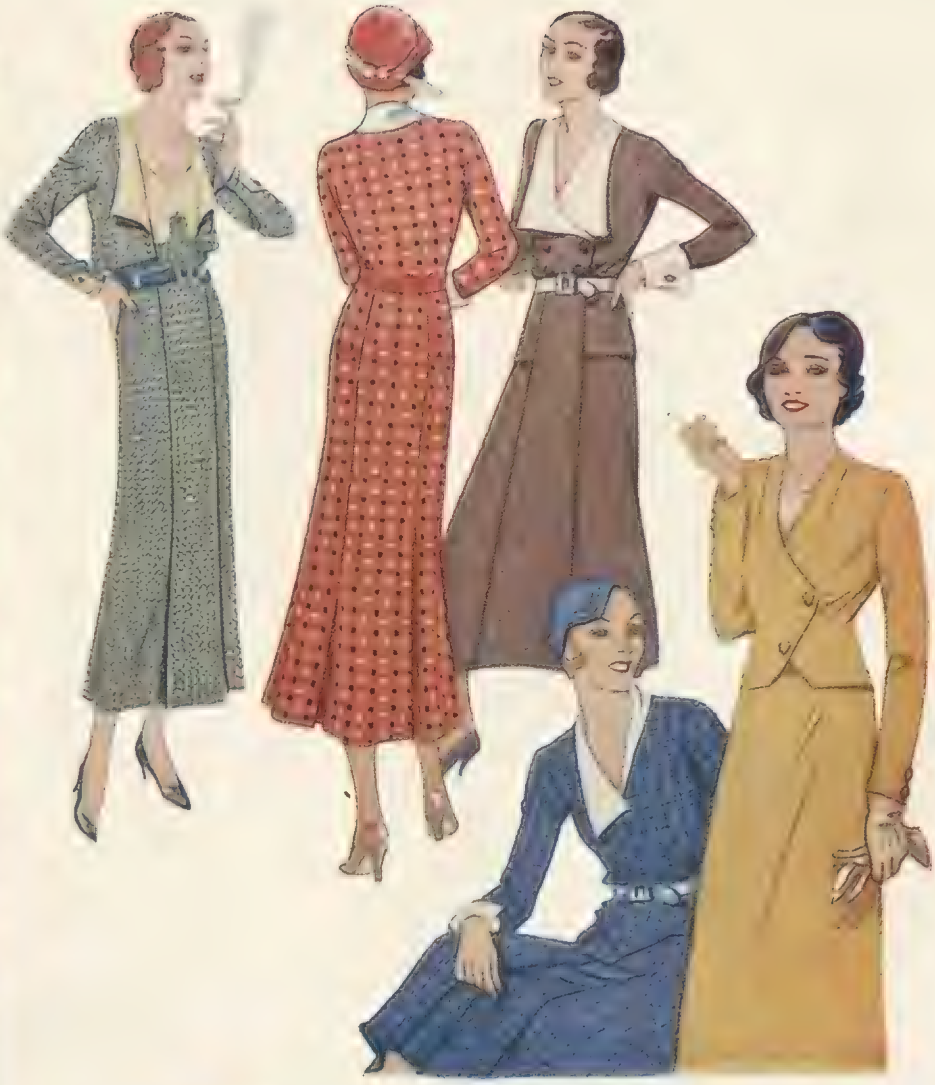

Design No. 477—4/11


Design No. 920—4/11

Design No. 8071—4/11


Design No. 868—4/11


Design No. 7874—4/11


No. 7789 No. 868 No. 7874 (*above*) No. 920 No. 8071

Gorringes

present

"VIYELLA" & "VISYLKA"

Fashion Fabrics for 1932

The smartest people are wearing woollen materials this Spring, and the smartest Fashion designers insist on "Viyella" and "Visylka," for no lovelier, inexpensive, woollen fabrics than these British-made materials are to be found. Reliability, softness of texture, freshness and fastness of colours and an obstinate refusal to shrink are among their virtues.

The few chosen designs illustrated are also shown made up. Gorringes stock is the most comprehensive in the country.

Write ***immediately*** *for this wonderful Pattern Book*

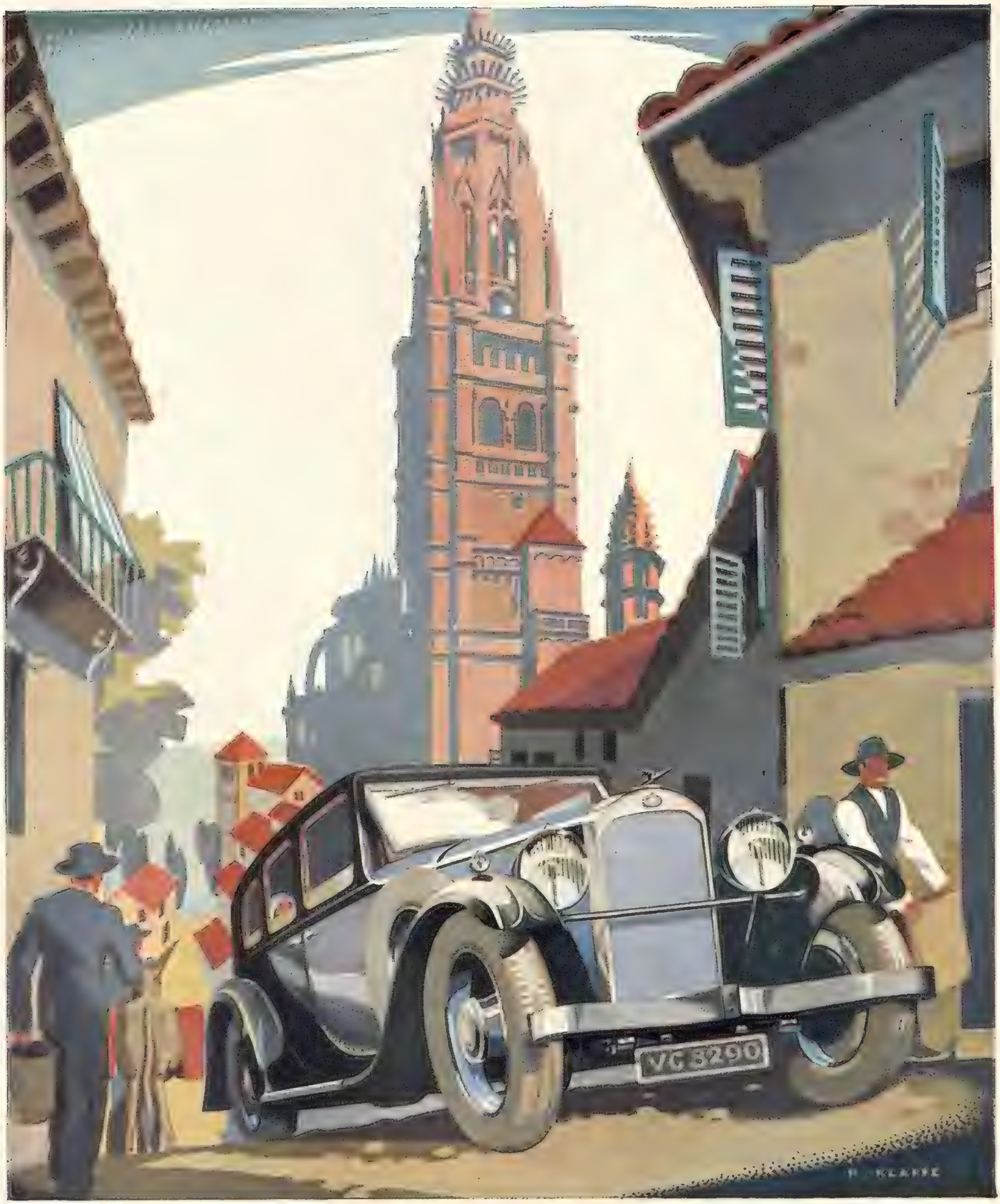
Viyella and Visylka
for Frocks
GORRINGES

An unique book containing patterns of "Viyella" and "Visylka" Dress and Lingerie Fabrics, accompanied by designs showing them made into smart frocks, suits, etc., sent Post Free on receipt of a post card. Obtainable only from Gorringes.

FREDERICK GORRINGE LTD., BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.

Two minutes from Victoria Station.

Phone: Victoria 8600.



Humber "Snipe" Saloon, £465. Triplex glass throughout

The choice of men who know most about cars

HUMBER

Overseas Representatives:

Australia and New Zealand: Mr. C. E. Blayney, Rootes, Ltd., Herald Buildings, Pitt Street, Sydney. *South Africa:* Mr. John Good, Rootes Ltd., 1st Floor, Barclays Bank Chambers, c/r Strand and Loop Streets, Cape Town (or P.O. Box No. 2417). *Scandinavia and Northern Europe:* London—Mr. S. J. Troughton, Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1. *Southern Europe:* Paris—Mr. R. Escudier, 12, Avenue George V., 8e. *India and Ceylon:* Mr. H. H. Lilley, 72, Park Street Calcutta. *Burma, Malaya and Far East:* Mr. A. F. Sanderson, Rootes Ltd., P.O. Box 525, Singapore. *South America:* Mr. R. W. H. Cook, Rootes Argentina S.A., Callao 1111 Buenos Aires.

HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY

London Service Depot: Canterbury Road, Kilburn, N.W.6. London Showrooms and Export Department: Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.

Every Humber owner should read "Modern Motoring." Price 4d. monthly, obtainable through any newsagent. 6/6 per annum post free.

The Gay Deceiver

(*Continued from page 24*)

person. He advanced upon Mrs. Bruce-Hartie, ignoring Elaine and the obvious turmoil of the premises.

"Is the Commissioner in ?" he asked with formality. Mrs. Bruce-Hartie gaped at him for an instant and then burst into a faint shriek.

"Is the Commissioner in ?" Mr. Cholmeley asked solemnly once more. Elaine faded into the background in unseasonable laughter as Bruce-Hartie himself, quiet and collected—it is another indication of his ability that he never allowed Sir Hercules's visits to daze him—came on to the verandah.

"Good God!" he observed, screwing his eyeglass in his eye and inspecting Cholmeley. "What's been happening, Cholmeley ? Someone been . . . ah, trying to murder you ?"

Cholmeley lost his temper. "Do . . . do you permit your daughter, sir, to . . . er, keep assignations with that scoundrel Abbott ?" he demanded.

Elaine stopped laughing. Mrs. Bruce-Hartie gasped. The Commissioner let his eyeglass fall from his eye, caught it neatly, screwed it in once more, and looked Cholmeley up and down carefully.

"I didn't quite catch that," he said in a tone of voice that no one on that verandah had heard before. "Again, please."

Cholmeley said it again, and there was a complete and frightful silence. Then the Commissioner remarked to the world in general: "You infernal little scrub!" and seized Cholmeley by the collar. Mrs. Bruce-Hartie shrieked, aloud this time. Elaine ran forward and laid her hand on her father's sleeve, and to them thus situated enters Sir Hercules O'Hara, G.C.B., Governor of the Coast, large, choleric and hearty.

"Hey!" he said in his hail-the-maintop voice. "What's all this ? What's all this ? Damme, what's all this ? Drop that fellow, Bruce-Hartie! If there's to be any executions here, I'll do them, bedad! What's the matter ?"

The Commissioner fell back, leaving Cholmeley standing, the picture of deflated pomp, in the middle of the verandah. Sir Hercules walked round him.

"Who're you, sir ?" he enquired. "Seem to have been in trouble. That your car ? Perhaps you'd better use it, on the whole. No, I'll let the Commissioner tell me who you are, after all. Good evening to ye!"

He turned his back on Cholmeley and saw Elaine. "Why, me dear child!" he said. "I didn't see you. What's the meanin' of all this ? Don't tell me you're mixed up in it."

Mr. Commissioner Bruce-Hartie had by this time recovered himself.

"Sir Hercules," he said, "perhaps I might explain matters a little better in my study. Elizabeth," to his wife, "see that someone brings in the decanters and ice, please. Elaine, you'd better run and change. You're a sight, girl."

He took the acquiescent Governor by the arm and the two men passed into the quiet of the study. There, over a long and pacifying drink, Commissioner and Governor went chucklingly over the details of the unheard-of fracas that had greeted the King's representative. Sir Hercules was merely amused until the Commissioner mentioned George Abbott's name. Then he sat up suddenly.

"Abbott ?" he said. "George Abbott ? Is that the boy that used to be up at Savala ?"

Bruce-Hartie nodded.

"That's the lad that had the row with the Tollivers, eh ? I thought so. Me dear man," he leant across and tapped the Commissioner's knee impressively, "d'ye know what ? That young fellow deserves a knighthood at the least. Why ? For helpin' me get rid of Jerry Tolliver, the old hunks, and his hell-cat of a missus up there. Remember, Jerry resigned—ill-health they called it. Ill-health me eye! 'Twas too much George Abbott. Anyone else'd have run away from them; but not he. He stuck it out there, and sooner or later Jerry Tolliver found it handier to take himself and his . . . ahem, out of it."

He took a deep draught and glared at Bruce-Hartie over the edge of his glass. "Ask him to dinner to-night, me dear fellow. That's a command, y'understand ?"

The Commissioner looked doubtful for a second and Sir Hercules pounced on him. "What's this ? Oho . . . I see! The women, eh ? Miss Elaine's in disgrace over him. And Mrs. Bruce-Hartie's . . . um, prejudiced, eh ?" The Governor's eye spoke whole encyclopedias about women. "Leave'm to me, me dear man. There's a bit more than all this, I don't mind tellin' ye. There's a deal more to this Abbott boy than's generally known. I'll not tell ye now, either. Leave it to me, and go send a *sais* out to him."

The Commissioner got up and was halfway to the door when Sir Hercules stopped him.

"This other fellow . . . what's his ugly name ? . . . Cholmeley ? Don't like his face. Don't think you want him here, eh ? What's the little swipe do ? Oil, eh ? Anglo-Levuka Oil ? That's Tom Vickery, isn't it ? All right, while you're about it get me Tom on the 'phone, and I'll soon settle him. Get him transferred, by the powers. T'morrow, too, if I want to."

Sir Hercules sank back in his chair mopping his brow. He was a highly explosive Governor, but never, in his twelve years of dealing with men and things on that coast, had anyone ever caught him failing to do a thing he had said he would do.

So to George Abbott, dressing for his solitary meal out on the plantation, came a gorgeously attired groom with a note, in the Commissioner's tiny and precise script, bidding him dine at the Residency that evening "to meet H.E. Sir Hercules O'Hara." And George Abbott, after scratching his head in wonderment for some minutes, came to the conclusion that there were more things in the world than he understood, but attired himself like the lilies of the field and drove in.

He found Sir Hercules on the sofa in the Residency drawing-room in deep and earnest conversation with a much-chastened Mrs. Bruce-Hartie.

"Ha!" he said, when George was presented to him by the Commissioner. "So you're the young boy that's been breakin' all the girls' hearts, eh ? Runnin' up an' down blightin' their sweet young lives, eh ? Y'are a scoundrel, sir, and I've sent for ye here to tell ye so! Not a word, sir, not a word! And how's your old scoundrel of a dad, sir! Known him fifty years, and ye're the spit and image of him. Ye don't remember me, I see. Well, I remember you, although when I saw ye last ye were in rompers back in the County Leitrim. Aha, I see that's got ye!"

He turned to Mrs. Bruce-Hartie, who was looking at George Abbott with new and prominent eyes. "This young gentleman," he said, "is masqueradin' on this coast. It's as George Abbott ye know him, eh ? Well, George Abbott he is, all right; but he's a little somethin' he doesn't use tacked on to the front of that. And when his dad's quite finished with what's the finest property in the globe of Ireland, he'll have it—and he'll be Lord Annaghmore then, bedad, and won't consort with us. Ha ?"

He rose towering over everyone else in the room and gave his arm to Mrs. Bruce-Hartie. The Commissioner waved George Abbott towards his daughter, and as he did so he permitted himself once again a quite dissolute wink, and a meaningful glance at his wife's majestic back.

Elaine giggled. And George led her, starry-eyed, in the wake of Sir Hercules and her mamma.

END

PRINCE'S PLATE
THE NEW
'ATHENIAN' PATTERN
(regd.)

STAINLESS
MAPPIN & WEBB

Many of to-day's most popular designs in Spoons and Forks were first made in Prince's Plate—*the only lasting substitute for Sterling Silver.* Call or write for Catalogue. There is a pattern to suit your taste, for the range is so diverse, and quality considered, prices are quite modest: Table Spoons or Forks from 35/- Doz.; Dessert Spoons or Forks from 25/- Doz. Tea Spoons from 14/- Doz.

MAPPIN & WEBB
LTD.
172 REGENT ST. W.1 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C.4
156-162 OXFORD STREET W.1 - - - - LONDON

No teething troubles

MUMMY thinks those tiny teeth are more precious by far than all the pearls of the Orient.

And Baby cut them without the slightest trouble. Mummy always says it is because Baby was given "Ovaltine" Rusks as the time came for the first little tooth to appear.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are specially made crisp enough for Baby to bite upon and thus enable the teeth to come easily through the gums. Yet they are not too hard for the youngest child to eat and enjoy.

These delicious rusks are most nourishing, too, for they are made of unbleached wheaten flour—absolutely pure and retaining all the nutritive elements. In addition they contain a proportion of "Ovaltine"—rich in nerve and body-building properties.

Let "Ovaltine" Rusks help you—as they have helped thousands of mothers—to make sure that teething time for your baby will be as easy as possible, free from all the fretfulness so often experienced at this time.

'OVALTINE' RUSKS

APPETISING · DIGESTIVE · & · NOURISHING

Sold at 1/6 and 2/6 per tin.

R 84

A Crochet Yoke and Cuffs

(*Continued from page 69*)

then continue as usual.

30th row.— 3 d.c. in each loop.
31st row.—Same as 5th round.
32nd round.—Same as 6th round.
33rd round.—Same as 29th round.
34th round.—Same as 30th round.
35th round.—Same as 5th round.
36th round.—Same as 6th round.
37th round.—Same as 29th round.
38th round.—Same as 30th round.
39th round.—Same as 5th round.
40th round.—Same as 6th round.
41st round.—Same as 29th round.
42nd round.—Same as 30th round.

Repeat the 5th and 6th rounds three times, and your cuff is finished.

Having made the two cuffs, press on the wrong side over a damp cloth, then crochet two lengths of chain in the brown wool, and tie into a little bow at the top of each cuff.

Orange and Lemon Time

(*Continued from page 75*)

Orange Honey

2 oranges; 2 pounds of granulated sugar; 1 large breakfast-cupful of water.

Dissolve the sugar in the water, using a white lined pan, for ten minutes. There is no need to stir. Take the syrup off the fire and add the juice and very finely grated rind of the two oranges. Stir this until it is just becoming creamy, and pour into little pots before it is quite cool.

Lemon Curd

3 lemons; ½ lb. of loaf sugar; 3 oz. of butter; 3 eggs.

Wash the lemons thoroughly and rub off the zest on to the lumps of loaf sugar. Add this with the juice to the butter and well-beaten eggs. Stand the basin in a pan of cold water and heat slowly until the curd begins to thicken. When sufficiently cooked it should form a thin film on the back of the spoon. Pour into pots and tie down.

Orange and Lemon Peel Preserved

Choose oranges and lemons with firm, unblemished skins, and of a good colour. Well wash the fruit, remove the peel and cover it with cold water. Allow it to soak for two days, changing the water four times. Wash the peel and boil for one hour, soaking it again for a day. Boil a second time for an hour and cover with fresh cold water. Add a quarter of a pound of sugar to each pint of water. Boil this again, until the peel is transparent, pour into jars and tie down.

Sweets, Chutneys and Salads from Bananas

(*Continued from page 76*)

The salad should be served on lettuce leaves and covered with a mayonnaise dressing.

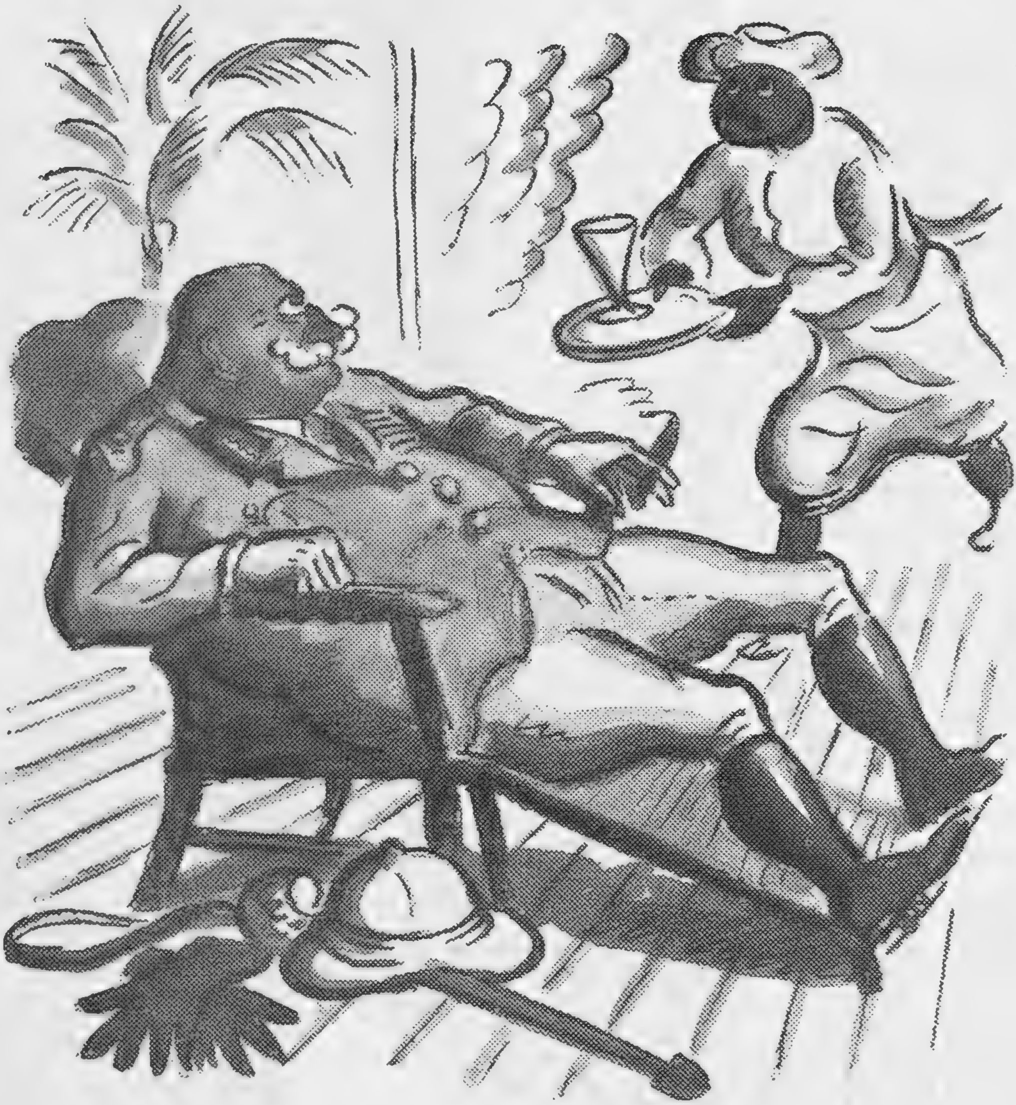
BANANA AND MIXED NUT SALAD.—Cut into slices some peeled firm bananas and place them in a basin with an equal quantity of mixed nuts, which should be peeled. Sprinkle on this the juice of half a lemon and season the salad to taste with salt and pepper. Arrange this in a salad bowl and make a border of watercress which has been washed and dried. Serve this with a mayonnaise dressing.

BANANA CHUTNEY.—Cut 12 bananas into pieces and let them simmer in vinegar until soft and pulpy, then add half a pound of sugar while hot. Leave this to cool and chop two onions and ¼ lb. of sultanas very finely. When the bananas are cold mix everything well together. Stand for 12 hours and tie up in jars.

BANANA SAUCE.—Put in a saucepan with a little water some firm bananas. Add 1 clove, a little cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoonful of red currant jelly and a small piece of bay-leaf. Boil together for a few minutes and strain through a fine sieve. Serve either hot or cold.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

The General was, read his testimonial—



From

The General Officer Commanding

the Frizzlebad District.

Gentlemen

Throughout my service in India I took a glass of Shell neat with my chota hazri every morning and I found that my volatility actually increased as the day grew hotter.

Yours etc.,

E. Bitam

(BRIG. GEN. RET.)

Winter Shell Petrol is specially blended to give quick starting in cold weather

The Criminal Afloat

(Continued from page 7)

so he steals guiltily back to the forecastle, hoping against hope that the worst will not happen, and listening for the dreaded cry of "Fire!" to ring the whole length of the doomed ship.

The phrase "tapping the Admiral" calls to mind a naval yarn—mythical, one hopes—of the pilferer at sea. Lord Nelson's body, after Trafalgar, was placed for conveyance to England in a coffin filled with spirits; and the tale goes that certain thirsty seamen insinuated a straw into an auger hole bored in the casket for the purpose, and thus "tapped the Admiral." Under the name of "sucking the monkey," a similar process has long been a favourite method of pilfering among dock labourers.

But perhaps the most remarkable of all sea robberies was the theft, in the early 'eighties, of the "Ferret," complete with cargo and stores, by a gang of daring and ingenious conspirators, who came very near making a clean getaway with their booty.

The Melbourne correspondent of the *Times* remarked, in reporting the case, "Is the 'Ferret' likely to be the only vessel with which this game has been played?" And the words carry a sinister suggestion.

THERE is in the Harleian Collection a queer old pamphlet called "Strange News from Plymouth," published in 1684, describing how a Dutch vessel returning from the Indies was becalmed so long that her company were reduced to starvation. She had as passengers a Dutch merchant and his wife and children, and after the children had died and been devoured by the famishing crew, they drew lots for the next victim and for the man who should do the deed. The lot fell on the merchant's wife, and the unfortunate husband was drawn as her executioner, whereupon he jumped overboard. A seaman named George Carpinger, "being a person of a voluble tongue," says the pamphlet, "and formerly well-bred at Stepney, near London," then became the lady's champion, and at last got safely to land, with her and a casket of jewels. The story concludes that "the lady seems much to favour him, and when the time of mourning is over will undoubtedly make him happy in her embraces."

The theme has been frequently exploited both by serious and humorous writers, Edgar Allan Poe among the former, and among the latter W. S. Gilbert and Thackeray in *Little Billee*. But it was with a thrill of horror that the public learned of an actual occurrence of the kind so recently as in the summer of 1884.

A small yacht called the "Mignonette" sailed from Southampton on the 19th of May in that year, consigned to a Sydney gentleman of the name of Want. She carried a crew of four—the captain Dudley, Stephens the mate, a seaman named Brooks, and a boy of seventeen, Richard Parker. All went well until she was twenty-seven degrees south of the Line, when her side was stove in by a heavy sea and she sank so quickly that those on board had only just time to get into the boat—a punt 13 feet long. The only food they had time to secure was two tins of preserved turnips, on which, and a small turtle they caught, they lived until they had been twelve days adrift.

By this time they were suffering the extreme torments of hunger and thirst. The boy Parker, who had been drinking sea water, was the first to fail, and had become delirious, and the captain now turned to his companions with the horrible suggestion that they should draw lots to decide which of them should die for the others.

"Not me," said the seaman Brooks. "I don't want nobody to die for me, and I ain't goin' to die for nobody else."

The mate too shrank from the idea, and for a time the captain said no more. But the thought still possessed his mind, and on the nineteenth day he took the mate aside and told him:

"If there is no ship in sight to-morrow we must kill the lad."

The next day's dawn rose over the empty circle of the sea, and still no ship came. The other two still held back from the deed, so the captain, going to the boy, who was lying in the bottom of the boat with his head on his arm, said to him, "Richard, my boy, your time is come." The lad lifted his head and said, "What—me, sir?" whereupon the captain put an end to his life with a small pocket-knife.

Five days later, the three survivors were picked up by the German barque "Montezuma," and landed at Falmouth, where the dreadful truth soon became known. The three men were tried at Exeter Assizes for the murder of the boy, but as no such case had ever been before the courts before, the jury refused to give a verdict, and it was referred to the Court of Queen's Bench, being the first criminal cause tried there since the Jacobite trials more than a century before.

The higher Court supported Baron Huddleston's view when he summed up at Exeter, namely, that deliberate homicide was not justifiable under the conditions of the case, and the captain and mate were sentenced to death. They were, however, reprieved in consideration of their sufferings, which had indeed rendered them practically insane at the time the deed was done, and their sentence was commuted to six months' imprisonment.

Years afterwards, a pilot went on board a vessel in a port in the Far East, and got into conversation with the mate, who, after they had been talking for a while, suddenly said:

"I was one of the survivors of the 'Mignonette.'"

The memory of that dark deed still haunted him and, like the "Ancient Mariner," "till his ghastly tale was told his heart within him burned."

Such was the terrible story of the "Mignonette," now all but forgotten. The curious may still see a memorial to the murdered boy in the church at Pear Tree Green, near Southampton, with the appropriate inscription:—

"Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

END

Comparisons are Glorious

(Continued from page 39)

of the softer, more beautiful and engaging side of life and humanity, afraid, inarticulate, gradually thawing mentally and physically. Everything is there, in those fleeting, timid smiles, the doubting, observant eyes, the sudden, involuntary movements of retreat and advance. She is as wistful as Gaynor, as pathetic as Gish was. Her harsh voice and gawky figure add instead of detracting from the effect.

The rest of the film is easier from an acting point of view, but Garbo never "lets up" or lets the part down. There are flashes when she is like Bernhardt, and in the last sequences she, who is said to be so cold and aloof, brings a real tenderness to her scenes with the man she loves and expresses a convincing faith in spite of disillusionment. They were not afraid to put Clark Gable, the male meteor with strong-man appeal and acting ability, opposite to Greta Garbo!

And Janet Gaynor! The public, the big public, goes on loving her. She does not suffer from direction. She goes her own sweet—very sweet, way. If Garbo is the actress with a brain and mystery, Janet (note, that the "fans" call one by her surname and the other by her Christian name) is the star with a heart (or so it appears to her audiences), a simple little thing whose emotions they can understand and share.

Dorothy Mackail does not get anything like the publicity of some of the great stars. I believe her name has never yet appeared *above* the title of the pictures she appears in, but she has a large and loyal following in this country. People like her frank, rather breezy manner, and her humour.

The Marlene Dietrich—Greta Garbo controversy has been done to death. I think Dietrich is a lovely creature and a good actress, but in none of her Hollywood pictures has she equalled her performance in "The Blue Angel." It will be interesting to see whether she will escape the dictatorial directorial formula in future pictures.

It seems a pity that America takes the trouble to import sophistication from Europe and then tries to "make it over" and destroy its elements. It is noticeable that nearly all the actresses cast for strong, tarnished-lady parts are imports. Ruth Chatterton and Anne Harding are among the few "grown up" American film actresses. Joan Crawford will, if she does not get too thin and too mannered, develop into a real actress. One would say she has a future. Norma Shearer is a Canadian, who has successfully made a speciality of allurement. But most of the younger much vaunted stars are of the ingénue type, and I do not see how they can even "grow up" on the screen.

THERE is little Sylvia Sydney who plays the part of Rose in the terrible and moving "Street Scene," with sensibility and intelligence, but, with her little flat face, short nose and great eyes, one could never imagine her in a more mature part. Loretta Young, who has played with Ronald Colman, slender, blonde, blue eyed, but again with unaquiline nose and short upper lip, which can be so appealing in youth but do not constitute a lasting beauty, speaks and moves and dresses nicely and is near stardom. She is kidnapped a great deal in the excellent comedy drama, "I Like Your Nerve," in which Douglas Fairbanks Junior shows a wit and a smile not at all unlike his father's. One of the things that amused me about this film was that our own Edmund Breon, of the eyeglass and infectious grin, has had his hair greyed and is cast as the villain, a bold, bad and very rich (*sic*) Englishman! It all seemed a little incongruous, but he did it very well and his native humour peeped out inevitably. Claude Allister, another Englishman and an incomparable "silly ass," is also in "I Like Your Nerve." It is well mounted and goes with a swing. It was a great relief at the Regal after the harrowing "Street Scene."

Space does not permit of anything like an analysis of the many other stars or potential stars. Among the younger actresses who are probably rising and not falling stars are Sally Eilers, who was so very good in "Bad Girl," and is acting again with James Dunn in "Dance Team," Sidney Fox, another of the soubrette type who succeeded Clara Bow when she lost It and won Him, and Helen Twelvetrees, upon whom one thought the mantle of Lilian Gish had fallen, but who has not had very good parts lately. Hollywood does not seem to know how to handle Elissa Landi.

Marie Dressler, of course, stands alone.

Discussion of her art hardly belongs to this dissertation.

And I have not said anything about Constance Bennett, the £6,000 a week star whose publicity agents so indubitably earn their caviare, but hasn't it all been said?

END

YOUR HAIR IS NOW MORE OF THE PICTURE

In the modern revealing mode your hair will make or mar the picture in which fashion decrees that it shall be the dainty, intriguing frame to the face. To-day the hat of your choice demands the perfect coiffure – at first sight the picture must please. Three essential features go to make your hair smart, youthful and sublimely beautiful; down-like softness, lustre and delicate fragrance. Houbigant's Single Friction Lotion will impart all these three by a single, simple method. Applied by the hairdresser, from a sealed *individual* flacon – after the shampoo, but before the wave – it quickly rinses the hair of all oil and soap residues, leaving it soft, lustrous and adaptable to the mode of your choice, fragrant with perfume of delicately balanced strength.

■

QUELQUES FLEURS
HOUBIGANT

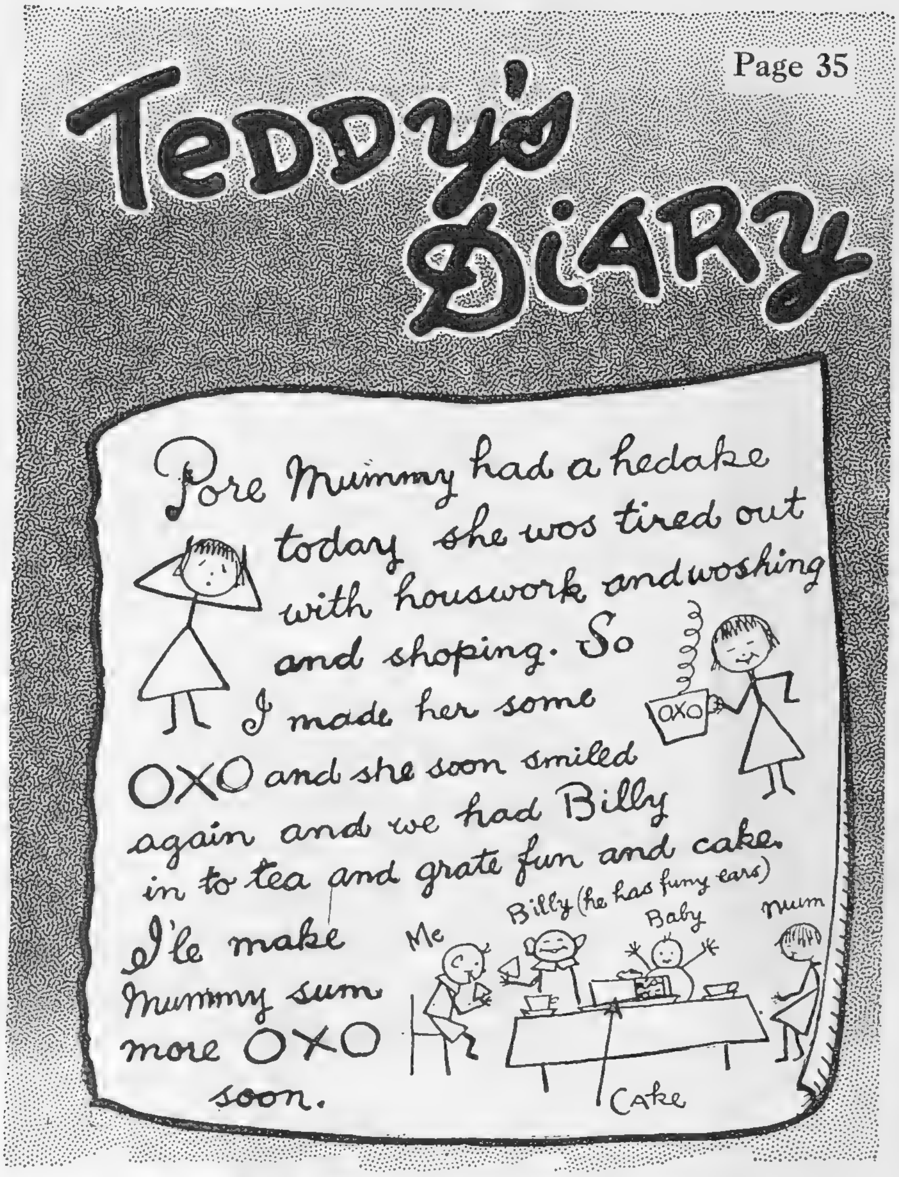
Fragrances:
QUELQUES FLEURS – AU MATIN
BOIS DORMANT – FLEUR BIENAIMÉE
TEMPS DES LILAS, etc.

SINGLE FRICTION LOTION

OBTAINABLE AT AND APPLIED IN
HAIRDRESSING ESTABLISHMENTS EXCLUSIVELY

HOUBIGANT

PARIS


Page 35
TEDDY'S DIARY
Pore Mummy had a hedake today she wos tired out with houswork and woshing and shoping. So I made her some OXO and she soon smiled again and we had Billy in to tea and grate fun and cake.
I'le make Mummy sum more OXO soon.
OXO
Me
Billy (he has funy ears)
Baby
Mum
Cake

Hot Oxo at 11 a.m—

or after a busy morning, is almost a universal habit. The Beef food-substances of Oxo are readily absorbed, at once remove fatigue and promote fresh vigour of mind and body. Oxo helps to restore loss of nervous energy and to resist the strain of daily life.

OXO

everybody needs it!

E 27

Wind-Jamming *the* Horn

(*Continued from page* 35)

If you "go sick" on a Horner, remember there is nothing to be done except starve yourself. There is no doctor on board (I was cabin boy and doctor in one!) If your liver is torturing you and your insides have gone on strike as members of the most vindictive trade union in the world, hanging out eruptive banners of sea-boils, you have to grin and bear it or just . . . peg out.

I should be sorry if I gave my readers the idea that on the Cape Horners, now almost vanished from the seas, there was nothing but "the rough stuff." But they did not get their name of "hell-shops" for nothing!

In our days, captain and officers *have* to treat their men with passable consideration, and as my own captain, a humane and generous-hearted man, once said to me. "For one good reason. We can't get crews for sailers in these days. We have to get what we can. If we knock them about too much, they just fly the ship."

At the same time, I know of a certain Cape Horner on which a "bucko mate" of the old school made life for his crew a pretty special kind of Hades. He had "picked on" one man in particular, and so bulldozed him that the wretch was nearly "off his rocker."

"The rough stuff" so far as combat between man and man is concerned, is never far off on a Horner. Any man who "signs on" must be prepared at any moment to fight for his life—we say nothing about his honour—at least on some of these "floating hells" as they were once called.

Much of this will be denied by mariners who wish to "see the sea" on the deep sea ship through romantic glasses. And it cannot be denied that the modern sailor-boy is much less ready to use his fist than his forbears. But it all depends upon the ship and nationality of the crew.

Seamen are apt to speak and think only of their own particular ships or experiences, and to deny anything which has not come within their own purview.

When that great sea-poet and novelist, Clark Russell, a man who has never really come to his own as master of English sea literature, asserted many years ago that he had known wretched little ship's boys to be "pricked over" the futtocks by brutal bos'uns, with their blood falling from them as they went over for the first time, a howl of contradiction went up from certain humane mariners. Yet, these things actually happened. And I know of one boy who thus fell from the futtocks into the sea, to be drowned, having lost his nerve as he "went over."

Landsmen will sneer—but I say deliberately, and in this at least I will have most sailormen with me, that one of the biggest risks the seaman runs is when he chooses an unlucky ship.

The *Mona Lisa*, as I here call her, was the "luckiest-unlucky" ship of all the Cape Horners.

She has many counts against her for "attempted murder." She has been ashore twice. She has been given up as "lost" at Lloyd's. And as one of her little tricksy bits, I might say that she once managed to lose her fore top-gallant mast, which, carrying away, brought down the main top-gallant and royal masts.

In the old days some ships were called "coffin-ships." For they were just that. Floating coffins. They were sometimes *meant* to be "floating coffins."

Unscrupulous owners would insure them heavily, send them to sea ill-found and in bad trim, lose them, and . . . claim the insurance!

One of the men on my ship told me that he actually knew in the old days of ships which were sent to sea "with (*Continued on page* 92)

BY APPOINTMENT

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST.,W.

BY APPOINTMENT

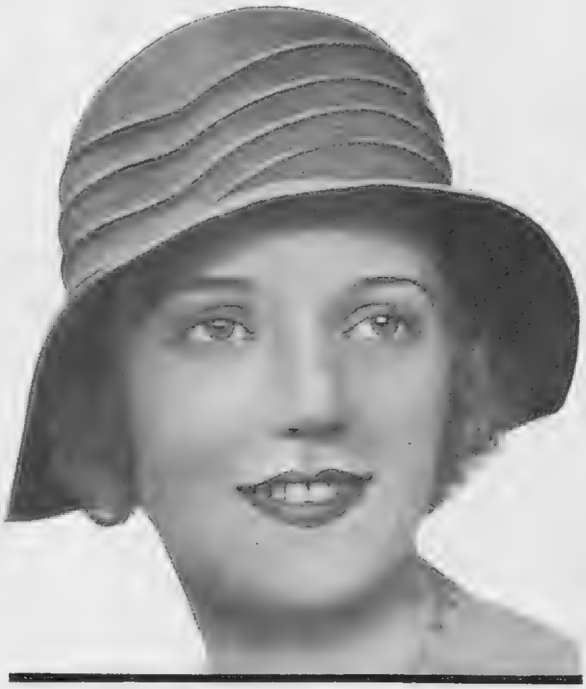
There is a Henry Heath Agent in your District

ABERDEEN—Esslemont & Macintosh.
,, W. J. Milne, Ltd.
ABERGAVENNY—Daniels.
ABERTILLERY—Morgan & Francis.
ABERYSTWYTH—T. Ellis & Co.
ALDERSHOT—Thomas White & Co., Ltd.
ALNWICK—Kate Douglas.
ALTON—Bernard Johnson.
ALTRINCHAM—Nellie Dennett.
AMMANFORD—Emanuel's.
ANDOVER—Mme. Pepler.
ARMAGH—T. J. Walker.
AXMINSTER—E. Dawkins & Son, Ltd.
AYLESBURY—Longleys.
AYR—Kenneth McDonald & Son.
BALLYMENA—Barclay & Crawford.
,, Getty & Co.
BALLYMONEY (Co. Antrim)—
H. McCurdy, Hamilton & Sons
BANBURY—Mmes. Jeremy & Shephard.
BANGOR (Co. Down)—Gertrude Mackay
BARMOUTH—Morris & Son.
BARNSTAPLE—Radford & Yeo.
BASINGSTOKE—H. Cater.
,, Lanhams.
BATH—Walker & Ling.
BECCLES—Frank Foster.
BECKENHAM—"Coronel."
BEDFORD—E. P. Rose & Son, Ltd.
BELFAST—Anderson & McAulay, Ltd.
,, Florence Graham.
,, Castle Buildings, Ltd.
,, Miss E. Clarke, Ltd.
,, Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.
,, The Ulster Arcade, Ltd.
BERWICK-ON-TWEED—Paxton & Purves,Ltd
BEXHILL-ON-SEA—Pring & Butler.
BIDEFORD—Merefield & Trapnell.
BIGGAR—Margaret Roberts.
BIGGLESWADE—Misses C. & G. Thomas.
BIRCHINGTON—J. E. Moss.
BIRKENHEAD—Robb Bros., Ltd.
BIRMINGHAM—Dorothy Mitchell, Ltd.
,, Rackhams.
,, Marshall & Snelgrove.
BISHOP'S STORTFORD—Lena Tabiner.
BLACKHEATH—Hinds & Co. (Blackheath), Ltd
BLACKPOOL—Parry & Parker.
BLANDFORD—H. Garrett & Son.
BOGNOR—Mme. Deeks.
BOLTON—R. Whitehead & Son, Ltd.
BOURNEMOUTH—Bright's.
,, Stuarts.
BRADFORD—Brown, Muff & Co., Ltd.
,, Parkinson & Clark, Ltd.
BRAINTREE—Pluck & Collins.
BRECON—J. Haydn Davies.
BRIDGEND—Miss C. Stuchbery.
BRIDGWATER—D. Philipps & Co., Ltd.
BRIDLINGTON—A. G. Scholefield & Co.
BRIDPORT—Wm. Elmes, Ltd.
BRIGG—Lacey & Clark.
BRIGHTON—Chipperfield & Butler, Ltd.
,, Mme. Lillian.
BRISTOL—J. F. Taylor & Sons, Ltd.
BROMLEY—F. Medhurst, Ltd.
BROUGHTY FERRY—Emily Stewart.
BUDE—Dinnis Medland & Co.
BURNHAM-ON-SEA—Miss E. L. Morgan.
BURTON-ON-TRENT—Johnson & Seddon.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS—Plumptons.
BUXTON—J. Milligan & Sons, Ltd.
CAMBERLEY—James Page.
CAMBRIDGE—Geo. Stace.
CANTERBURY—Martins (Canterbury), Ltd.
CARDIFF—James Howell & Co., Ltd.
,, E. Roberts, Ltd.
,, David Morgan, Ltd.
CARLISLE—Samuel Jesper, Ltd.
CARMARTHEN—Thomas & Sons.
CARNARVON—WaterlooHouse(Carnarvon)Ltd.
CHATHAM—E. Bates, Ltd.
CHELTENHAM—Cavendish House, Ltd.
,, Shirer Haddon, Ltd.
CHEPSTOW—Herbert Lewis.
CHESHAM—James Moon.
CHESTER—Richard Jones & Co.
CHICHESTER—Charge & Co.
CHIPPENHAM—R. Isaacs & Sons.
CIRENCESTER—Fredk. Boulton & Sons, Ltd.
CLACTON—Smith & Son.
CLECKHEATON—Mark Harrison.
CLEVEDON—T. Salisbury & Sons, Ltd.
CLIFTON (Bristol)—The Alexandra Co., Ltd.
COLCHESTER—Victoria Bailey.
,, Smith & Son.
COLWYN BAY—W. S. Wood.
CORK—J. W. Dowden & Co., Ltd.
,, Cash & Co.
COVENTRY—M. McCarthy.
CRANLEIGH—Gammons, Ltd.
CREWE—Mdme. Isabel Lyon.
CRIEFF (N. B.)—Scrimgeours.
CROMER—Rusts Ltd.
CROYDON—Grant Bros., Ltd.
DARLINGTON—Luck & Sons.
,, H. Binns, Son & Co., Ltd.
DARTMOUTH—The Misses Cranford.
DEAL—Chas. Russell & Son.
DERBY—Barlow, Taylor & Co., Ltd.
DEVIZES—J. R. Pritchard.
DOLGELLEY—M. A. Williams.
DONCASTER—A. Gammon.
DORKING—S. & H. Banbury.
DOVER—H. W. Alston (Dover), Ltd.
DOWNPATRICK—J. R. Latimer.
DROITWICH—Hathaways.
DUBLIN—Tanner & Shire.
,, Mathieson.
,, Brown, Thomas & Co., Ltd.
DUMFRIES—R. Barbour & Sons, Ltd.
DUNDALK—J. D. Melville & Co., Ltd.
DUNDEE—Henderson & Mackay.
EALING BROADWAY—Eldred Sayers & Son, Ltd.
EASTBOURNE—George Brown & Co., Ltd.
EAST GRINSTEAD—Winifred Holloway.
EDGWARE—Stanley J. Lee.
EDINBURGH—Romanes & Paterson.
,, Alexander Wilkie.
,, Jenners.
ELGIN—A. L. Ramsey & Son.
ENNIS (Co. Clare)—Daly & Co.

EPSOM—H. L. Reid & Co., Ltd.
EVESHAM—R. W. Righton.
EXETER—"Collins."
,, Colson & Co.
EXMOUTH—Thos. Tucker.
FALKIRK—Mackinlay & Thomson, Ltd.
FALMOUTH—H. Cox & Horder.
FAREHAM—Wilkins & Co.
FARNHAM—Elphicks, Ltd.
FAVERSHAM—Child & Ellis, Ltd.
FISHGUARD—Francis A. Davies & Co.
FOLKESTONE—Lewis & Hyland.
,, Whitechurch & Medhurst.
FORT WILLIAM—Mairi Macintyre.
GLASGOW—Daly & Co.
,, Pettigrew & Stephens.
GLOUCESTER—Dentons (1924), Ltd.
,, Herbert & Sons.
GODALMING—Darking Bros.
GRANTHAM—A. Chambers & Co., Ltd.
GRAVESEND—Bryant & Rackstraw, Ltd.
GRAYSHOTT—Mme. Warr & Co.
GREENOCK—J. & S. Shannon, Ltd.
GRIMSBY—Guy & Smith, Ltd.
GUERNSEY—W. H. De La Mare, Ltd.
GUILDFORD—Simpson Bros.
GUILDFORD—W. E. White & Son.
HALESWORTH—C. B. Vanstone.
HALTWHISTLE—The Misses Armstrong.
HAMILTON—Isobel Semple, Ltd.
HANLEY—Misses F. L. & L. Copeland.
HARPENDEN—A. Anscombe & Sons, Ltd.
HARROGATE—Marshalls, Ltd.
HARROW—Somertons.
HASTINGS—Plummer Roddis, Ltd.
HAVERFORDWEST—Commerce House, Ltd.
,, T. P. Hughes & Son.
HAWICK—Misses Scott.
HEBDEN BRIDGE—Mrs. A. Hey.
HELSTON—Edith Winn.
HEREFORD—Greenlands Ltd.
HERTFORD—Small & Burgess.
HEXHAM—Willoughby & Purvis.
HORLEY—T. Stapley & Sons.
HORSHAM—Hunt Bros.
HULL—Costello & Sons (Hull), Ltd.
,, Thornton Varley, Ltd.
HUNTLY—J. M. Boyd.
HYTHE—W. E. Martin.
ILFRACOMBE—Herbert Broome.
INVERNESS—Young & Chapman.
IPSWICH—F. H. Smith & Harvey, Ltd.
,, F. Corder & Son, Ltd.
JERSEY—A. de Gruchy & Co., Ltd.
,, Mrs. E. Long.
KEIGHLEY—Miss S. A. Raisbeck.
KEITH—John M. Boyd & Co.
KELSO—Miss E. Scott.
KENDAL—J. Leighton.
KIDDERMINSTER—J. Andrews & Son.
KINGSBRIDGE—Tanner's.
KING'S LYNN—Mme. Eileen.
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES—Hide & Co., Ltd.
KNIGHTON—Clee & Sons.

LARNE—J. M. Taylor.
LAUNCESTON—Treleaven & Son, Ltd.
LEAMINGTON—E. Francis & Son, Ltd.
,, Paurelles.
LEATHERHEAD—Hazel.
LEDBURY—William Oakes.
LEEDS—H. & D. Hart, Ltd.
,, Marshalls, Ltd.
,, Mme. Mills.
LEICESTER—Adderley & Co., Ltd.
,, J. Johnson & Co., Ltd.
LEIGHTON BUZZARD—Mme. Dumpleton.
LEOMINSTER—R. E. Scudamore.
LEWES—Caleb Mitchell, Ltd.
LICHFIELD—Lillian Hipkin.
LIMERICK—Wm. Todd & Co., Ltd.
LINCOLN—C. J. Fox & Co.
LISBURN (Co. Antrim)—C. T. Hardy.
LITTLEHAMPTON—Eva Thorman.
LIVERPOOL—Bon Marché (Liverpool), Ltd.
,, G. H. Lee & Co., Ltd.
,, W. Henderson & Sons, Ltd.
LLANDILO—J. R. Evans.
LLANDUDNO—Frank Turner.
LLANELLY—E. Owen.
LONDONDERRY—Irvine & Co. (Derry), Ltd.
LOUGHBOROUGH—Miss A. O. Webb.
,, E. & E. M. Farmer.
LOUTH—Eve & Ranshaw.
LOWESTOFT—Tuttle & Sons, Ltd.
LUDLOW—J. Evans & Son.
LUTON—Blundell Bros. (Luton), Ltd.
MAESTEG—Henry Laviers & Co.
MACCLESFIELD—E. Rawlinson.
MAIDENHEAD—J. C. Webber & Sons, Ltd.
MAIDSTONE—Wm. Morling, Ltd.
MALDON (Essex)—V. Tunbridge.
MALVERN—Brays (Malvern), Ltd.
MANCHESTER—Kendal, Milne & Co.
,, Marshall & Snelgrove.
MARGATE—Rapsons, Ltd.
MARKET DRAYTON—Henry Hobson.
MARLBOROUGH—P. T. Gough.
MARLOW—Jas. Morgan & Son
MERTHYR TYDVIL—M. Morgan & Co.
MIDDLESBROUGH—H. Binns, Son & Co., Ltd.
,, J. Newhouse, Ltd.
MILFORD-ON-SEA—H. H. Craft & Co.
MINEHEAD (Som.)—Floyd & Sons.
MONTROSE—W. Ernest Watt.
NAIRN—Burnett & Forbes.
NEATH—T. T. Lloyds.
,, W. Heath Davies & Son.
NEWARK—Miss Edith Johnson.
NEWBURY—Eynon.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—Fenwick, Ltd.
,, ,, Bainbridge & Co. Ltd.
,, ,, J. Taylor.
NEWCASTLE (Staffs)—Henry White.
NEWMARKET—W. E. Ashford.
NEWPORT (Mon.)—Reynolds & Co., Ltd.
NEWPORT (I.W.)—Tilleys.
NEWTON ABBOTT—J. F. Rockhey Ltd.

NEWRY (Co. Down)—J. E. Leeson.
NORTHAMPTON—Adnitt Bros.
,, Harry Leal.
NORTHWICH—The Misses Chadwick & Ball.
NORWICH—Chamberlins, Ltd.
,, Greens (Norwich), Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM—Griffin & Spalding, Ltd.
,, Mme. Finetta.
OAKHAM—Furley & Hassan.
OBAN—Chalmers.
OKEHAMPTON—T. C. Westcott & Co.
OSWESTRY—R. R. Hughes & Co.
OXFORD—C. Badcock & Co., Ltd.
,, Elliston & Cavell, Ltd.
PAIGNTON—Provie & Co.
PAISLEY—R. Cochran & Sons, Ltd.
PENARTH—Howell Bros.
PENRITH—J. H. Howe.
PENZANCE—J. T. S. Mabbott.
PERTH—James McEwen & Co., Ltd.
PETERBOROUGH—Freda Howard.
PETERSFIELD—Norman Burton.
PLYMOUTH—Popham's.
PONTARDAWE—Howell Scale.
PONTARDULAIS—T. D. Rees & Co.
PONTYPOOL—E. Fowler & Son.
PONTYPRIDD—Miss A. Lewis.
PORTADOWN (Co. Armagh)—Elliott & Stephenson
PORTHCAWL—Eluned Pearce.
PORTMADOC—Heritage.
PORTRUSH—White House, Ltd.
PORT TALBOT—Lewis's.
PRESTATYN—The Paragon (J. C. Jones).
PURLEY—Kate Cowley.
RAMSGATE—Lewis & Hyland.
READING—Heelas, Ltd.
REDHILL—Mme. Wellington.
REDRUTH (Cornwall)—K. Gribble & Son.
RHOS-ON-SEA—Frank Turner.
RHYL—S. G. Talbot.
RICHMOND—Mme. Briggs.
ROMSEY—Henry Guard, Ltd.
ROSS-ON-WYE—H. W. Raynor, Ltd.
ROYSTON—Robert Wilson & Son.
RUGBY—A. & F. Adnitt.
RYDE (I.O.W.)—S. Fowler & Co.
SALISBURY—Style & Gerrish.
ST. ALBANS—A. J. Dorell, Ltd.
ST. ANDREWS—Mrs. Taylor.
ST. ANNES-ON-SEA—David Ferguson.
ST. IVES—May Bruce.
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA—Philpot & Sons, Ltd.
SCARBOROUGH—Marshall's, Ltd.
SEVENOAKS—S. Young & Son, Ltd.
SHEFFIELD—Cole Bros., Ltd.
,, Coombs & Sanderson.
,, Marshall's, Ltd.
,, Price & Co., Broomhill.
SHEPTON MALLET—Thorne & Thorne.
SHERBORNE—L. B. Hillam.
SHREWSBURY—R. Maddox & Co., Ltd.
SIDMOUTH—J. Field & Sons.
SITTINGBOURNE—Hapets, Ltd.
SLEAFORD—T. R. Pert.
SLIGO—Henry Lyons & Co., Ltd.
SOLIHULL—Alpine Andrews.
SOUTHAMPTON—Tyrrell & Green, Ltd.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA—J. R. Brightwell, Ltd.
SOUTH MOLTON—Hill & Co.
SOUTHPORT—Boothroyds.
SOUTHSEA—Handleys, Ltd.
,, Bright's (Southsea), Ltd.
SOUTHWOLD—Griffin & Co.
SPALDING—Pennington & Sons.
STAFFORD—Brookfields.
STAINES—Morford & Goodman, Ltd.
STAMFORD—Oates & Musson.
STIRLING—T. Menzies, Ltd.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES—R. Medd & Co.
STOWMARKET—Wm. Turner(Stowmarket),Ltd
STREATHAM—Elizabeth Frances.
STREET (Som.)—"The Novelty."
STROUD—T. P. Anthony & Co., Ltd.
SUNDERLAND—Binns, Ltd.
SUTTON (Surrey)—Wootten Bros. (Sutton) Ltd.
SWANSEA—Theophilus.
,, Ben Evans.
SYDENHAM—W. Cobb, Ltd.
TAUNTON—Hatcher & Sons, Ltd.
TENBY—T. P. Hughes & Son.
TIVERTON—Thorne Bros.
TONBRIDGE—Frank East.
TORQUAY—J. F. Rockhey, Ltd.
TROWBRIDGE—F. Deane Smith.
TRURO—Webb & Co.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS—Wilfred Bobby & Co.
,, Miss J. B. Jago.
TYNEMOUTH—M. Nicholls, Ltd.
VENTNOR (I.W.)—Thurgood Sisters.
WARMINSTER—Mrs. A. Butler.
WARRINGTON—J. & W. Dutton, Ltd.
WATFORD—J. P. Taylor.
,, Pearkes.
WELLINGBORO'—Bodaly & Co.
WELLINGTON—D. W. Agnew.
WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA—F. G. Webber & Co. (Westcliff-on-Sea), Ltd.
WEST HARTLEPOOL—H. Binns, Son & Co., Ltd.
WEST KIRBY—Jones & Co., Ltd.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE—Walker & Ling.
WEYMOUTH—Plummer Roddis, Ltd.
,, Mme. Riga.
WHITSTABLE—Windyridge.
WIGAN—Pendlebury & Co., Ltd.
WILMSLOW—W. T. Clegg.
WIMBORNE—H. Garrett & Son.
WINCHESTER—T. A. Brown & Sons.
WINDERMERE—Mme. Beatrice Herbert, Ltd.
WINSLOW—S. R. Holden.
WISBECH—Piper & Sayer, Ltd.
WOKING—Alfred Wyles.
WOLVERHAMPTON—J. Beattie, Ltd.
WORCESTER—Simes.
WORKSOP—Madame Emile.
WORTHING—Maison Ellis, Ltd.
,, Southey & Sons.
WREXHAM—J. & C. Jackson.
YARMOUTH—Palmers.
YEOVIL—Denners.
YORK—Kirby & Nicholson.



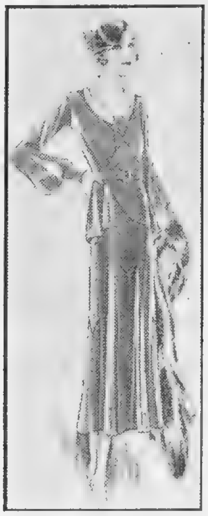
Model 4057

A soft fur felt available in a new range of attractive colours. Price **21/-**

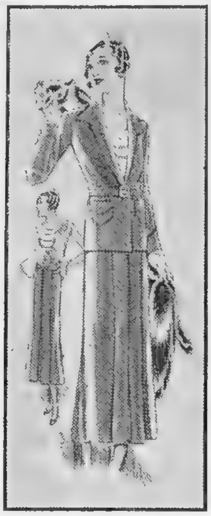
15% on price stated for Irish Free State

Obtainable from any of our Agents or sent on approval on receipt of cash or London Reference

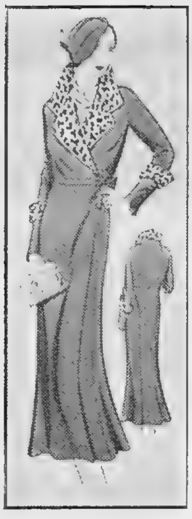
corot models by instalments



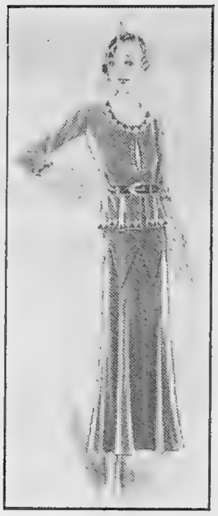
"treasure trove"
the afternoon frock that is inexpensive but most attractive has a worthy exponent in this model of a heavy crepe suede. the slashed sleeves are trimmed with the same contrasting shade that makes the smart collar, and the waistline shows the peplum flare. may be copied in many new shades. **7/6** monthly
cash 2½ gns.



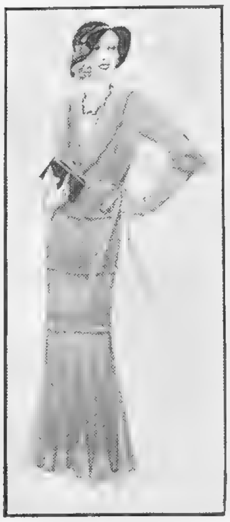
"comme il fant"
here is an almost indispensable item for your spring wardrobe. this suit of the cardigan type is made of a light-weight novelty woollen weave, and comprises a belted jacket and flat pleated skirt, worn with a contrasting sleeveless blouse in suede crepe. choose it in one of the new blues, or dove beige, or green. **9/-** monthly
cash 3 gns.



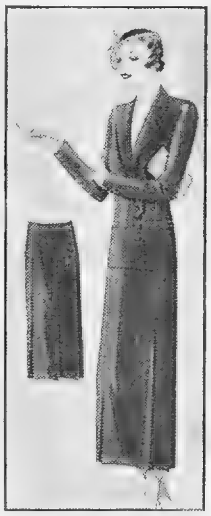
"can the leopard. . . . ?"
perhaps not . . . but certainly the use of the new leopard seal can give the perfectly "right" trimming to this new coat. it is made in a fine woollen weave, and shows the feminized military line that is being so featured. the repetition of the seal leopard on a novel elbow cuff gives added chic to the sleeves. originally designed in black, this may be copied in one or two exclusive shades. lined throughout. **25/6** monthly
cash 8½ gns.



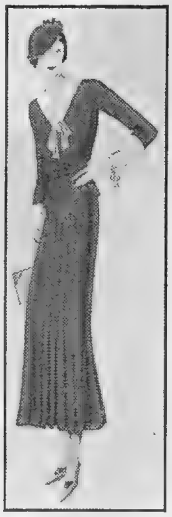
"a la russe"
here is a delightful suggestion for a rather unusual frock for this season. made in a fine wool mousse in black, this model shows the russian influence in its use of green, gold and white embroidery on the tunic bodice and above the deep cuffs of green georgette. the flared skirt and wide patent leather belt, and the introduction of tiny metal buttons trimming the bodice are also notable. may also be copied in other shades. **12/-** monthly
cash 4 gns.



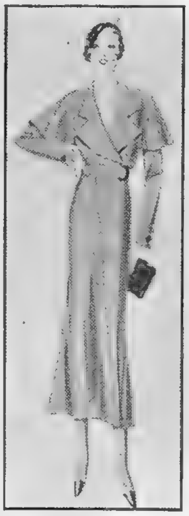
"sweet and lovely"
there is charm in every detail of this dainty afternoon frock fashioned of georgette, with a slip of self. the softly draped cowl collar is finished with an edging of small pleats. the skirt is distinguished by three rows of pleats, topped by rows of tiny tucks, and the elbow trimming on the sleeve is in harmony with the rest of the frock. can be copied in many becoming colours. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 gns.



"please oblige"
the suiting chosen for this beautifully tailored costume is in that aristocrat of colours — navy blue! the single-breasted coat, with its four-button fastening, is lined with satin. the skirt vaunts a novel hip yoke, with button trimming, may also be chosen in other suitings. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 gns.



"good morning"
a fine navy blue woollen weave that shows the faintest diagonal pattern has been the medium in which this frock is fashioned, and the crisp smartness of white pique makes the individual collar and the deep gauntlet cuffs. a panel of pleats gives the required skirt fulness. also in one or two other new shades. **16/6** monthly
cash 5½ gns.



"call at three"
belted and trim, and with a collar line that is most typical of this year, comes a coat that will instantly appeal. tailored in a fine diagonal coating in the newest of wood brown shades. military-like in its choice of caped sleeves and wide revers, lined throughout, of course, and it may be copied in one or two other colours. **16/6** monthly
cash 5½ gns.

for a further selection of models, please turn to pages 1 and 126.

you can now obtain, and pay for by instalments, corot spring model costumes, ensembles, day or evening gowns, and coats, at prices that will be a revelation to the woman who has hitherto regarded bond street models as outside the range of her purse. post the coupon below for full particulars and the latest corot fashion guide, or call personally at the showrooms and choose a corot model for yourself.

corot
(dept. b. 51 b)
33, old bond st.
london, w.1 reg. 0234

post this coupon to corot to-day
corot ltd., 33, old bond st., london, w.1
free please send full details and latest fashion guide of new models.
name
address
b.51 b.

sawdust pumped into the seams, so that they might pass the charterers. When the ship went to sea, the seams opened, the water poured in, and it was either all hands to the pumps for twenty hours out of twenty-four, or—the ship went down."

No seaman worthy of the name, however, minds taking sea risks that cannot be avoided.

Sometimes, a boy will faint on a yard in a hurricane near the Horn or in the South Atlantic. He feels his senses going in that fury of wind and sea. He has been drenched with spray and half smothered in icy water before he could get aloft. He is hungry and cold. He knows that it is a matter of honour to hold out as long as he can, so that his sorely tried companions on the yard may not have him on their hands. But at last he knows he *cannot*. He calls to the man next to him and then faints nice and easy across the yard.

The boys next him drop their work for the moment, and there, dancing on jumping manrope, they lash their shipmate to the yard until that work, which must take precedence of all other things, is finished. Then they unlash him and carry him down.

Sometimes the footropes on which the men stand, break.

On my own ship, with seven or eight men on the yard nearly 150 feet above the sea, the rope-walkers, straining their powerful legs against the rope on which they stood, felt it snap!

Only one man of those eight at that moment was not lying across the yard. As he felt himself shoot downwards he made a last desperate clutch and by luck caught hold of the sail they were furling. The others, lying on the yard as they were, saved their lives.

THE marriage problem is easily solved for the Horn sailorman. He just doesn't go home!

My own skipper's first voyage lasted exactly three years and three days! That is to say, he was that time away from his home.

Some of my friends wouldn't regard this as "rough." They would rejoice!

Of all the inhumanities of the sea, none, however, is greater than this. To separate man and wife for anything from a year to three at a time is disgraceful . . . and unnecessary. But into that last question I cannot here enter.

There are many sorts of "rough stuff" for the Hornsman.

Every Horn captain suffers from "sail-fright." You can't blame him.

If he loses a mainsail to-day, this at £5 the bolt for canvas means £100 blown in a moment. That means trouble with the owner. It may, as it did in one case, mean dismissal. And dismissal to a Cape Horn captain means starvation.

The owner of my ship was, fortunately, an open-minded and far-seeing man—perhaps the most talented owner that ever sailed a Cape Horner. He also always kept his ships in good condition and always said: "Paint—paint the ship. I pay"!

Not so some owners, who have made their captains' lives nightmares.

When a first mate becomes captain, he will do anything short of murder, and sometimes that, to get a quick passage to please the owner on his first voyage in command.

The finest barque I know once made a record passage of about 80 days from Europe to a port in South Australia, on a first voyage under her ex-chief mate as captain.

The new captain, wild with joy, in his anxiety to beat all records, and to telegraph the owner, ran his new ship ashore and ran himself pretty near off his head!

They did manage to refloat her at a cost of over £1,000, but the mate lost his ticket!

And if that is not "rough stuff," then I don't know what is.

But if I were asked what is the "roughest stuff" you can get on a Cape Horner—apart from sickness and "ship madness," which the French Foreign Legion calls *cafard*—I should say it was "suspense."

(*Continued on page* 94)

"COMPLEXIONS NOWADAYS ARE WHAT WE MAKE THEM"

says lovely Viscountess Tiverton

SHE GIVES HER FLAWLESS SKIN THIS SIMPLEST BEAUTY-CARE...

GRACEFULLY slender . . . hazel-eyed . . . entirely exquisite is this very lovely lady—wife of the heir to the Earl of Halsbury. Features so delicately modelled—truly these are a gift from the gods. . . . But Lady Tiverton has another claim to beauty that every girl will covet—and every girl can achieve—a beautiful skin, flawlessly smooth. . . .

"Gone are the days, mercifully, when a bad skin was a bad skin, and that was that," says lovely Lady Tiverton—"our complexions nowadays are what we make them, and the surest and easiest way to make your skin healthy and clear and supple is to care for it with Pond's. I've used Pond's for years and find it wonderfully satisfactory."

This is how you—like Lady Tiverton—should use the Pond's way to loveliness:

TO CLEANSE the skin thoroughly, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck every night and always after exposure to wind, rain and fog. Let the gentle oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt to the surface. Wipe off with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—soft, super-absorbent—and then dab on Pond's Skin Freshener to tone up the skin and close the pores.

TO PROTECT your skin and give it a velvety finish, smooth on a thin film of fragrant Pond's Vanishing Cream—the perfect powder base. You can buy Pond's preparations at all chemists and stores.

POND'S
VANISHING CREAM
POND'S
COLD CREAM

For sample tubes ot both creams send 2d. in stamps, in a sealed envelope, to:

Dept. BR 2, POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1

Name ....

Address ....

....

Get this jolly Game FREE

Gibbs Ivory Castle Game is supplied Free from your Retailer on the purchase of any Gibbs Toilet Preparation

You must get this new Gibbs Game. The kiddies will love it. It teaches them a valuable lesson. They see for themselves how important is the care of the teeth—what it means to health, success, happiness. They are eager to use Gibbs Dentifrice. The battle is won. For Gibbs Dentifrice will keep the children up to twice-daily tooth cleaning.

Gibbs is so delightful to use–and so good. Its fragrant penetrating foam is thorough—reaching every tiny crevice of every tooth—cleaning, purifying, polishing the enamel to glorious lustre. Dental Authority endorses Gibbs. In countless thousands of homes it is the proven safeguard of teeth, health and beauty.

Gibbs Dentifrice costs less—lasts longer. Hygienic Aluminium Cases : Popular size 7½d ; Large 1/- ; De Luxe 1/6 ; Refills 11d. Gibbs Dental Cream in Tubes 6d & 1/-. Gibbs Mouth Wash, a fragrant antiseptic powder, 1/- per flask.

Your Teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE GD/27N

EMERGENCY COUPON

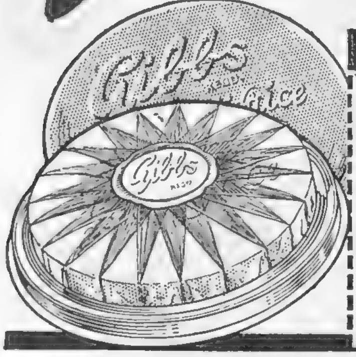
If your Retailer is out of stock send 3d in stamps (to cover cost of postage and packing) for the Ivory Castle Game and sample of Gibbs Dentifrice. D. & W. GIBBS LTD. (Dept. 27.XH.), London, E.1.

Name..

Address..

....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS



I will carry the "scars of suspense" so long as I live, as I remember three memorable days and nights during which, from moment to moment, we all expected the *Mona Lisa* to be "pooped."

"Pooping" is more feared by the Horner than anything else. It means the "direct hit," as one might phrase it, of thousands of tons of green water crashing down over the poop under the drive of a following hurricane.

Our decks were rotten—already leaking like a sieve. And if we were struck, I feared we should go to the bottom.

As I stood on the stern of my ship, I could see whole cathedrals of water lift themselves to blot out the grey storm-riven skies and to lift themselves up and up, until I thought that nothing could prevent their crashing down and through us.

Four times we were pooped on my voyage—but never with the "direct hit," which is also often the K.O. All were slanting blows.

I remember the first of these.

It came as we were eating below. There was a snarl and hiss of water, and the ship seemed to stop dead, shivering like a living thing. She lay there like a log—and then *the whole ship seemed to slide over.*

I thought that was the end of my odyssey.

Another sea on one of these hell-ships just puts its head over the bows—a hundred tons or so—takes a run at the iron-clamped galley, tears it from its hold, and sweeps cookie, pots and pans overboard, never again to be seen! Rough stuff!

The Horn—Old Devil Horn—has been handing it out to the poor sailorman ever since Drake sailed these wind-harried seas three hundred years ago.

And it will hand it out until the last ark has sailed round the Horn.

Old Devil Horn!

END

Copyright throughout the world. All rights reserved.

Lighting

(Continued from page 45)

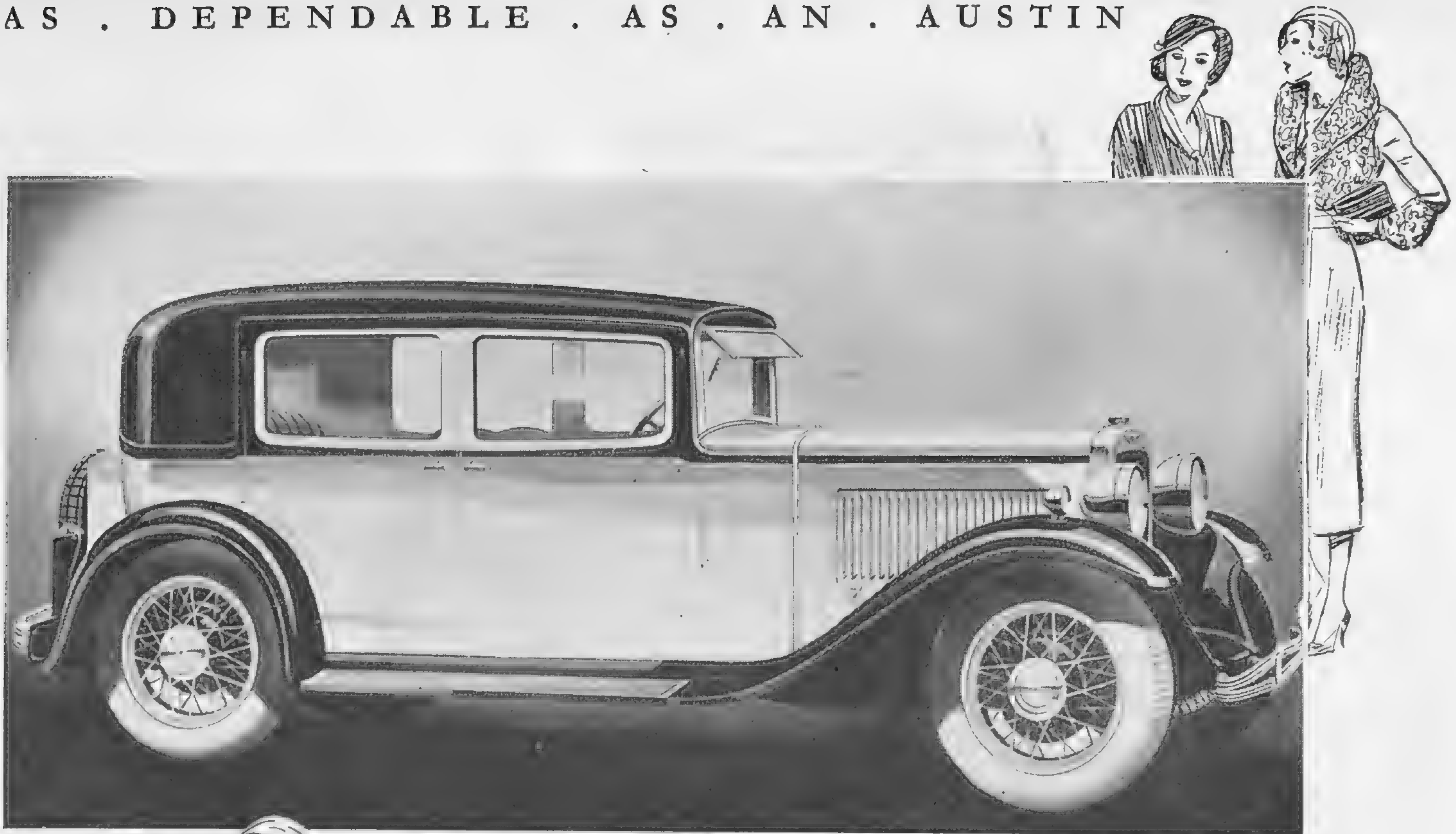
A walk through Breves' Galleries will show that the French artist Lalique has put some of his best efforts into the design of lighting fittings which have an advantage over most others in that they are made of beautiful moulded glass which has substance. It is thick and can readily be cleaned without being broken. Nor is it so sensitive to the changes of temperature. This glass is semi-transparent. In the Galleries there seem to be an endless variety of designs to choose from and among the most interesting are those designed in sections which may be assembled. These are a boon to a decorator who may want a range of similar lights, both large and small, but with the same unit of "scale" maintained throughout.

In the bedroom designed by Mr. Howard Robertson the lighting is less romantic. Boxes of steel and glass supply the general light to the room. A panel of light is let into the structure above the dressing table and the mirror is lit from either side by tube lights.

Where light bulbs are built-in it is essential that consideration be given to the method of cleaning. Glass boxes will need washing and the bulbs will have to be replaced from time to time. In this case there are tiny doors on hinges.

With the universal use of electric light and material which is practically non-inflammable, it has become the practice to put a light point just wherever it is really needed. In our kitchens we have a light almost up the chimney to light the top of our stove; in our bedrooms we insist on them in our cupboards. In bathrooms our menfolk demand mirrors specially illuminated for shaving, and so on, even to the garage, where a bulb is supplied, not elegantly covered by Lalique glass, but surrounded by a neat cage of steel wire.

AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN



THE SIXTEEN WESTMINSTER SALOON

When a woman buys a car

Though differing from a man's viewpoint, a woman's appraisal of a car is none the less exacting. Examining the new Westminster Saloon, how well she finds its features satisfy her. It is large enough to be comfortable, but small enough to handle easily.

And who wouldn't appreciate its bright interior, its ample head clearance, the folding tables, foot-rests and arm-rests—all indicative of thought and care in design? The doors are wide so that she can get in and out with ease, and if she is not stock size, she can quickly adjust the driving seat to suit her.

She can accommodate her suit-case in the large luggage locker at the rear and can open or close the sunshine roof from the front seat without effort.

And since she is a woman, she does not want to be bothered with things mechanical . . . *since it is an Austin she will not be.* For no other car will function with so little attention — none will give such long years of unfaltering service.

THE AUSTIN SIXTEEN WESTMINSTER SALOON *(As illustrated)*
Chromium finish, Triplex glass throughout and Dunlop tyres. The Sixteen Range: Burnham De Luxe Saloon £325; Burnham Drophead De Luxe Saloon £325; (Twin-Top gearbox £10 extra). New Windsor Saloon £298; Tourer or Two-Seater £290.

£350
(Price at works)

1 *in* 4

"Did you know that every fourth *new car registered in Great Britain during the last trading year ending July 31, 1931, was an Austin?"*

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. every month

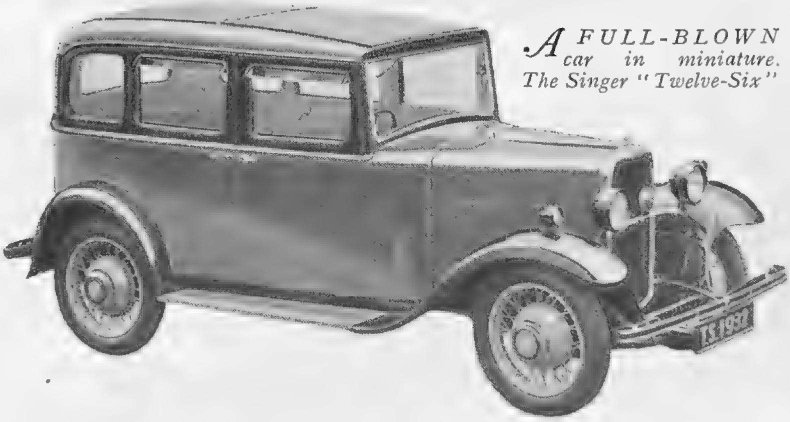
AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven:
479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

A New type *of* Light Car

The Singer "Twelve-Six": a Six-Cylinder Saloon for £235

By the Earl of Cardigan



A FULL-BLOWN car in miniature. The Singer "Twelve-Six"

SHOULD this article chance to catch the eye of any judicially minded person, he will no doubt raise in time-honoured form the query, "What *is* a 'twelve-six'?" The answer, as I see it, is as follows: A "twelve-six" is a full-blown motor car in miniature. It is so called by reason of having six cylinders, and an engine of not less than twelve or more than fifteen horsepower. In the case of the Singer, the h.p. is actually 12·95, and the tax £13.

To describe the Singer "twelve-six" as "a full-blown car in miniature" is no exaggeration or mere figure of speech. It is, of course, less roomy than the 18 h.p. model of the same make, and probably not quite so fast, but otherwise it is practically the same car on a reduced scale. I have before me the specifications of both cars, and, reading through the items, I can only find one minor feature of the chassis to distinguish the large car from the small one.

The "twelve-six," naturally, must be geared rather lower in order to provide the requisite degree of flexibility, but the little six-cylinder engine, which incidentally is of the side valve type, is so smooth in action as to prevent the high "revs" ever becoming unpleasant or aggressive. 45 m.p.h. is a very pleasant speed, and a maximum of 60 m.p.h. is obtainable. Butting into a head wind, I was able to register 55 m.p.h. on a speedometer which appeared to be reasonably accurate.

The four speeds provided by the gearbox were, I thought, pitched in some instances almost unnecessarily low. In top gear the car will run, literally, at a walking pace, without any "snatching" or apparent protest, while a change to third gear will provide acceleration from any speed above the absolute zero. Second gear will start the car comfortably from a standstill under any normal circumstances, and first gear, one imagines, might also be useful in certain eventualities. For everyday purposes, however, this lowest gear must be regarded more or less as a "passenger," adding little to the utility of the gearbox as a whole. Reverse gear is also exceptionally low.

This low gearing, when combined with unusual ease of engagement, has, of course, one distinct advantage. It makes the car exceedingly simple for a beginner to handle in traffic. Realising this, I endeavoured, during a part of my test run, to drive it in an amateurish manner, and with very satisfactory results. By keeping on top gear practically the whole time, and making an occasional "crash change" to third gear, I found it possible to keep up a very fair average speed. The loss of efficiency through this unskilful form of driving was relatively very slight.

On the open road the "twelve-six" rides extremely well, and the springing struck me as unusually good for a car of comparatively short wheel-base. The interior also is extremely comfortable, the driving position being good and the upholstery of high quality leather. The front seats are, of course, adjustable for length, but even when pushed back to suit a six-foot driver, they leave plenty of room for the knees of the back-seat passengers.

The foot brake, with which the hand brake is interconnected, is smooth and efficient. It has no servo motor to assist it, and I personally think that it does very well without one. A servo-assisted brake *may* be very nice, but often its action is too violent, and one is afraid to put one's foot down firmly. In a small car it may very well be dispensed with.

A less happy omission concerns the steering, which is governed by no apparent self-centring action. Apart from this, however, there are no faults to find, for the car steers very lightly, and has an excellent lock. The desirability or otherwise of self-centring action is, of course, debatable, but I fancy that most English drivers would consider it a desirable addition.

A VERY convenient chassis feature is the rear petrol tank, including a dial gauge, which permits of the space under the bonnet being used to house the tool kit. Thus all the tools are to hand in the place where, in the best of cars, they will occasionally be needed. The equipment throughout is, indeed, unusually complete and well thought out, another good point being the air strangler which can be set temporarily in any desired position. Certainly no one who buys the coachbuilt saloon model, at the extremely modest price of £235, need doubt that he is getting outstanding value for his money.

This Month's Motoring Hint

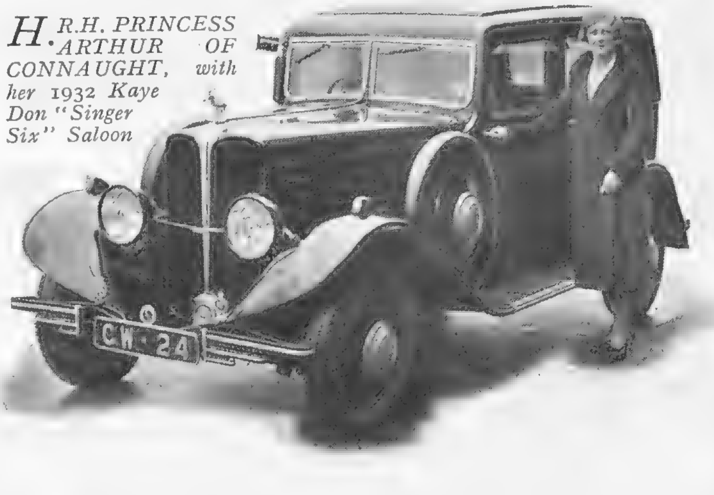
Ensuring Good Springing

THE subject of springing was brought to my mind this month by a friend who used to complain that his car, as it grew older, tended to roll on corners. I met him recently looking very cheerful, and he told me that he had effected a complete cure. Deciding that his springs must be getting softer, he had counteracted this by blowing up his tyres a little harder.

Although probably not in the text-books, this is, within limits, quite a sound method, although care must be taken not to exceed too greatly the pressure recommended by the tyre manufacturers.

Where springs are very badly worn, however, it pays to have them removed and recambered or "set up" again. This is neither a very complex nor expensive operation, and the spring so treated will become very nearly as good as new. I once had this done to the rear springs of my then car; the result was completely satisfactory and much appreciated by my back-seat passengers.

CARDIGAN.



H.R.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, with her 1932 Kaye Don "Singer Six" Saloon

To Hoot—or not to Hoot?

Concerning a Motorist's Dilemma

WHEN one comes to think of it, there are few more interesting accessories of the modern car than its electric horn, either as a weapon of offence or defence, or as an indication of the driver's character. It is a wonderfully reliable piece of mechanism, continually in use either prudently or otherwise, constantly quoted in evidence in every court of law, and recently the subject of national legislation. In spite of all this, it is taken very much for granted by the average motorist, who seldom applies to its use any intelligent consideration.

It is, perhaps, fortunate that the general tendency seems to be to use the horn too much rather than too little. Excessive hooting is, in most cases, merely a nuisance to other people in the neighbourhood, but it can also be dangerous, since it is apt to engender a dangerous habit of mind. There is a type of driver who hoots very loudly every time he emerges from a side turning on to a main road, and he is apt to think that he has thereby done his duty to any main road traffic which may be approaching.

THE new 15/18 Lanchester Saloon, priced at £565, is fitted with the Daimler fluid flywheel transmission

This, to my mind, is a most deplorable notion, yet it is still fairly common, and was at one time strongly supported by certain local benches. If the defendant in a motoring action could say: (*a*) That he sounded his horn, and (*b*) that the other car was coming "very fast," he could sometimes justify the most disgraceful piece of driving. The fact that he was entering a main road without visually assuring himself that the main road was clear would, apparently, pale into insignificance in the magisterial mind before the two illuminating pleas that I have quoted.

PERSONALLY, I never sound my horn at all when I turn into a main road. This admission, I know, will horrify some people, but I believe that common sense is on my side.

Rightly or wrongly—the law says wrongly—I believe that it is the positive duty of side road traffic to give way to that on the main road. If one believes this—and the majority of careful motorists do believe it—it is obviously illogical to hoot at the main road traffic. The only logical course is to enter the main road at a snail's pace, consult the evidence of one's eyes as to whether it is clear or not, and then proceed accordingly. If there is any hooting to be done, the main road driver is the man to do it.

This is the view now taken by many of those who have carriage drives opening on to a main road. They erect notices saying: "Concealed drive. Please sound horn." They do not, you observe, say, "Concealed drive. Please listen for *my* horn." This would manifestly be absurd, yet, if one may not ask the main road traffic to listen for a horn under these circumstances, what object is there in sounding it as one emerges?

Every motorist knows the other type of notice, "Concealed drive. Please go slowly." Everyone, I think, resents this, since the suggestion is that the whole main road traffic should slow down for the benefit of the one or two people who are likely to emerge. Logically, however, this is no more preposterous than to expect main road traffic to listen for and pay attention to the horn. A carriage drive, I admit, is not quite the same thing as a side road, but it is similar as being an inferior roadway opening into a superior one.

Main road traffic, of course, has both the right and the duty to hoot whenever it appears necessary to give "audible warning of approach." It is a moot point, however, to what extent one car should hoot when about to overtake another. Nowadays, where main roads have been widened, it has become the practice not to sound the horn under these circumstances, and this omission is often quoted as being dangerous, especially when both vehicles are travelling fast.

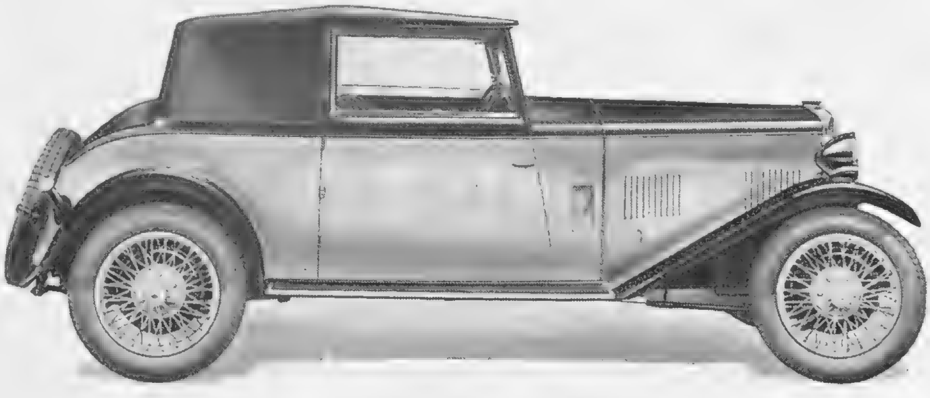
Actually, it is at fairly high speeds that least danger is involved, since there is then the least likelihood of the car which is being overtaken indulging in a swerve. At lower speeds it is, I think, always wiser to give just a touch on the horn, as the driver in front may be in the act of lighting a cigarette or admiring the scenery. There is no need to make a lot of noise, for a single toot will convey all the information that is needed. It is only the beginner who finds it necessary to announce his presence by a long-drawn blast.

THE London driver is, in my opinion, about the best exponent of the discreet use of the horn. He is, on the whole, a silent driver, for which inhabitants of the metropolis should be grateful to him, and he sounds his horn only when warning a pedestrian, when approaching a crossing where two small streets of the same calibre intersect, or, more rarely, when overtaking without much room to spare. It is rather significant that, making less noise, he generally drives better and more safely than his country cousin whom one meets in the provincial towns.

When in Rome, however, one must do as Rome does. I have never actually driven in that city, but I once drove a car in Athens at a time when police regulations insisted on the horn being sounded at every crossing. The result of this ordinance was that the air was rent during the busy hours by a perfect orgy of hooting and honking, and, incidentally, the standard of driving was disgraceful. It was really very little comfort to hear the Athenian scrupulously sounding his horn around the corner as he prepared to charge you on the wrong side of the road!

It would, of course, be most unjust to argue from this that all noisy drivers are dangerous ones. On the whole, however, I am inclined to think that extensive use of the horn is not a good sign, and I should myself prefer to trust the man whose "audible warning of approach" was both occasional and discreet.

CARDIGAN.



AN attractive Riley model. The "Alpine" Six Coupé

X-RAY PHOTO BY E. J. BARBER—QUALIFIED BY EXAMINATION SOCIETY OF RADIOGRAPHERS.

NOTE:—THIS RADIOGRAPH SHOWS SOUND TEETH BUT A PYORRHŒAL CONDITION OF THE BONE.

● WOMEN ENVY HER BEAUTIFUL TEETH—

but what may the X-rays reveal!

● Bleeding and tenderness of the gums *usually* announce the presence of Pyorrhœa, that unpleasant disease of the gums and bony sockets of the teeth. Soon, if neglected, gums recede, teeth loosen and fall out. But often these warnings are absent and only X-rays can detect the destruction of the bony sockets in which the teeth are held.

Pyorrhœa may come from a number of contributory causes; unbalanced diet, lack of hard, rough food to cause free circulation of blood through the gums. More often it comes from neglect, from the unchecked growth of malignant mouth bacteria, thriving in unseen accumulations of tartar, especially at the gum margins.

Authoritative estimates indicate that approximately four out of five people past the age of forty contract this disease, whose most serious menace is not to comfort and beauty from the threatened loss of teeth, but to health, even life itself, from the absorption into the blood of the poison of Pyorrhœa.

Single handed, Forhan's will not cure Pyorrhœa in its advanced state. Only a dental surgeon can stop the progress of the disease then. But Forhan's, in addition to being a safe, fine cleanser of teeth, contains in its formula those elements necessary to prevent Pyorrhœa, to check its growth in earlier stages.

Why risk both health and looks, when so simple a precaution is to be found at any chemist's?

4 out of 5

By estimate of leading dental authorities four out of five people over forty suffer from Pyorrhœa.

Forhan's

MADE IN ENGLAND

for the GUMS

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12 OLD SWAN LANE, E.C.4

Sleivemann, Bart.

(*Continued from page* 33)

a famous criminal judge, bludgeoning them to a reluctant attention with the vigour of his personality.

"Let me introduce you to my friend Major Lace," said Sir Albert Sleivemann.

"That is quite unnecessary," the judge stated drily. "How are you, James. I expected to see you playing for the Brigade at Ranelagh the other day, but they tell me you've sold your ponies."

"You are not giving up polo, are you, Jimmy?" exclaimed the High Commissioner.

"I was," said Jimmy, "but I've changed my mind."

"Sleivemann—what about a drink?" he said.

"I don't want a drink, thanks," replied Sleivemann. "There are people here with whom I want to talk business.

"I am one of them," Jimmy told him pleasantly. "We'll go where we can talk it in comfort. Come along."

"I mean real business, my dear Lace."

"You wouldn't think it, Sleivemann, but I mean real business, too. And the kind that's best talked in private."

"Nothing doing," refused Sleivemann with a touch of annoyance. "Can't be bothered with you now, Lace. I'm off to Africa to-morrow and I"—he broke off suddenly, and his hand went swiftly behind him to encounter Jimmy's in the vicinity of his hip pocket. "What the devil are you doing?" he asked abruptly.

Jimmy smiled, removed his hand and looked Sleivemann in his hard eyes. "The question is—what are *you* doing with a pistol in your pocket at Court?"

"Pistol be damned," said Sleivemann. What's the idea—feeling round people's pockets?"

"I know it is a habit of yours to carry a gun," drawled Jimmy, "but I should have thought you'd have had more sense than to bring it in here."

"If you know that much, you know why I carry it," Sleivemann retorted coolly. "When you have my kind of enemies, you don't sit for a couple of hours in a stationary car, even though you are in a queue for Buckingham Palace."

"Probably not," agreed Jimmy. "But come along with me and we'll find a parking place for it. Though it is my duty to take you to the guard-room. A pistol at Court is a very serious offence."

"Come, come, Lace. Don't be absurd," Sleivemann protested vigorously. "It is preposterous to take this line over an obvious oversight. Hang it all, I am Sir Albert Sleivemann, Bart. I'd forgotten I'd got the gun in my pocket, and but for a chance, neither you nor anybody else would have known."

"Quite," agreed Jimmy. "Chance plays a big part in life, doesn't it? And there's a lot of it about to-night. This time it is against you. Will you come along with me, or with a file of the Bodyguard?"

Sleivemann stared. But as Jimmy's expression told him nothing, and he could not risk creating a scene in the Royal ball-room, he capitulated.

"Very well," he laughed. "It's a lot of damned nonsense, but as you are so mighty persistent I suppose I'd better come."

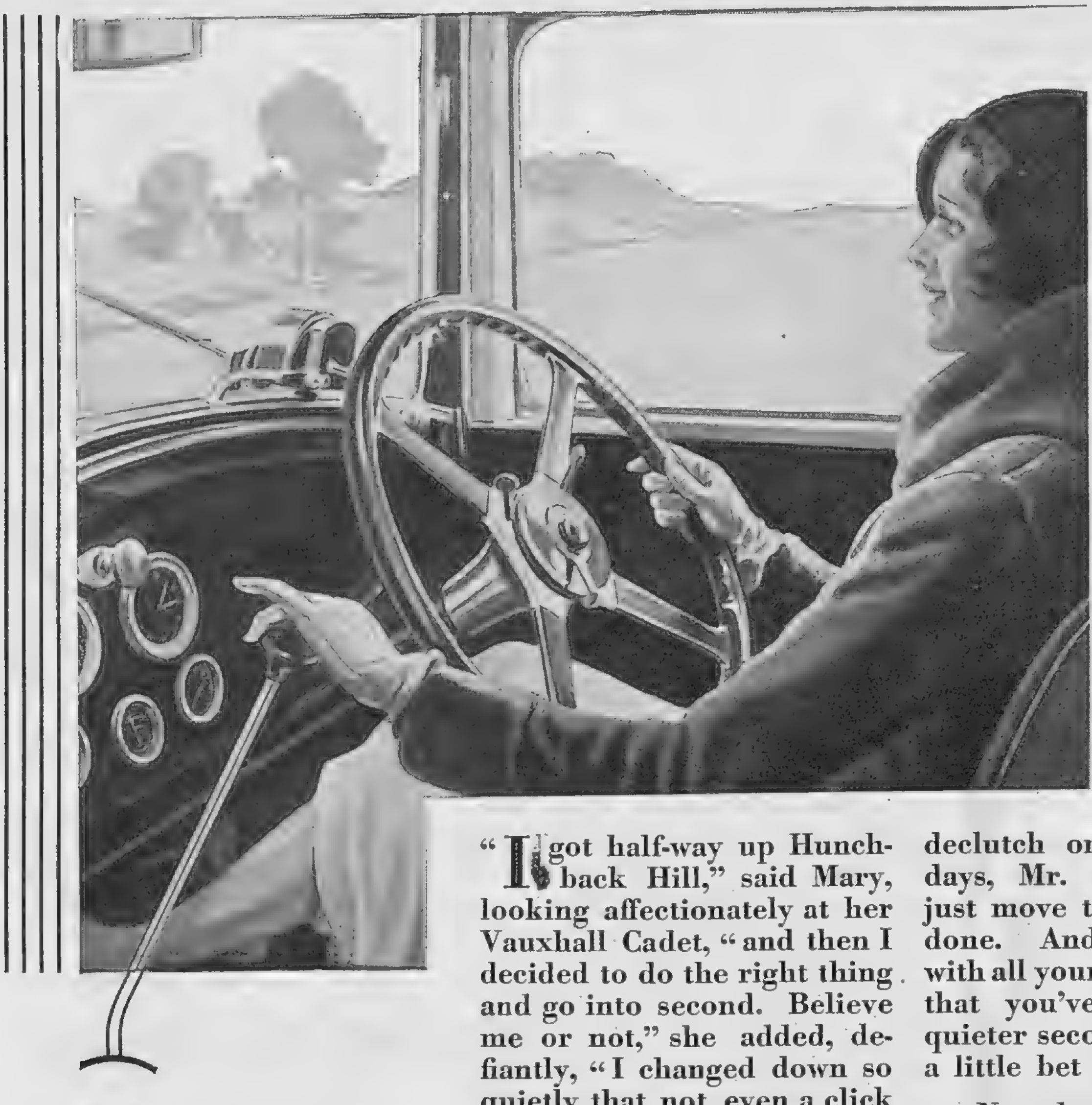
And arm in arm, like two cronies, the tall lean guardsman and the massive business baronet eased their way out through the crowded doorway into the south corridor, and passed down it, between flanking Beefeaters, to the room Jimmy had visited ten minutes earlier.

They met the detective coming out.

"All O.K., sir," he said to Jimmy, glancing casually at Sleivemann. Then he frowned slightly. "Haven't I met you before, sir?" he asked the baronet.

"Very probably," was the reply. "A lot of people meet me. I am Sir Albert Sleivemann, Bart." (*Continued on page* 100)

Don't be afraid of your gears . . .



4-DOOR SALOON **£285**

(ex Works, Hendon)

Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof £10 extra.

Fixed-head Coupé - - - £295

All-weather Saloon and Drop-head Coupé - - - £325

Special 26-b.p. model for Overseas

● FAULTLESS GEAR-CHANGE

No double-declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no stalling, no noise—you never need make a bad gear-change on the Vauxhall Cadet. Synchro-Mesh gears give you a feeling of expert control; the Silent Second makes it pleasant to use your gears as you should. And in performance and appearance the Cadet is all you could wish for. Ask any dealer for a trial run, or write to General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

"I got half-way up Hunchback Hill," said Mary, looking affectionately at her Vauxhall Cadet, "and then I decided to do the right thing and go into second. Believe me or not," she added, defiantly, "I changed down so quietly that not even a click came out of the gearbox!"

"Don't tell me," sniffed her brother, "that you've learned how to double-declutch at last."

"I have not, and I'm not going to. You don't double-declutch on a Cadet nowadays, Mr. Know-all. You just move the lever, and it's done. And if you think, with all your miles of driving, that you've ever known a quieter second gear, I'll have a little bet with you."

"No, thanks," said Dick, hurriedly, "I've just remembered. That car of yours has Synchro-Mesh and Silent Second. Why, any learner first time out could have done as well as you on Hunchback Hill!"

VAUXHALL CADET

IT'S BRITISH 17 H.P. 6 CYLINDERS

COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT 174-182, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Twilfit Regd

-the Greatest name in Corsetry.

Made in England

Model 467BR

Lace back Twilfit Corset in very strong pink coutil. Elastic top in front. Shaped higher at back for extra support. Exceptionally good value. Sizes: 24-36 ins. 10/6

Write for Illustrated Corset Catalogue No. 44, post free.

Fully Guaranteed

Model 01557BR

Deep fitting Twilfit Corselet of white and pink broche; finished cotton elastic inset on hips. Lightly boned over abdomen and at back. Bust sizes: 32-40 ins.

12/11

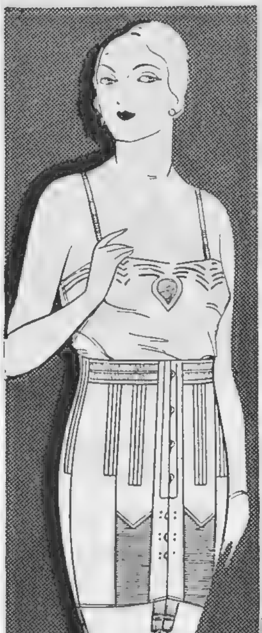
All the latest models can be seen and fitted at

D·H·Evans

(*D. H. Evans & Co., Ltd.*)

Oxford St., London, W.1

Manufacturers: Leethems (Twilfit) Ltd. Arundel Factory, Portsmouth.



"Ah. I must have been mixing you up with someone else, sir," Hansen acknowledged politely. And he passed on.

Jimmy pushed open the door. "We go in here," he indicated.

"Who was that?" Sleivemann queried as he preceded Jimmy into the room. "A household official?"

"Not exactly," said Jimmy. "A Scotland Yard man. Good job he does not know what you've got in your hip pocket." And he closed the door and locked it.

"What's the idea?" challenged Sleivemann.

"Privacy." Jimmy explained blandly.

"What's behind all this?" demanded the other truculently. "You haven't brought me along here for the sake of my gun. What is this business you are so persistent about?"

"Debt collecting," Lace announced quietly. "And you are the first on my roll."

"I don't follow you," said Sleivemann. "I don't owe you anything. And if I did you would not get it by this kind of proceeding."

"You do," said Jimmy. "You owe me a hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds."

"You didn't get wounded in the head in the Great War, did you, Lace?" Sleivemann inquired ironically.

"No, I did not," returned Jimmy. "But I got wounded in a few other places—including the pocket—protecting people like you.

"And" he went on deliberately, "I've decided to-night to adjust the balance. I am beginning on you because you happened along at what is known as the psychological moment: because you are a thoroughly nasty piece of work; and because I have one or two accounts against you. Have you got your cheque book on you?"

Sleivemann stared at him in genuine amazement.

"You are crazy, Lace," he declared. "I don't owe you a brass farthing. What are you getting at?"

"I'll tell you," said Jimmy. "Five years ago you were Civil Disposals Commissioner in Africa, weren't you—and drew commission on all sales of surplus stores?"

"I was, and I did," Sleivemann admitted.

"Included in those was a dump I personally directed and sold for a million and a half—after you had advised it unsaleable. You received ten per cent. of that for my work. I received an official letter of thanks and my steamer ticket to England. Considering I have a moral right to that commission, have you any suggestions?"

"None whatever," Sleivemann announced.

"There was also another little complication of a more personal character," Jimmy went on, "a small matter of blackmail. Did you ever wonder why there was no enquiry into your report that those stores were unsaleable?"

"Why should there have been?" Sleivemann challenged. "It was a business report based on the apparent state of the market."

"It was nothing of the kind," Jimmy stated. "It was a private arrangement between you and a ring of dealers who were bidding for the stuff at a give-away price."

"Prove it," laughed Sleivemann.

"The only man I could prove it with was a South African officer, Captain FitzGibbon. In 1914 he was a convict on the Breakwater. He escaped, joined up, and won a V.C. at Delville Wood. You held his unexpired sentence over his head to ensure his silence. He could not expose you without exposing himself."

"Prove it," said Sleivemann again.

"I could only prove it by dragging out the whole story. And you know it. FitzGibbon is too good a man for that. That is why I did nothing about that report, and why I let you get away with that commission. Now what about it?"

"Prove it," defied Sleivemann for the third time. "FitzGibbon can't help you. He was demobilised years ago, and is probably dead or done for by now."

"That is where you make a mistake," Jimmy announced quietly. "He's not dead. I met him on my way here this evening—selling fruit from a barrow in Piccadilly. And that is my second account against you."

The information, though it clearly surprised Sleivemann, did not disturb his composure.

"Well, well. That's a bit of news anyway. Gettin' an honest living, is he?" He got up from his chair, and laughed. "You'd better go and do the same if you want money. And if you don't like hard work, get your lady wife to give you a hand. She wouldn't have to sell fruit."

"Sit down," barked Jimmy like a Sergeant Major addressing a parade.

"Sit down be damned. I'm not going to let you hold me up like this."

Jimmy flicked open Hansen's drawer, jerked out something he knew was there, and called softly: "Sleivemann."

"I can't be bothered with you any longer," Sleivemann retorted, his hand on the door knob. "Come and open this door," he ordered, turning round. And then he stared blankly, incredulously. For in Jimmy's white gloved hand, black and menacing against its background of scarlet tunic, was an automatic pistol.

"Come here, swine," said Jimmy softly. "And sit down."

Sleivemann looked at Jimmy's eyes, and sat.

"What in hell's this?" he exclaimed.

"You have a pearl necklace in your breast pocket," said Jimmy. "Give it to me."

"Hell!" ejaculated Sleivemann. "You can't do this sort of thing in Buckingham Palace."

"I can do any sort of thing anywhere to a swine like you," said Jimmy, and thrusting the pistol suddenly against Sleivemann's stomach, he inserted his left hand into his coat and extracted the necklace.

"Now," said Jimmy coldly, "the next item on the programme is a bearer cheque from you for five thousand pounds. Have you got a cheque book, Sleivemann?"

"You'll get no cheque from me," snarled Sleivemann, and his hands went swiftly to the threatening automatic.

But Jimmy was too quick for him.

"None of that, Sleivemann. There's paper and ink at your elbow on that table. Write out that cheque right away."

"I'll see you in hell first," said Sleivemann. "You can't bluff me this way. I'm not afraid of you loosing off a gun in here."

"Then I'll make you afraid," said Jimmy ruthlessly. "In your pocket you have the brother of this little weapon, a very serious offence at Court. I brought you in here to disarm you, you resisted, and there was some shooting, in which you regrettably got killed."

"D'you mean to say you—a Guards officer—would shoot a man in cold blood?"

"Sleivemann," said Jimmy remorselessly, "I spent the best years of my life shooting better men than you in cold blood—and cold water too; and I'd kill you like a beetle. Do I get that cheque?"

Sleivemann gazed again into Jimmy's eyes and, turning slowly to the table, reached for pen and ink. Slipping a thin book from his pocket, he wrote out a cheque for five thousand pounds.

With a broad scarred hand that went steadily about its business, he blotted the cheque, threw down the pen, and handed the slip to Jimmy.

"There you are," he proclaimed grimly. "It's cheaper than calling your bluff."

Jimmy inspected the cheque, folded it and put it in his cigarette case.

"What about that necklace?" asked Sleivemann.

"That," said Jimmy, "will be returned when your cheque is cleared."

"Don't you want to take charge of my gun?" inquired Sleivemann.

"No," said Jimmy, "and I don't need this any longer either." And he stepped to the table, opened the drawer, and dropped the automatic inside. Then he crossed to the door and unlocked it. "Come on," he invited.

Sleivemann complied leisurely. He halted opposite Jimmy, looked him up and down and smiled.

"Do you really imagine you are going to get away with this?" he asked.

Jimmy smiled back. "I do," he said.

"You poor fool," said Sleivemann, thrusting his foot into the gap of the partly opened door. "I am going right out to the nearest official to report what has happened."

"Don't let me detain you, if you feel that way about it," said Jimmy. And he flung the door wide open.

On the opposite side of the great corridor stood a Yeoman of the Guard, symbol of State and Authority. And a few yards farther away, just within the angle of Sleivemann's vision, lounged Hansen, talking to another grim-faced gentleman in civilian Court dress.

But Sleivemann did not move. His sudden glimpse of the C.I.D. man who had tentatively claimed his acquaintance a short time before, abruptly erased the sardonic triumph from his aggressive features.

Closing the door again, he faced Jimmy once more, wary and frowning.

"So that's the game, is it! Blackmail. And Hansen's in on it too. I might have known it."

"What the deuce are you talking about?"

"You know damned well what I'm talking about. Hansen put FitzGibbon and me away on the Breakwater. And you've got him waiting there in case I cut up rough."

This time it was Jimmy's turn to stare. And it was the revelation contained in Sleivemann's accusation that brought the blue of ice to his eyes.

"Then you are the man that FitzGibbon got away with, are you?" he said slowly.

Sleivemann snorted impatiently. "You know all about it. You can lay your cards on the table. I'm——"

"I knew nothing about it, you poisonous swine," Jimmy interrupted. "If I'd had any idea you were doing that dirty trick on the man who'd helped you to escape, I'd have given you all you deserve."

"Rats," said Sleivemann incredulously. "I wasn't born yesterday. You don't tell me FitzGibbon didn't spill all there was to spill. You've staged this hold-up on the strength of it. What I want to know now is, who's in on it?"

"FitzGibbon spilled nothing," said Jimmy, with crisp and corroding emphasis. "This is the first I've heard of you being an escaped convict. FitzGibbon is a man. You've not only got a crooked mind, but a boney one. If I were using your dirty methods, I should have stuck you for fifty thousand, not five. Now you can get out, and think yourself darned lucky to get off so cheap."

The logic of this squared with Sleivemann's intimate knowledge of the rapacious economics of blackmail, but he was still not satisfied.

"Then if it isn't blackmail, what the hell is it?" he demanded.

"Drum-head justice, Sleivemann," said Jimmy. "That is what it is. I knew you were a crook, and a shrewd crook, and as such the odds were you'd think twice before complaining that I'd forced you to disgorge a bit of what you owe me. Now get out."

"All right," he said. "You win now. But I'm not dead yet."

And he opened the door and passed out.

Jimmy closed it behind him, went to the room telephone and called up a certain Rowton House hostel which provides beds at a shilling a night, and asked for Captain FitzGibbon.

"Is that you, FitzGibbon? Lace speaking. An old friend of yours has just contributed five thousand pounds to a war debt fund I've initiated to-night. You can scrap your fruit barrow and start thinking about a fruit farm, for you'll get three thousand five hundred of it to-morrow. So long."

And then Jimmy returned serenely to the ball-room, pausing only to thank Inspector Hansen for the use of his room.

END

"I've seen your stockings being made."

"Where?"

"On the lawn . . . before breakfast. All the spiders working overtime to get them ready for you"

"Idiot! I've had these for months and months. It takes Morley's to make cobwebs that last and wear like that."

Fully fashioned silk stockings in fine or service weights, with pure silk to welt. The tops and feet are mercerised. Elastic tops and Cuban heels. No underfoot seam.

Service weight and fine gauge, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11.

In dull finish Grenadine silk. With or without lace clox, 6/11.

All these stockings are made in sizes 8½ to 10½. Morley qualities range from 3/11 to 12/6.

BUY BRITISH

MORLEY
silk stockings

If you have any difficulty in obtaining, write to I. & R. Morley, 18, Wood St., London, E.C.2, for name of nearest retailer.

I. & R. MORLEY, MANUFACTURERS HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR GLOVES

Service Advertising

Our Spring Medal Foursomes

At St. George's Hill Again: Will History repeat itself?

By Eleanor E. Helme

IN this number, but not to be confused with the Northern Foursomes, are to be found the conditions and entrance form for the BRITANNIA AND EVE Spring Medal Foursomes. St. George's Hill, near Weybridge, is the venue this year, as it was in 1929. Then the new course was new indeed. Nobody knew it, and even if they had done so, the greens and fairways were still inevitably on the chancy side, so that the course, which ought to have played several shots shorter than the old, extracted almost as many as its elder brother, to the disappointment of those who expected to be brilliant there when once their old course troubles had been left behind them. Three years is a very long time in the life of any links, and no such excuses will be listened to this year. The cup that year went to the holders, Mrs. Percy Garon and Mrs. Guedalla, with 166, made up of 77 on the new course and 89 on the old. On that occasion Mrs. Garon's side had played on the short course in the morning, and were leading there. It is only possible to presume that they took fright at both holding and leading, for their 89 on the old was certainly not up to their standard, but they won with three strokes to spare from Miss Cecil Leitch and Mrs. Kennedy, who had won the cups three years earlier. One wonders whether history will repeat itself in 1932 and the holders, Miss Rudgard and Miss Cotgrave, carry off the cups again.

The conditions are fully set out on this page, so perhaps it is only needful to remind any would-be competitor that she cannot enter unless the joint handicap of herself and her partner is 30 or under, and that only the first hundred couples who enter can be accepted to play. So it is just as well to enter quickly.

WALKING at Wentworth. Miss L. Kennedy, Mrs. Percy Garon, Mrs. H. Guedalla, and Mrs. J. Mellor, and Miss Joyce Wethered and Mrs. Dudley Charles

A HAPPY foursome at Wentworth. Mrs. Hern, Miss S. Hern, Miss M. C. Lake and Miss J. Horrell making up their cards

The "Britannia and Eve"
SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES
(1932)
At St. George's Hill

The "Britannia and Eve" Spring Medal Foursomes (8th year), at St. George's Hill, will be played, by kind invitation of the club, on the Old and New Courses, on Thursday, April 21st, 1932.

Holders: MISS RUDGARD and MISS COTGRAVE.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30: play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three and a half hours later than their first round. Play will be over 36 holes, eighteen holes on the Old Course and eighteen on the New Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Thursday, April 14th, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor at latest in the week preceding the competition.

The Directors of BRITANNIA AND EVE reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Old Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the New Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the Old Course and on the New Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tying couples over the Old Course; ties for the 18 hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tying cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. No card taken out in the second round can compete for an 18 hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first round card.

The Entry Form is below.

ST. GEORGE'S HILL **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, April 14th, 1932.

"BRITANNIA AND EVE" One Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (Eighth Year)

To be played at St. George's Hill, Thursday, April 21st, 1932.

Please enter
Mrs./*Miss* } .... *of* .... *Club*
L.G.U. Handicap ....
Home Address .... *Telephone No.* ....
To play in the above Foursomes at St. George's Hill with
Mrs./*Miss* } .... *of* .... *Club*
L.G.U. Handicap ....
Home Address .... *Telephone No.* ....
Our opponents will be
Mrs./*Miss* } .... and *Mrs.*/*Miss* } ....
who will send their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.
If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at .... *or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about* ....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE

SOUND SLEEP TO-NIGHT

means energy for to-morrow

"I TEACH dancing, physical culture and fencing," says Miss Brett. "It's pretty hard work at times, but I believe in plenty of exercise, provided one can count on sleeping well at night. For years I've taken a cupful of hot Horlick's at bedtime. I find it amazingly soothing and satisfying and I certainly sleep well after it."

* * *

Chemists and grocers everywhere have Horlick's in sealed glass bottles in four sizes. Also the handy Horlick's Mixer, small size 6d., large size 1/-.

HORLICK'S

PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED

BRITISH THROUGHOUT

ARE you one of those lucky people who wake in the morning feeling refreshed and full of energy after a night of sound sleep?

According to statistics only 3 *out of every 10 people get the restful sleep they need.* For it is *sound* sleep that counts, scientists have discovered. It is only during the hours of *complete relaxation* that you can make good the wear and tear of busy, active days.

Make sure of Sound *Sleep*

A hot cupful of Horlick's Malted Milk at bedtime is an easy way to promote the deep, quiet sleep your body needs.

The warm glow and generous nourishment of this delicious food-drink soothe and satisfy your whole system. Gradually tired limbs and muscles relax, you grow drowsy and sleep comes — sound, peaceful, *restful.*

Horlick's is made from full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. Because it is a balanced food — partially pre-digested through a special process of manufacture — it lays no burden on the digestive organs, and while you sleep it helps to build up your system with fresh stores of energy.

If you are not sleeping as well as you should, if you wake up only partially rested, try taking Horlick's at bedtime. Horlick's Malted Milk Co. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK
Horlick's
Mixer
POWDER TO HERE

UNDER the greenwood tree in "Britannia & Eve" 1931 Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth. Mrs. Platts, Mrs. Knight, and Mrs. McGowan watch Miss D. S. Porteous tackle an awkward approach

The "BRITANNIA AND EVE" CLUB COMPETITION

Leading Results for January

Club.	Membership.	No. of Cards	Percentage	Club.	Membership.	No. of Cards.	Percentage
Langholm	68	45	66·17	Hockley	80	1	1·25
Thonock	80	9	11·25	Kingsthorpe	87	1	1·15
Tamworth, Ltd.	70	5	7·14	Huyton	104	1	·96
Cowes	58	4	6·89	St. Annes Old Links	120	1	·83
Camberley Heath	140	4	6·89	North Hants	150	1	·67
Chesterfield	78	2	2·56	South Shields	149	1	·67
La Moye	45	1	2·22	Birkdale	168	1	·59
Ryde	64	1	1·56	Tollygunge (India)	186	1	·59

The "Britannia and Eve"

GOLF COMPETITIONS

Results of the JANUARY Monthly Medal Competition

Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "Britannia and Eve" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely:—18 and under in the Silver division: 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S
Mrs. Wilkinson	Northenden	91	18	73	75	2 below
Mrs. Godwin	Hockley	87	15	72	73	1 ,,
Mrs. R. Fair	South Shields	91	15	76	77	1 ,,
Mrs. Rex Cumberlege	Wentworth	86	10	76	75	1 above
Miss Stead	Camberley Heath	89	13	76	75	1 ,,
Mrs. M. Panikkar	St. Annes Old Links	84	8	76	75	1 ,,
Miss F. Sampson	Chesterfield	95	18	77	73	4 ,,
Miss D. R. Wooding	Kingsthorpe	92	14	78	74	4 ,,
Mrs. Barbour	Birkdale	83	4	79	75	4 ,,
Mrs. Palmer	Camberley Heath	96	16	80	75	5 ,,
Miss E. Berts	Exmouth	94	18	76	71	5 ,,
Miss M. Vereker	Camberley Heath	93	13	80	75	5 ,,
Mrs. D. J. Mellor	Chesterfield	93	15	78	73	5 ,,
Mrs. S. Nickson	Blackpool	97	14	83	76	7 ,,
Mrs. G. F. Playford	Thonock	87	9	78	70	8 ,,

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Mrs. G. G. Wardrop	Tollygunge (India)	104	36	68	73	5 below
Miss V. S. Chapman	La Moye	98	29	69	73	4 ,,
Miss E. Vertue	Puttenham	91	23	68	72	4 ,,
Miss B. Partridge	North Hants	90	21	75	76	1 ,,
Mrs. Sherer	Camberley Heath	94	19	75	75	equal
Miss N. Younger	Langholm	101	25	76	74	2 above
Mrs. J. C. Bell	Langholm	97	19	78	74	4 ,,
Mrs. J. P. Watts	Ryde	101	27	74	70	4 ,,
Mrs. Marvin	Cowes	114	36	78	72	6 ,,
Miss Cairns	Langholm	115	35	80	74	6 ,,
Mrs. Boyd	Cowes	104	20	84	72	12 ,,
Mrs. R. W. Irving	Langholm	109	24	85	74	11 ,,
Miss Brown	Thonock	101	20	81	70	11 ,,
Mrs. Simfison	Tamworth	103	19	84	73	11 ,,
Miss B. Clixby	Thonock	102	19	83	70	13 ,,

The "Britannia and Eve"

NORTHERN FOURSOMES

(10th year)

The "Britannia and Eve" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1932, will be held at Royal Lytham and St. Annes, by kind invitation, April 5th and following days.
Holders: Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but Britannia and Eve reserve the right to accept entries from visitors from other countries without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, Britannia and Eve Office, 346 Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 17th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change.

Britannia and Eve reserve the right to close the entry list before March 17th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of Britannia and Eve reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

By kind permission of Royal Lytham and St. Annes, competitors may practise over the course on Monday, April 4th, without payment of green fee.

Entrance Form below

CONSOLATION COMPETITION in aid of the N.P.F.A.

By the courtesy of Royal Lytham and St. Annes Ladies' G.C. a Consolation Competition will be held over their nine-hole course from Wednesday, April 6th, to Friday, 9th, both inclusive, for a Challenge Cup kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill.

The Cup will be given for the best medal round, singles, over 9 holes returned by a competitor in the Northern Foursomes who is beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting list. Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish, but no card may be returned later than 12.30 noon on Friday the 9th. Ties to be decided on the last five holes or as the Golf Editor and the Hon. Secretary Royal Lytham and St. Annes L.G.C. may arrange.

A scratch prize will also be given.

One shilling entrance for the first card, 6d. for each subsequent card; these fees to be given to the National Playing Fields Association.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps, which will be reduced during the competition in accordance with L.G.U. regulations in the event of any player completing 18 continuous holes.

AN INVITATION ROUND

On Monday, April 4th, the Girls' Golfing Society will hold their Spring Meeting over *St. Annes Old Links*, and competitors in Britannia and Eve's Northern Foursomes may be INVITED by members of the Girls' Golfing Society to compete with them in the afternoon foursomes there, either as partners or opponents.

Entrance fee of 1s. to be sent by March 28th to the Hon. Secretary of the Girls' Golfing Society, Miss M. Brennan, Curraheen, Westmoreland Road, Bromley, Kent, of whom any further particulars may be obtained.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATION

Britannia and Eve headquarters for the Northern Foursomes will be *Grand Hotel, St. Annes-on-the-Sea.* Special inclusive terms for bedroom, baths, breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner and after-dinner coffee, 16s. 6d. per head per day, single room, or 14s. 6d. per head per day for two sharing a room with two beds. Or 14s. 6d. and 12s. 6d. respectively without lunch and tea.

Hotel Majestic, St. Annes-on-the-Sea, 18s. 6d. each person per day for all table d'hôte meals, afternoon tea, baths, etc., or 16s. 6d. for dinner, bed, breakfast and baths.

Rossmoyne, 62, Lightburne Avenue, St. Annes-on-the-Sea, board-residence from 8/6 per day per person.

ROYAL LYTHAM AND ST. ANNES **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

"BRITANNIA AND EVE" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Tenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, Britannia and Eve Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 17th.

"Britannia and Eve" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Royal Lytham and St. Annes, on April 5th, 1932, and following days

Please enter
Mrs.
Miss ……………………………………
of …………………… *Club, L.G.U. Handicap* ……………
Home address ……………………………………
Telephone number ……………………………………
To play in the above handicap foursomes with
Mrs.
Miss ……………………………………
of …………………… *Club, L.G.U. Handicap* ……………
Home address ……………………………………
Telephone number ……………………………………

Please notify change of partner, handicap or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or after April 1st to Grand Hotel, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs. Tel. 55.

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

Britannia and Eve has much pleasure in congratulating the following player on holing in one.

Mrs. G. Soppit .. .. 7th hole at Horsforth.

All entries for Britannia and Eve's *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* Britannia and Eve *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the Cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* Britannia and Eve, **346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"BRITANNIA AND EVE" GOLF COUPON **MARCH**

Name { *Mrs.* *Miss* ……………………………………
Address ……………………………………
……………………………………

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of ……………………… *of which I am a member*

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE

The Magic of Montespan

(*Continued from page 57*)

" Be brief, Monseigneur ! " Inwardly, she shrank. How dare this audacious priest invade her privacy !

" Madame, I will be brief. But remember that eternity is long. I come from God to call you from your sins. I come from God to say what must be said—to save your immortal soul, and yet more to save this kingdom. Madame, the word of God speaks through my mouth. Beware how you reject it. Madame, I bring you the command of God. You must leave the King ! "

She rose from her chair, stood in that superb jewel-glittering carnal beauty reflected from the surrounding mirrors.

" Never ! "

" Madame, beware ! " It was as if, terrifyingly, he read her inmost secret. " The powers of evil wrestle for your soul. They dazzle you with this earthly splendour which may vanish in an instant. Bethink you of eternity ! "

" Monseigneur, when I need your ministrations I will ask for them. These are my private apartments. I would be alone."

" Madame, you know that what I speak is truth. Yet is God stronger than all the powers of darkness. He will prevail ! " He made the sign of the Cross and was gone.

She stood in panic. Did he guess ?—did he *know* ? It was but her absurd apprehension. Leave the King—precipitate herself from this summit where she was dizzily enthroned, intoxicatingly envied of all ? No, no, no ! Never ! She would rise higher yet—to the greatest height of all.

She heard a footstep. It was the King.

" *Grand ami* ! At last, you come back to me ! " She could put a miracle of alluring affection into that tone.

He embraced her.

" *Ma mie !* I had to visit the Queen for an instant. Forgive me. Also I went to find something for you. A bagatelle."

He pressed a box into her hand.

She opened it, perceived a magnificent ornament of diamonds that blazed and sparkled.

" Sire ! " she cried ecstatically. " You are too generous to me ! "

He smiled at her, fondly.

" Do you know why I give it to you, *ma mie* ? Because you love me—not for that I am King—but for myself alone ! "

IT was 1679. She was at Clagny, her own magnificent estate adjoining Versailles, and scarcely inferior in architectural splendour. Much had happened. Four years ago the Bishop Bossuet had indeed succeeded in separating her from the King, conscience-stricken and terrified for his soul. But—thanks to La Voisin—she had won him back in an infatuation that was stronger than ever.

She stared out of the long window overlooking the patterned gardens that were a masterpiece of Lenôtre. For two hours she had stood thus, tortured by an atrocious anxiety. She turned to the governess of the royal children, sitting at needlework behind her, the governess who was now no longer the Widow Scarron but—since the King had appreciatively endowed her with an estate—Madame de Maintenon.

" He is terribly late. What can have happened to him ? "

" His Majesty is doubtless detained by affairs of State."

" Affairs of State ! *Tu te moques de moi !* This is the second day he has not come ! It is that Fontanges ! "

What a fool she had been to draw the King's attention to that red-headed exquisitely lovely, but incredibly brainless, young girl ! " Look, Sire ! " she had said, " is that not a beautiful statue ? I was surprised when they told me it was alive ! "

" Statue if you like ! " the King had replied, " but, *vive Dieu*, it is a ravishing creature ! "

She had not minded a passing fancy. She had tolerated many such. But this was becoming serious. Now she was afraid, horribly afraid.

(*Continued on page 106*)

Nottingham.
Aristoc

THE LOVELY ARISTOC PURE SILK STOCKINGS ARE ALL **MADE AT NOTTINGHAM** BY BRITISH PEOPLE WITH BRITISH CAPITAL

4/11 to 12/6

•

Sole distributors to the Trade
W. L. Arber Ltd., Portland House, 4 Great Portland Street, Oxford Circus, W.1

JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD
MARKINCH SCOTLAND
GOLD LABEL
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

IN WINTER WEATHER with its chilly zest, the soft, warming comfort of Haig is more appreciated than ever. For occasions of hospitality and friendship, then . . . **AND AT ALL SEASONS—HAIG**

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

The Magic of Montespan

Two days—two days since she had seen the King, since she had had a word from him! Was it possible that this imbecile chit of a girl could supplant her, as she had supplanted La Vallière? A thought went through her like a destroying sword. She was thirty-eight years old. La Fontanges was eighteen. Youth! What magic could give back youth!

What was that? She jerked round again to the window, her heart leaping. The hunt! The royal hunt! The King was hunting—through her domain. Surely he would come, with all his company, to fetch her.

Riding with the King was an amazon whose broad-brimmed hat was tied down under her chin—the new mode that the Fontanges had launched at Court—she knew it intuitively, in an anguish of jealousy, La Fontanges herself! The King turned to her, made a forward gesture with his whip, spurred his horse. They rode into the forest, side by side. They were gone!

She turned. Madame de Maintenon had risen also, was looking out of the window, had seen.

"Françoise! Françoise! He will not come! He has gone with her! To all the world, the King shows that he no longer cares for me!—What shall I do?"

"Madame, it may be that in this trial God shows His infinite solicitude for your soul. Pray to Him!"

She could have laughed in bitter mockery. Pray? She knew something more efficacious than that! To-morrow—to-day—she would send for La Voisin. At all costs—at all costs! she must win back the King! In this desperate crisis of her fate, she would again make the great magic—the greatest of all black magics!

It was already night when she had arrived, in the greatest secrecy, only Desœillets with her in the hired coach left behind on the rough track half a league from the Paris-Orleans road. She shuddered with the eeriness of the place. Sinister indeed, as if created for evil enchantments, was this gloomy, long derelict fourteenth-century castle of Villebousin. It was not the first time she had come here. Six years ago, in 1673, she had similarly visited it on the same awful errand, had with the irresistible puissance of Satanic aid compelled back to her the then straying affection of the royal lover, essential to that all-devouring ambition for which she jeopardised her soul.

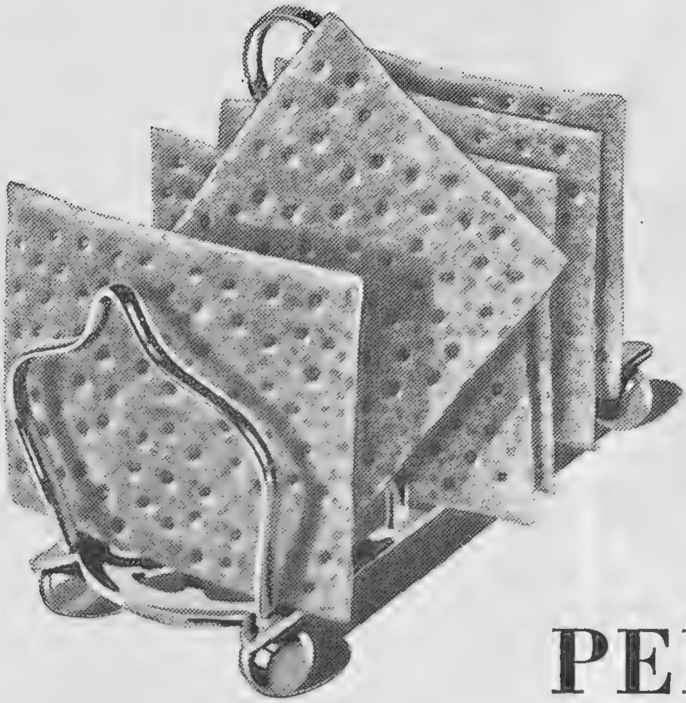
Hate—deadly hate—filled her as, supported by Desœillets, she stumbled along the rutted, scarcely visible path, crossed the creaky drawbridge over the moat, passed through the dark chilliness of the great gateway. Beyond, she perceived a narrow slit of yellow light. They went towards it. It came from a door ajar—the door of the ancient chapel of the castle.

The altar of the chapel had been decked for the occasion. Candles were burning upon it. In that illumination, stood grouped the persons who awaited her. Two of them she already knew. There was the Abbé Guibourg, the squinting evil-faced old priest—he was seventy years of age—who was the pensioned almoner of this chapel, arrayed now in alb and stole. There was La Voisin, fatter than ever, her little eyes shrewd in a crafty wickedness, in her ceremonial robe. There was a plump stupid-featured country wench, with a new-born baby in her arms. There were two villainous-looking men of shabby appearance.

La Voisin introduced the two men, by name Romani and Bertrand, "artists in poisons, madame."

There was first business to be done. They haggled, La Voisin and her two "artists." Finally, they came to terms, settled the details. La Voisin herself would undertake to poison the King; on a day when he received petitions, she would present him a document prepared with such deadly venom that the mere touch of it would be fatal. Romani and Bertrand would poison Mademoiselle de (*Continued on page* 108)

The *British* Crispbread made of British *wheat* is PEEK FREAN'S



Vita-Weat
REGD.

Because Vita-Weat contains the wealth of nourishment of the whole wheat berry, with all its precious vitamins intact, it offers you the very maximum of food value.

Because Vita-Weat is free from unconverted starch, it never taxes your digestion, cannot clog your system, and never encourages mere fat: you benefit by every bit of its nourishment.

Because Vita-Weat with its fascinating crunchiness promotes appetite, every day more people make it their daily bread: sales have risen by well over 50% in the last year alone.

Because Vita-Weat is made by Peek Frean, a British firm, in Britain, by British labour, of only British wheat, British-milled and British-baked, every penny you spend on it goes to your own people.

Your health is your duty. Safeguard it patriotically with Vita-Weat. Have Vita-Weat on the table at *every* meal.

Made by PEEK FREAN, Makers of Famous Biscuits

Happy ladies!

Belling Electric Cookers from - - £5 . 17 . 6
Model illustrated - - - - - £12 . 12 . 6

Write for a free copy of the "Happy Ladies" book, which tells you all about these wonderful new Belling Electric Cookers, at prices lower than you have ever seen.

① NEW "VISIBLE" HEAT BOILER-GRILLER —THE FASTEST IN THE WORLD
② "TEMSET" AUTOMATIC OVEN CONTROL
③ ALL GLEAMING WHITE MOTTLED ENAMEL FINISH

As reliable as the well-known Belling Electric Fires.

"BELLING" has made electric cooking cheap

LONDON SHOWROOMS:
313, REGENT STREET
(1 min. north of Oxford Circus)

BELLING & CO. Head Office: ENFIELD, MIDDX
(27)

See the Belling Fire advertisement on page 127

Fontanges. But they would do it subtly also, defying detection. The action of the poison would be delayed. She would die lingeringly, after the King. It would cost a hundred thousand crowns.

And now for the infernal ceremony which guaranteed the efficacy of that revenge! Hate was exultant in her as, withdrawn into the little vestry and aided by Desœillets, she stripped herself to the skin. If she could not have the King, no other woman should!

Desœillets threw a cloak around her. She emerged into the chapel. Two stools had been placed in front of the altar, a mattress stretched across them. She slipped off her cloak, lay full length upon the mattress. La Voisin put a lighted candle into each of her hands. A chalice was set upon her body.

Again she had the sense of yielding herself to some primevally awful mystery, older than the world.

That squinting, abominable old priest who had demoniacally perverted his sanctity to the service of the Evil One, stood between her and the altar. He took the new-born infant from the ruddy-faced peasant girl. In his other hand, a knife glittered.

Sonorously he pronounced the dreadful invocation, his voice echoing in the chapel.

"Adonaïs! Adonaïs! Adonaïs! I conjure you to accept the sacrifice of this child I present to you for the things I ask of you ——!"

The Black Mass commenced.

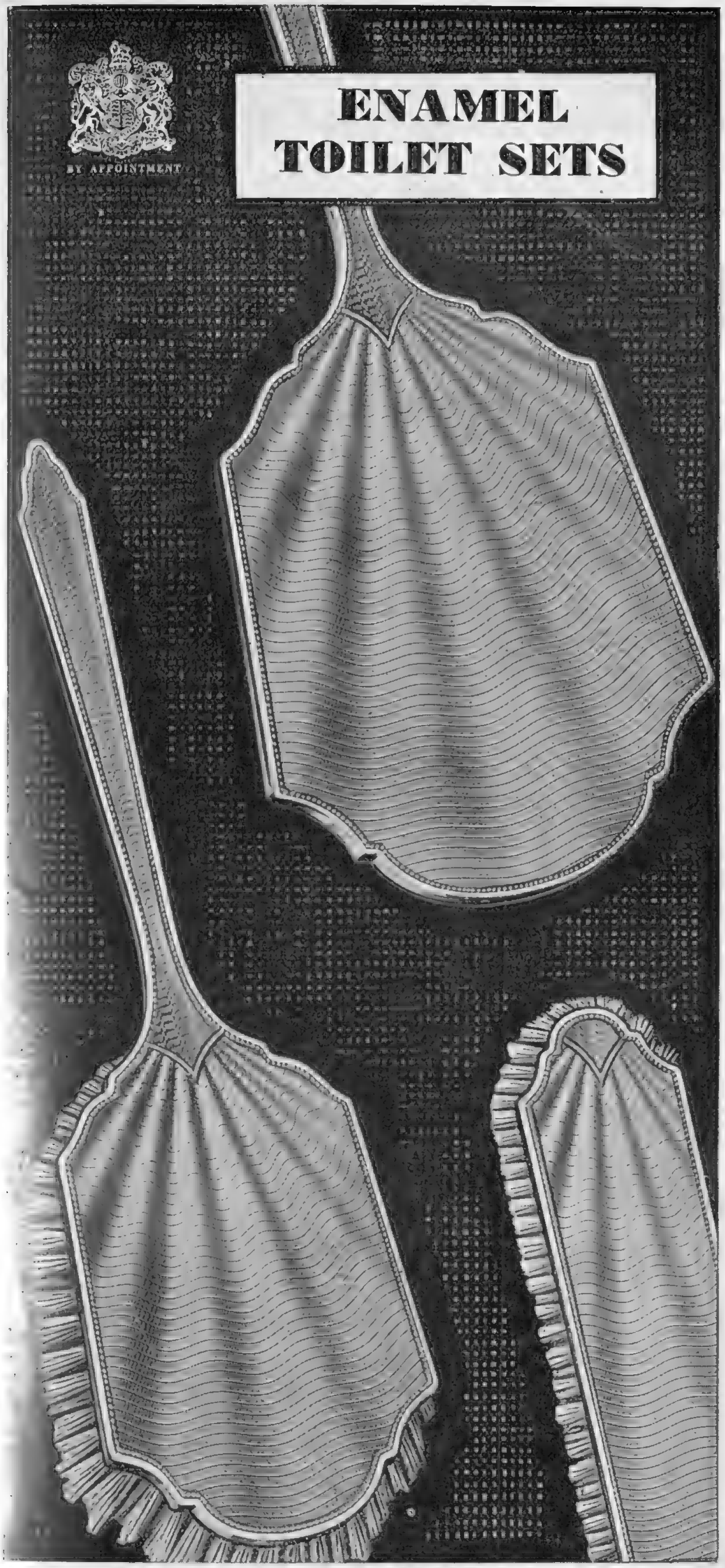
It was in 1680. La Fontanges was dead, in childbirth. Miraculously, the King was yet alive. On that day which was to have been fatal, he had—against custom—not touched the petition presented to him by La Voisin, had gestured for it to be placed on a table. Miraculously also—what could not magic achieve?—she was once more in favour. If it had become an absurd habit with the King to spend hours a day in serious talk with the primly pious Madame de Maintenon, she, la Montespan, was once again the triumphant mistress of his heart.

For all that, these last months had been months of sickening terror. The Affair of the Poisons was at its height. Never had there been such a scandal. The police had suddenly discovered the existence of a shockingly widespread system of private murder, wives poisoning their husbands, husbands poisoning their wives. A special court, the *Chambre Ardente*, had been appointed to deal with this enormity of crime. Hundreds of people, including many of the highest nobility, had been arrested. La Voisin, the arch-intermediary in this infamous traffic, had been among the first to be thrown into prison. She, the Montespan, had been in agony lest under torture the wretch should shriekingly denounce her. But, evidently, in fear of the atrocious punishment suffered by would-be regicides, the woman had kept silence. Nevertheless, not until the sorceress had been executed on the Place de Grève had she breathed freely. Now the danger was past.

These things flitted through her mind as she rode in her gilded coach from Clagny to Versailles. The King had sent for her, urgently. She smiled, in pleasant anticipation. The Queen Marie Thérèse was again very ill. What if at last her ambition was to be achieved? Not yet had the royal horoscope been fulfilled.

She arrived, ascended the splendid entrance stairway between crowds of humbly bowing servants, passed haughtily through the swarm of courtiers always idling in the palace, went straight to the royal apartments. Madame de Maintenon sat in the ante-room, her eternal needlework in her hand.

"My dear Françoise!" she exclaimed. "This is delightful to see you! Always meritoriously diligent!" She could not resist a shaft of sarcasm. "Truly you will have your reward in Heaven!—I would that I could give myself the great pleasure of a talk with you. I know it would be so good for (*Continued on page 110*)



ENAMEL TOILET SETS

Sterling Silver gilt and enamel six-piece Toilet Set . . £9.
Colours: blue, green and beige. Please write for Catalogue.

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY · LTD

JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS TO H.M. THE KING

112 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

CORNER OF GLASSHOUSE STREET. NO OTHER ADDRESS

Hands Must Not Age

VENETIAN
MILK
OF
ALMONDS

Elizabeth Arden knows better than anyone else how to transform workaday hands into hands that inspire poets

She has created special preparations to make hands young and lovely. Use them faithfully and you will be rewarded with the irresistible charm of soft, pink tipped fingers, and skin of dazzling whiteness. Especially at this time of year you need the soothing benison of these creamy lotions to prevent your hands becoming dry or rough

VELVA BATH

A cream soap in a big chubby tube. It heals chapping and keeps the skin smooth. 6/6

VELVA LIQUID

Its delicate oils prevent redness and roughness. Does not leave the hands sticky. Excellent for moist hands. 5/6

MILK OF ALMONDS

A real skin food for the hands, made from fresh almonds. 7/6

VENETIAN HAND CREAM

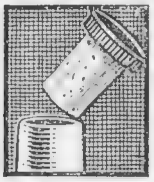
After washing with an Arden soap, smooth your hands with Hand Cream and they will be velvety. 4/6

ELIZABETH ARDEN

Elizabeth Arden Ltd.: 691 Fifth Avenue, New York

25 OLD BOND STREET W1
PARIS BERLIN ROME

(Copyright Reserved)



The cork and the carton

GOOD wine needs no bush. But it does need a *cork*. That is because cork has proved to be the best form of stopper for good wine.

So Empire Big Tree Burgundy comes to you with a cork stopper.

It comes to you also in its *carton* that is so convenient to handle and carry. Also the carton is light-proof, because good Burgundy is affected by light and we will take no risks with Big Tree.

Empire Big Tree is the finest of Empire Wines, and you will appreciate all its fine flavour and valuable tonic properties.

For those who prefer a French wine, the original Big Tree Burgundy is still available.

*ECONOMY:—When you have collected 12 capsules from Big Tree flagons, your supplier will give you a **free** flagon in exchange for them.*

4/6 *The Flagon* HALF FLAGON 2/3

EMPIRE
EVERY 12TH FLAGON FREE
BIG TREE BURGUNDY

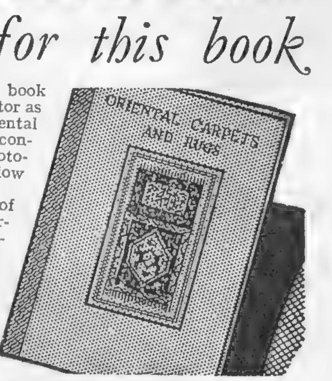
DIPLOMA GHENT GOLD M LONDON

drink EMPIRE BIG TREE

EVERY 12TH FLAGON FREE

M.C.9.

GRIERSON OLDHAM & Co., Ltd., *Shippers of Fine Wines since 1820* 25 Haymarket, London, S.W1.



BEFORE YOU BUY ORIENTAL CARPETS AND RUGS—*send for this book*

● An extremely interesting and informative book which will appeal to the knowledgeable collector as well as to those seeking information on Oriental Carpets and Rugs. Beautifully printed, it contains 22 coloured plates and numerous photographic illustrations. It is priced at 5/-, far below its cost of production. Send for it to-day!

● Then come and inspect our large selection of real Oriental Carpets and Rugs. Turkish, Persian, Bokhara, Indian, Chinese, etc., etc. Because we import ourselves and sell our carpets to you direct from our riverside warehouse, instead of through a middleman, we are able to keep prices remarkably low. All our carpets are pieces which you would be proud of.

● **INDIAN CARPETS**—Examples of value —*not bazaar-made rubbish*. All sizes in stock in Fawns, Creams, Blues, Reds, etc., etc.

6 ft. by 3 ft. .. 22/6
7 ft. by 4 ft. .. 36/-
9 ft. by 6 ft. .. 60/-
12 ft. by 9 ft. .. 120/-

Price List
FREE *on Application.*

CELEBES STORAGE Co. Ltd.
107, UPPER THAMES STREET, E.C.4
Only a few minutes' walk from London Bridge, Liverpool Street and Cannon Street Stations. Underground: Monument or Bank.
Wires: Sellstorko-Cannon-London. Phone: Mansion House 5078

my soul, frivolous sinner that I am!—but His Majesty has just sent for me!"

Madame de Maintenon smiled with that unruffled placidity characteristic of her.

"Dear Madame!" she said. "Believe me, daily do I pray for the welfare of your soul. And never more than now. His Majesty is there," she gestured to a closed door. "I know that he expects you."

She entered without knocking, uniquely privileged that she was.

The King was seated at his immense desk. A man whom she did not know stood in a respectful attitude by his side.

The King glanced up, perceived her, frowned. Evidently he was in one of his bad tempers. She would soon dispel that!

He turned to the unknown man, a personage with a lean, intellectual face, with piercing eyes.

"Monsieur de la Reynie," he said, curtly, "you may withdraw."

She heard him with a shock. Monsieur de la Reynie! Monsieur de la Reynie was the famous Lieutenant of Police, the terribly feared Commissaire of the *Chambre Ardente*. What was he doing here? What was that packet of documents in the King's hand? For a moment she thought she was going to faint.

"Sire!" she said, with her most dazzling smile. "Behold me! I came as fast as horses could bring me. From the ends of the earth I would come thus, at the slightest wish of your Majesty!"

The King did not smile. He rose from his desk, the documents in his hand. Never had she seen him look like this.

"Madame," he said, and his voice was terrible. "You cannot bewitch me longer. I know all!"

Was this the way the Devil kept his pact? She was cheated! Cheated! At a stroke, her entire world crashed into ruin.

"What do you know, Sire—save my thirteen years of love for you?"

"Thirteen years of love? Thirteen years of infernal sorceries! I know all—all! I have the depositions here!" He tapped the packet of documents. "I know all your diabolical magics from the first in the Rue de la Tannerie until the last where you sought my life! Do you wish me to tell you what happened in the château of Villebousin, madame?"

She flung herself at his feet.

"Sire!—Mercy!"

Strangely, her heart was wrung for him. Actor before the world though he was, majestically playing his royal part, it was a man who stood there before her, a man anguished to the innermost of his being, a man mortally stricken, for whom life could never be the same again, a man who no longer had illusion about the woman he had loved.

He spoke through his teeth.

"You know what you deserve?"

She shuddered in the thought of those red-hot pincers tearing into the flesh, that breaking upon the wheel, which was the fate of regicides.

"Sire!—Mercy!"

"I had bidden La Reynie do justice in this affair—without fear, favour, or respect of persons. And now I have bidden him suspend that justice. These crimes touch my throne too nearly."

"Sire! Sire! I confess all! I have been wicked! It was because I loved you—because I could not bear to lose your love! Sire, in your royal mercy let me retire to a convent. Let me in tears of remorse expiate my crime. As you hope for salvation, let me save my soul!"

He shook his head.

"No, madame. You ask the impossible. No one must even suspect these horrors of which you are guilty. I have to think of our children—your children and mine. I have ordered that these prosecutions be stopped, that the persons implicated be kept in prison—in perpetual silence—for the rest of their lives. Already there are dangerous rumours.

(*Continued on page* 112)

A Steak Pudding of distinction!

Made with 'Atora'—it is simply delicious.

Hugon's

'ATORA'

***The Good* BEEF SUET**

RECIPE.

Paste for Pudding. 12 oz. Flour. 6 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.'
Level teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the ingredients together and make into a rather stiff paste with water. One lb. steak cut in thin pieces. Four sheep's kidneys or 6 oz. ox kidney, cut up finely. Half a small onion chopped up very finely. Pepper and salt mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Line a greased basin with the suet paste, put in the ingredients in layers, with the seasoning sprinkled between each layer, fill with water, cover with the paste, tie a cloth over and steam for 4 hours. Serve with some thickened gravy. Sufficient for 6 persons.

This famous recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

450a

PREPARE FOR BABY'S ARRIVAL AT TREASURE COT

From this unique Store you can obtain smart Maternity Wear—frocks, coats and corsets, everything needed for the birth of Baby, his first cot and layette, nursery furniture and children's clothes. Call or write for Catalogue "A"—the most complete list published of everything for Baby's arrival.

MATERNITY WEAR

smart and attractive styles at really moderate prices. Each model is cleverly designed to give slender lines to the figure and can be expanded by the wearer as required.

Model M.440

Smart Maternity Frock in wool crepe-de-Chine trimmed printed crepe-de-Chine. Navy, Bottle, Burgundy Brown, Saxe, Rust and Black.

57/6

Plain crepe-de-Chine . . 4 Gns.

Printed crepe-de-Chine, £4 . 10s. 6d.

COTS AND LAYETTES

A lovely collection of useful and dainty garments for Baby's first layette is to be seen in our Baby Clothes Dept., everything of the finest quality yet moderately priced.

THE FAMOUS TREASURE COT

is the most perfect Cot for Baby —dainty, durable and hygienic.

Plain wood 25/6

White enamel .. . 30/6

Trimmings extra.

25/6

BABY CARRIAGES

THE FRATTON

A very attractive carriage decorated with bevelled moulding, Chromium fittings, rubber duck hood and apron, ball-bearing wheels, 1⅛ in. sponge tyres.

10 GNS.

Carriage paid.

All Goods may be ordered by post.

MOTHERS AND EXPECTANT MOTHERS WRITE FOR THESE CATALOGUES

Choose those you require. *Sent free in Plain Envelope.*

M.—MATERNITY WEAR *(Frocks, Coats, Belts, Corsets, etc.)*
A.—EVERYTHING FOR THE EVENT *(Layettes, Cots, Baths, Baskets, Accouchement Requisites.)*
B.—EVERYTHING BABY NEEDS (3 months to 3 years) *(Cribs, High Chairs, Play Pens, Clothes, Hats, Shoes, etc.)*
D.—EVERYTHING CHILDREN NEED (from 3 to about 12 years.)
P.—BABY CARRIAGES *(Pram Rugs, Pram Bags, etc.)*
X.—CHILPRUFE FOR CHILDREN.

Agents for Harringtons Squares.

TREASURE COT CO., LTD.
(Dept. S.V. 26), 103 Oxford Street, London, W.1

(Flynn's)

If you should now retire to a convent, all the world would guess the reason.

"What then do you command, Sire?"

"You will remain at Court, Madame. To all the world, everything will be as it has ever been. You will show yourself at all festivities, you will smile and assume a complete happiness. To all the world, you will still be the woman whom all envy. But to me—from this moment—you are dead!"

THAT purgatory had lasted for four years. It was 1684. In her apartment at Versailles, she sat with a group of modish courtiers. She smiled and laughed, was witty as always she had been. None knew the effort that it cost her, an effort that had no end. It was the most atrocious of comedies. Born actor that he was, the King played his part to perfection. Every night as usual he came to her apartment. But it was only to deceive those lynx-eyed courtiers. Alone with her, he spoke no word. And as soon as might be, he withdrew.

One of the ladies of the Court—a woman who hated her—came towards her with a smile.

"What do you think of the great news, madame?" she asked.

"The news?" She lifted her eyebrows.

"Nay, madame, it is not news—it is a secret—a secret that everybody knows."

"Pray tell me, madame."

"Last night His Majesty privately wedded Madame de Maintenon!"

SHE woke with a shriek from that nightmare. No. All was well. She was in her own room, in that religious retreat whither after eleven years of torture she had been permitted to retire. The room was a blaze of candles. The women she paid to sit there, the whole night through, were eating and talking and laughing and playing cards. That was as it should be. That was as it must be. Not for a moment must she be alone—in the dark. Death might come—and with Death, yet more terrible, yet more affrighting—the Evil One to snatch her from this world!

All that woman might do to cheat him she had done. Desperately she wrought to save her guilty soul. She had written to her injured husband, offering to return to him, or to live wherever he might appoint, humbling herself as she had never thought it possible she could humble herself. Night and day she wore bracelets, garters and a girdle of steel, all with sharp points which pierced and mortified the sinful flesh. Surely these things would find favour! Surely they would defeat that Fiend to whom—if she could only forget it!—she had pledged her soul.

She called to those women—the women she knew mocked at her behind her back.

"Laugh! Laugh! Send for more wine! Make more noise! Don't let me go to sleep!"

IT was the year 1707. She was an old woman. She was dying. It was at Bourbon, whither she had gone to take the waters. She had had a presentiment that she would die there, had paid in advance two years' pensions to her dependants. She knew that she was dying. It was all over.

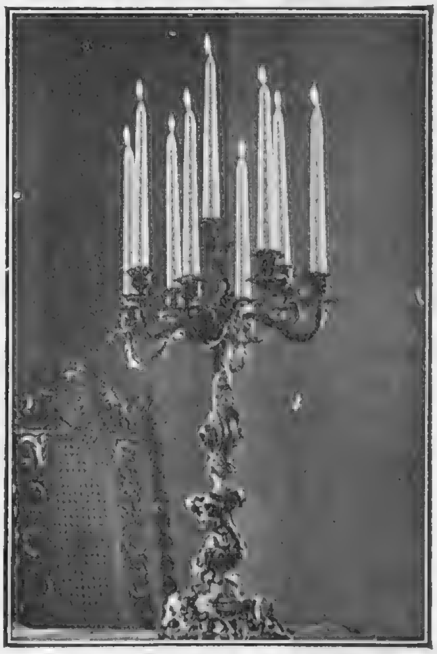
She had made an edifying confession, had received the sacrament. The priest had spoken with certainty of her salvation. Her glance roved anxiously about the room. No. No. Incredibly, miraculously, the Devil was not there. Eternity—eternity!

LOUIS THE MAGNIFICENT was about to hunt when, at Versailles, he heard the news. He spent the day chasing and killing a stag. The young royal Duchesse de Bourgogne, a spoiled pet of his, daringly ventured a remark upon that callousness. He shrugged his shoulders. "Long ago, Madame de Montespan was dead to me!"

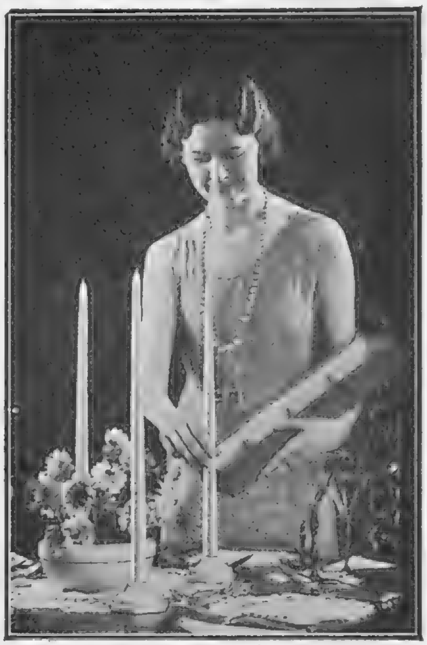
It was Madame de Maintenon, thinking perhaps of the happy days before she had been the secret Queen, who wept.

END

"NELL GWYNN" CANDLES ARE FASHIONABLE



FOR DECORATION



FOR THE DINING TABLE

No light is so pleasing as "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight, and the candles themselves are lovely both in shape and colour, adding charm to any decorative scheme.

FIELD'S
"NELL GWYNN"
Solid Dyed Candles
IN 36 ART COLOURS

FREE: An illustrated "Nell Gwynn" Candle booklet will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. L, London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych

★

"I'm so glad Cyclax is English I simply couldn't give it up"

"That's what a client exclaimed the other day — and I am sure that she was voicing the feeling of every woman in the country who uses my preparations. You see — no ordinary beauty treatment *could* do just what Cyclax does for your skin. First, of course, my Special Lotion frees it utterly of acid waste — drawing the accumulated poisons out overnight while you sleep, so swiftly and thoroughly that *you can see the difference the very first morning.* Then my other six simple preparations — soap, skinfood, complexion milk, cleansing lotion, liquid *non-greasy* powder-base and powder — will daily discipline your skin into looking and *being* its natural best. My specialities are made under my personal supervision at my own laboratories. Because of this you can use them even more happily, knowing that in doing so you can keep your conscience as clear as your skin!"

Frances Hemming.

cyclax

CYCLAX LTD., 58, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1. PARIS · BERLIN · NEW YORK

Service Advertising

FREE BOOKLET. Please let me send you my own book, "The Art of Being Lovely," which I have just re-edited and reprinted. It shows you how to use Cyclax, and outlines my treatment for many special skin difficulties.

FREE ADVICE. I will willingly advise you at my salon. If you cannot call, you will find in my booklet a form containing helpful questions—it is only a few minutes' work to fill this up and post to me at South Molton Street.

Cyclax Preparations are obtainable from high-class Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers throughout the country.

XII
I
II
III
IIII
V
VII
VIII
IX
X
XI

Feeding time is Benger time

Whether for the weakly or backward, or for the sturdy, rapidly growing child, "feeding time is Benger time."

Remember that the ordinary food of a child, until at least two years old, should consist mainly of milk. Benger's Food is so successful with children because it is fresh new milk adjusted to the child's digestive capacity.

Benger's is a most inexpensive food. Made with all milk it costs less than 6d. per pint, including the 6d. or 7d. per quart you pay for fresh new milk.

BENGER'S Food *for* INFANTS, INVALIDS *and the* AGED.

TRADE MARK.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere. Prices—1/4, 2/3, 4/- *and* 8/6.

For full information on this natural way of feeding infants write for Benger's Booklet. It is a very helpful guide for mothers.

BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
271 a SYDNEY. NEW YORK. CAPE TOWN.

ANTWERP—HOTEL DE LONDRES

THE MOST MODERN AND THE BEST CLIENTELE.

SENSE SAVES EXPENSE

MAGGI'S SOUPS

14 VARIETIES
2d. Per TABLET

Jumpin' the Border

(*Continued from page* 9)

expected that to happen sooner or later. Also, if the driver were caught the boss would provide bail and pay any fines—strictly "under cover," of course.

The greatest danger lay in the five miles of land that lies between the actual international frontier and the main road running south and parallel to it. This road corresponds to the Canadian one mentioned as running parallel and three miles north of the frontier. However, it is on the United States side that the revels are staged. And it is in that strip of land five miles deep and extending the length of the State of New York that the Border Patrol operates.

MY first visit to Miller's farm is unforgettable. Being a new member of Loo's outfit, I had to be initiated, a process involving the opening of many bottles. In other words, I was the excuse for a perfectly good binge. The radio was turned on, and big beefy booze-runners and the drivers of beer cars danced wild fox-trots with clump-booted farmhands for partners. A good time was had by all.

The next morning, Loo, Miller and myself went in the Ford truck to Saint Jean to get the "hard liquor" from the Commission Store. "Hard liquor" means spirits and champagne and—less specifically—wine: in fact, anything other than ale. I went with Loo to observe the procedure, for, owing to the Liquor Commission Stores being under Governmental control, one is not allowed to buy more than one bottle of spirits at a time.

Saint Jean was twenty-five miles away. On arrival at the Commission Store, Loo handed in a list of his requirements with a carton of 200 Camel cigarettes. This was the signal that he was a booze-runner. All the bottles of whisky, brandy, liqueurs, champagne and wines were ranged on the counter, checked, the cash paid over, and the farce began. Utilising the services of three street loungers, we all made a chain that grabbed up one bottle at a time and took it out to the truck; a clerk at the cash register "rang up" a sale for each bottle as it was snatched off the counter—and thus was the law satisfied.

Then we drove back to the farm. In our absence Hughie and Dan had driven the Chevvies into the woods near the farm—also transporting the bags of ale which we were to take to New York. It was a weird sight to come upon the cars deep in the forest, with piles of "unbagged" ale around. For booze-runners did not carry their loads as did the beer car people. The cars were packed most expertly. Row upon row of bottles were laid, until the coupé had 384 quarts in the back: 24 quarts under the seat: two complete bags in front with the passenger.

Fifteen minutes before midday we left the woods, the heavily laden cars labouring through the soft ground. A swig of whisky and we were on the high road north of the frontier—then turned in to the narrow lane leading to No Man's Land (a glance at the map will show our route).

The farmhouse called Jack's lay in a depression, and the invisible boundary line went through the middle of the house. Slowly and as silently as could be we crept down the hill to the house. Fifty yards from it, and still in Canada, Loo got out and walked. He wanted to make certain that none of the Border Patrol was hiding to pounce upon us. He reported all clear. With all possible speed the two cars—quarter of a mile apart—raced down the hill and up the opposite incline. Loo's face was set and grim as he drove with skill over the appalling road. He scrutinised each bush, tree, store and farm. Woodland tracks, all known to Loo, were subjected to an especially keen "once over" before we came abreast of them. "Never know where the lousy Law is hiding," said Loo.

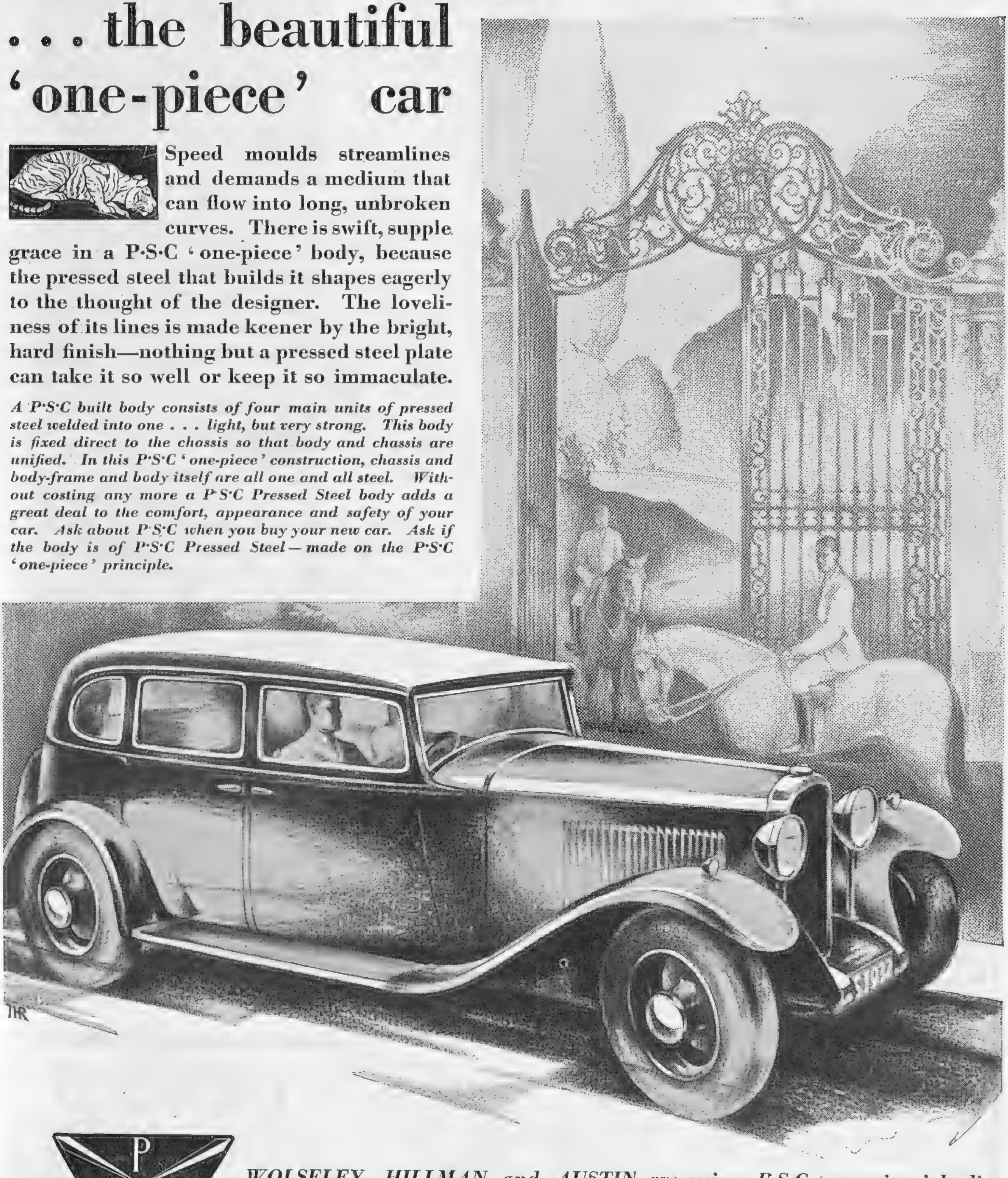
Just before reaching the cemetery, Loo stopped, and standing on his seat, searched the roads in

(*Continued on page* 116)

Athletic lines . . . gleaming 'fitness' . . . the beautiful 'one-piece' car

Speed moulds streamlines and demands a medium that can flow into long, unbroken curves. There is swift, supple grace in a P·S·C 'one-piece' body, because the pressed steel that builds it shapes eagerly to the thought of the designer. The loveliness of its lines is made keener by the bright, hard finish—nothing but a pressed steel plate can take it so well or keep it so immaculate.

A P·S·C built body consists of four main units of pressed steel welded into one . . . light, but very strong. This body is fixed direct to the chassis so that body and chassis are unified. In this P·S·C 'one-piece' construction, chassis and body-frame and body itself are all one and all steel. Without costing any more a P·S·C Pressed Steel body adds a great deal to the comfort, appearance and safety of your car. Ask about P·S·C when you buy your new car. Ask if the body is of P·S·C Pressed Steel—made on the P·S·C 'one-piece' principle.

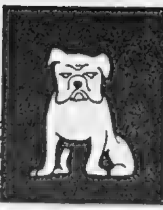


WOLSELEY, HILLMAN and AUSTIN are using P·S·C 'one-piece' bodies

THE PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

OXFORD

Service Advertising 5W



ONE OF THE FAMILY

The children romping with him, pulling him about. "He's so safe!" you say. Is he? What if he's got "visitors," though? Horrid thought, isn't it?

PULVEX
VERMIN POWDER

will keep him free from all insects and will REALLY KILL any that may be present. Harmless even to puppies.

On sale everywhere.

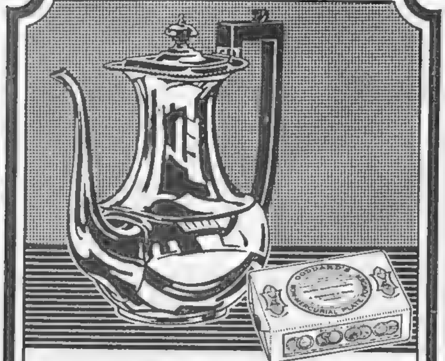
9d. ... 2/6 ... 12/6

COOPER PRODUCT

COOPER DOG PRODUCTS

Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd.,
Berkhamsted.

20545



SUBTLE LIGHTS AND INTENSE CONTRASTS of colour, so beautiful in silver, are emphasised by cleaning with Goddard's Plate Powder. Ninety years reputation.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere in four sizes 6d., 1/- 2/- & 4/-
Manufactured by J. Goddard & Sons, Leicester.

Jumpin' the Border

front with a pair of field glasses. Reassured, we went on our way. At a speed of fifty to fifty-five miles an hour, we banged, bumped and jolted our way over the worst road I've travelled. Carts and delivery vans, seeing us coming, pulled over until they were almost in the ditch. They knew a booze-running car when they saw one, and gave us a rousing cheer as we passed.

Driving like one inspired, we came to the end of the Five Tribes road, now degenerated into a deeply rutted cart track.

My heart leapt. Near the corner made by our road and the highway were two troopers on horseback. Loo never hesitated, but, slamming into second gear, swung round the corner with a screaming of tyres and accelerated rapidly towards Plattsburg, the coupé almost touching our back bumpers. In the rear-vision mirror I could see the troopers; they were nonplussed.

As a precautionary measure, we stopped further along and changed our number plates; then, turning down a side road, worked our way by devious lanes until we were well south of Plattsburg. Three o'clock, and we resumed our journey on the main road, taking our place with the normal traffic.

THE rule to be observed now was to behave like everyone else: infringe no bye-laws in villages and towns: drive at a reasonable speed: stop for petrol only at roadside filling stations.

Behaving rationally, the journey to New York City was devoid of incident.

The booze was distributed in plain brown paper packages, looking like bundles of laundry. Payment for this was made either at once or the following day.

Two more such trips I made with Loo, and then I bought my own Chevrolet roadster, on the instalment plan. At least, it was bought in Loo's name and registered in mine. Thus I became a fully qualified member of the outfit.

Let "RANEE" read your character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting: (2) your name and address in full: (3) the day and month of your birth: (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

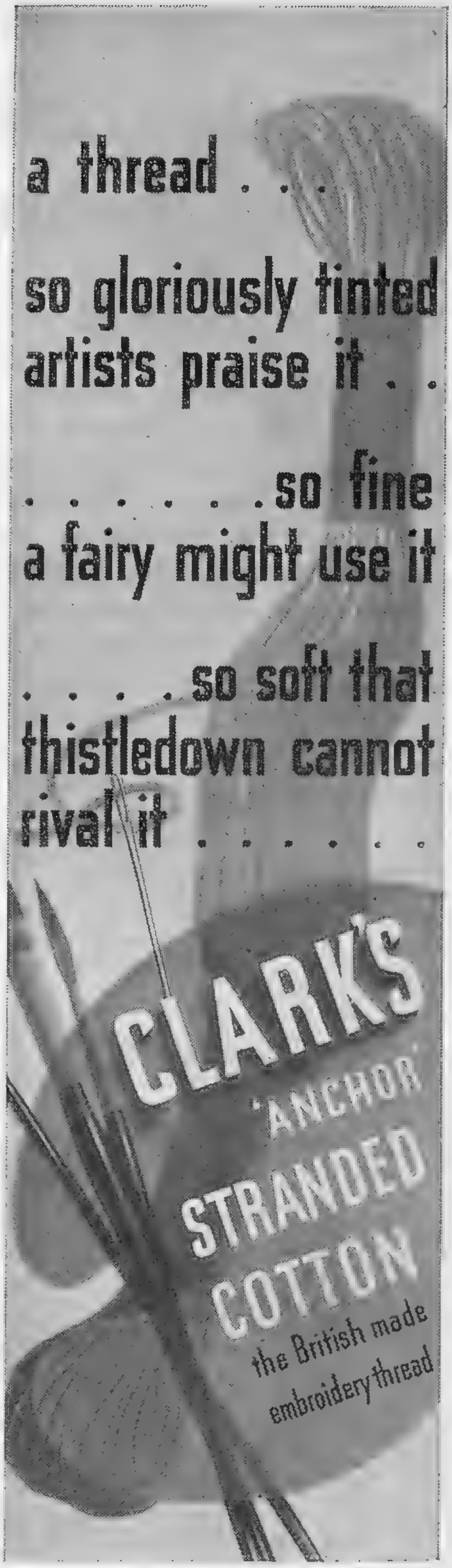
Easter *in the* English Kitchen

(Continued from page 74)

Simnel Cake

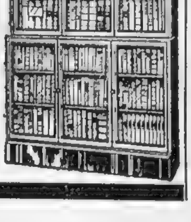
Take a quarter of a pound of butter, the same amount of castor sugar and the same amount of flour. Cream the butter, work in the flour and the sugar, mix well together and then add, little by little and stirring all the time, four eggs well beaten.

Meanwhile clean and rub in flour, half a pound of currants and the same quantity of seedless raisins. Add these to the mixture, together with two ounces of finely chopped candied peel and a few glacé cherries. Stir well together and put enough of the mixture into a well-greased cake tin to make it not quite half full. Then put a thin layer of almond paste on top and afterwards the rest of the cake mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for about two hours and a quarter, and then put a roll of almond paste all round the edge of the cake, slashing it all round to give the effect of a twisted rope. Return to the oven for another twenty minutes, and then remove the cake from the tin. When the cake is cold, cover the top, inside the rope of almond paste, with a thin plain white icing.


a thread . . .
so gloriously tinted artists praise it . .
. . . . . . .so fine a fairy might use it
. . . . .so soft that thistledown cannot rival it . . . . . .
CLARK'S
'ANCHOR'
STRANDED
COTTON
the British made embroidery thread

C244

BAKER'S
'OXFORD'
SECTIONAL BOOKCASES



The dignified appearance of these well-known improved Sectional Bookcases will enhance the appearance of any room. One of the new improved Sections, with cornice and base, will make a very artistic and useful Bookcase, and forms the foundation for building a larger Bookcase when required.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue To-day

Wm. BAKER & Co., Ltd.
OXFORD

BY APPOINTMENT.

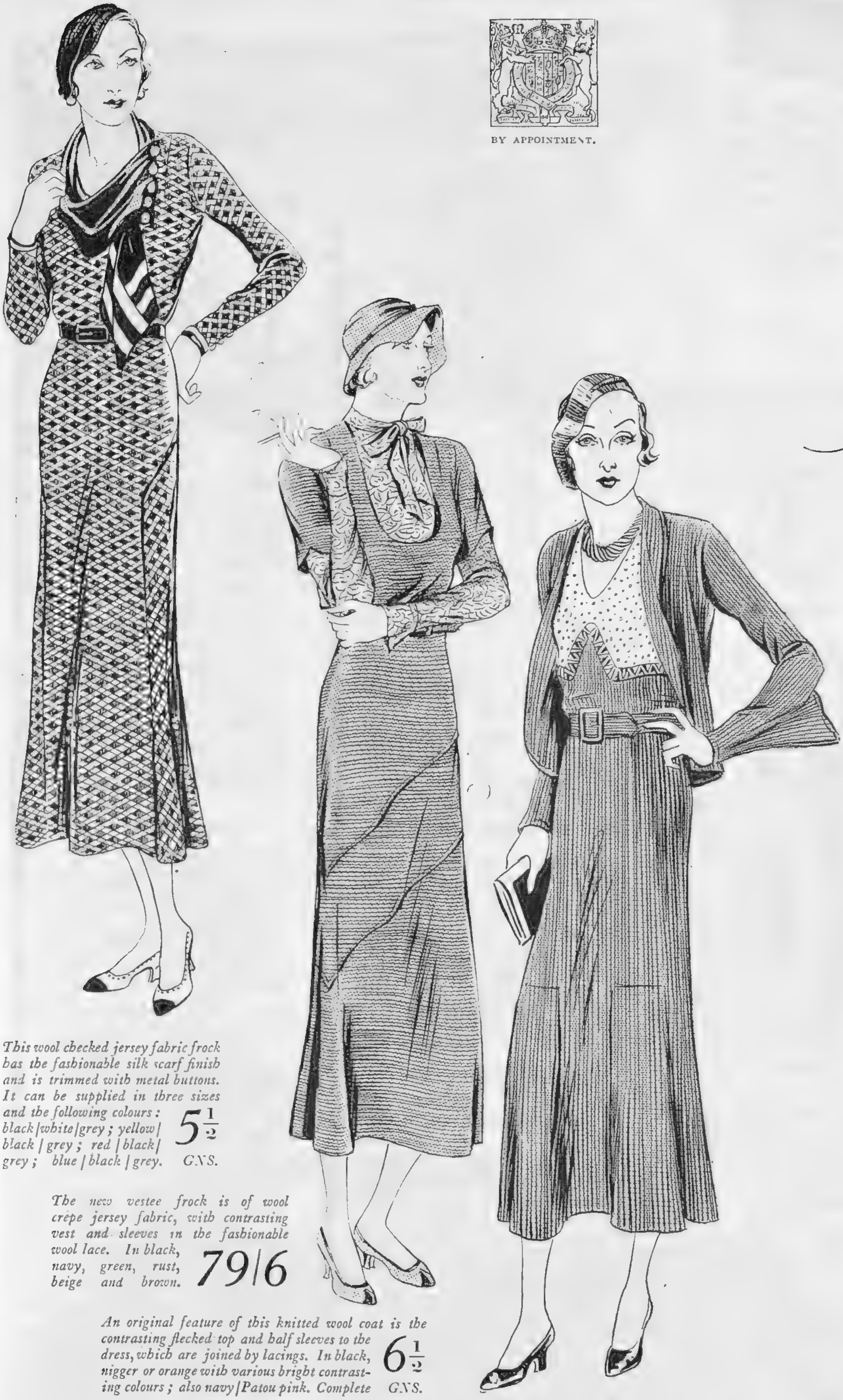
The Mode of the Knitted Frock

New Spring Styles by Debenhams

THE continuing favour of the woollies is well explained in the charm and variety of this fascinating mode—also in its usefulness and inexpensiveness

Fitting to many occasions of the social day—in both town and country: these charming dresses are eminently practical and always becoming

THE new styles now presented by Debenhams are devised on an even broader plane of variety: and all are original and exclusive



This wool checked jersey fabric frock has the fashionable silk scarf finish and is trimmed with metal buttons. It can be supplied in three sizes and the following colours: black/white/grey; yellow/black/grey; red/black/grey; blue/black/grey. 5½ GNS.

The new vestee frock is of wool crêpe jersey fabric, with contrasting vest and sleeves in the fashionable wool lace. In black, navy, green, rust, beige and brown. 79/6

An original feature of this knitted wool coat is the contrasting flecked top and half sleeves to the dress, which are joined by lacings. In black, nigger or orange with various bright contrasting colours; also navy/Patou pink. Complete 6½ GNS.

Sent on Approval.

Catalogue Post Free.

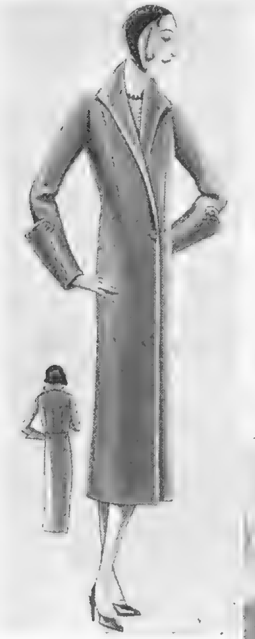
Debenham&Freebody

(Debenhams Ltd.)

WIGMORE STREET, W.1

FIRST
Instalment
SECURES A
BOND STREET MODEL

This gradual method of payment, seven equal amounts spread over seven months, enables you to get the most out of your dress allowance and to have any garment—gown, coat or ensemble—just when you need it. Numbers of our patrons have thanked us for bringing this service to their notice.



Model No. 262.—An exclusive design in green mixture all-wool tweed, with its looped collar fitting closely to the neck, neatly tabbed gauntlet cuffs and slip-in pockets that do not disturb the straight line of the coat. Stitched inverted pleats set into an originally-cut Norfolk-style yoke gives the back that exceptionally well-tailored effect that every woman desires. Lined throughout with heavy art. silk.

4½ GNS.
or 13/6 monthly

Model No. 364.—Velvet and Broadtail Cloth trimmings comprise this handsome two-piece model, designed to give height and slimness to the average figure. The coat, with the deep collar and unique pockets and cuffs, and the well-cut wrap-over skirt, combine to make this an ideal garment for smart occasions. The original is modelled in black and can be copied in other colours. Also in Wool Georgette or fine Face Cloth.

6 GNS.
or 18/- monthly

Visit our New Showroom on the 2nd floor, or, if this is not possible, write for full particulars and fine illustrations showing our Seasonable Models. Orders by post are dealt with most carefully.

OXFORD STREET
OXFORD CIRCUS
NEW BOND ST.
REGENT ST.
70
Moirée Ltd
70, New Bond Street, W.1
MODELS
B.E.5.
Telephone: Mayfair 4345.

COUPON
To Moirée, Ltd., 70, New Bond St., London, W.1.
Please send free illustrated Brochure of Moirée Models and particulars of payments.
NAME......................................
ADDRESS......................................
B.E.5.

The Urge Imperative

(*Continued from page* 13)

We sunned ourselves for an hour on the beach, then Diane went back to the *Villa Caprice* and I walked slowly along the sand to *La Chaumière*.

Pindar Bassett was seated on the piazza of my villa, and on his knees was the open copy of *British Commerce* that had come to me from Paris!

Bassett waited till I was quite close to him. I saw that the magazine was open at the page on which were the photographs of Pindar.

"You saw that I had clipped out some leaves and you became curious?" he said slowly.

I dropped into a chair. I felt a little ashamed of myself, but I endeavoured to make the best of it. "It was the concluding paragraph that made me do it," I said feebly. "Why didn't you make a good job of it while you were cutting up the journal? That little paragraph wedged amongst the advertisements calling you a broad-shouldered counsellor and all that made me awfully anxious to read the full story."

Bassett turned to page 71, read the par, and smiled softly. "I forgot that," he said quietly. "Clever, aren't they? Thought, of course, it finished on the two leaves I chopped out. Well, I don't blame you. Would have done the same in your case."

"Thanks," I said. "Rather nice of you to say that. Have a drink?"

"I'd like one," he murmured. "Feel a bit let down this morning. Finding this, you know."

I mixed a drink and placed it near his elbow. He thanked me. He still held the magazine in his hands.

Presently Bassett started to speak. He didn't directly address me. His face was turned to the sea, and he talked to an indefinite presence that was there in the soft hush of noon.

"Rooted there for two hundred years," he murmured. "Couldn't move 'em. Feet nailed to Meggleton. . . . Leader of this, leader of that, leader of every damn thing that ever got started. Movements—Great God! *Movements*! Always a Bassett on a platform to talk of causes, of country, of God!

"Hated the devil and all his works," came the voice of Pindar. "Bassetts always fought the devil. Scrapped with the old chap day in and day out. . . . Andrew—'Double-edge Andrew' they called him because he was such a sharp business man—he climbed into the pulpit at times. Fiery denouncer of sin. This magazine speaks of him as 'Andrew the Good.'

"This Jeremiah," said Pindar, and he struck the magazine as if it was an enemy, "this Jeremiah was called 'Jeremiah Square-toes.'

"After Jeremiah came Daniel. Just as bad. I mean just as good. And then Elijah. . . . Monument in Meggleton to Elijah. . . . People from all over Yorkshire come to look at it.

"There were women, of course. Faiths and Charitys and Priscillas and Ruths. Good women. Picture them. Walking in procession along avenues leading to churches."

Far out on the sea a tramp smeared the skyline with its smoke as it waddled off to the direction of Port Said. I pictured it walloping down the canal to Aden. On to Singapore and Shanghai and Tokio with goods made by folk who owned mills and who walked the straight path.

Bassett raised his voice. "And they—they were breeding me!" he cried. "Those Andrews and Jeremiahs and Daniels and Elijahs were breeding me! So were those Ruths and Priscillas and Charitys and Faiths! Don't you see? Years and years and years before I was born they were planning me! Moulding me! Another Bassett! Another millowner to take the platform and mumble words about flags and country and God!"

"You read about Tom? Thomas Bassett gave the park to Meggleton. Grandfather Tom. He went to (*Continued on page* 120)

Stop that cold with
VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

Colds are caused by disease germs breathed into the respiratory tract at a time when the victim is "below par," and lacks the vitality to resist them. It is Nature's way to bring a disease through germs. It is equally natural to get rid of the disease by destroying the germs at their point of entry into the system. The inhaling of the antiseptic vapour, Vapex, at the first onset of a cold cleanses the mucous membrane of the breathing passages, and thus attacks the cold at its source.

This in brief, is the "rationale" of the Vapex treatment for that common enemy, the poisonous cold. Laboratory tests have proved that Vapex does quickly kill the germs which cause colds, influenza, etc. Sixteen years of actual use have proved that this germicidal action of Vapex does have the desired effect of stopping the cold and restoring the system to normal health.

Vapex is pleasant and refreshing—so much so that many people make a daily habit of putting a drop on their handkerchiefs. Vapex is economical too because a drop placed on the handkerchief in the morning or on the pillow at night gives many hours of protection or relief.

Of Chemists 2/- and 3/-
(Double quantity in 3/- size)

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co. Ltd.
V.76

Eve!

Beautiful yourself — representing the beauty of your sex—you were ever an admirer of the beautiful.

'Tis natural, therefore, that we should appeal to you to acknowledge those qualities you so much admire in the Car we are offering to the public.

Probably you know the Riley, probably you have already decided that it is unexcelled in beauty of outline—*that* in any case is universally acknowledged.

But it is the beauty that is more than "skin deep" that we are anxious you should test—the "handsome is as handsome does" qualities.

These can only be proved by demonstration, and we ask you now to test the Car of which many members of your sex have said that you can sit all day at the wheel of the Riley and never feel fatigued!

It is indeed the most tractable of cars—so easily controllable—so silent—so swift—so sure and—

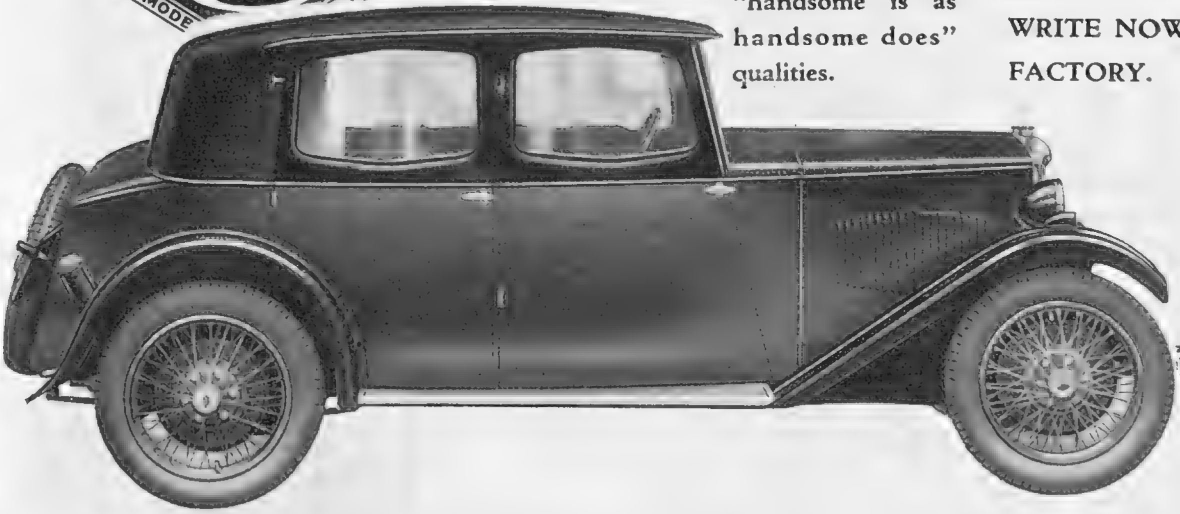
It is such fun to drive.

Let us tell you more about it—let us arrange a demonstration.

WRITE NOW TO THE FACTORY.

Plus-Ultra Monaco
Saloon £298
Dunlop Tyres and
Triplex Glass
Riley (Coventry) Ltd.
Coventry and
42, North Audley St.
London, W

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY
Riley
AS MODE
HOUR



LIKE MAGIC
THE DUST DISAPPEARS

Dust, with its inseparable companions, germs, vanishes before the Electrolux. From the depths of upholstery and carpets; from walls and from under furniture it is drawn quietly with irresistible force, into the Electrolux.

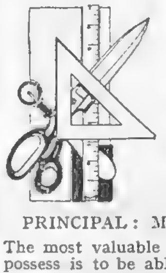
The Electrolux Hygienic Cleaning System should not be confused with ordinary vacuum cleaners. It is far better and cleans the house as nothing else can. It even purifies the air.

Send coupon and learn about this amazing aid to home hygiene and cleanliness.

ELECTROLUX
HYGIENIC CLEANING SYSTEM

ELECTROLUX, LTD.
153/5, Regent Street,
LONDON, W.1.
Works: Luton Beds.

COUPON (B. & E.)
Please send me your New Electrolux Booklet.
Name..
Address..
....
E.I.H.


Paris Academy of Dressmaking and Millinery,
24, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.
PRINCIPAL: MME. J. TROIS FONTAINES.
The most valuable accomplishment a woman can possess is to be able to create her own clothes. It is profitable and pleasurable all her life, and provides the foundation to LUCRATIVE CAREERS. Under our tuition the art is acquired in a very short time. Day or Postal tuition. Visit the Academy or write for "Prospectus B.E."

The Urge Imperative

(*Continued from page* 118)

London for a spell when he was twenty-one. Stayed with a merchant. This merchant had in his house a girl from Corinth. From Corinth! Understand? Grandfather Tom Bassett married her after a three-day courtship and brought her back to Meggleton! A girl from Corinth! . . .

"Ever been to Corinth? Yes? Went there first when I came—when I came over. Home of Medea, Sisyphus, and Bellerophon. They sacrificed to Aphrodite, Urania, Athena, Melkarth! They were under the protection of Poseidon! And—and Grandmother Glaucé—named after Jason's wife—came from there!

"Poor Grandmother Glaucé! Must have hated Meggleton. Hated the Bassett women, the Bassett mills, everything! A joke, wasn't it? Named after Jason's wife, born in Corinth, and brought to Meggleton to plait herself into the family counterpane of a family that had bred Jeremiah Squaretoes. Had a rough time, I think.

"First two children died, then they had a son, William. My father, you know. . . . The Bassetts kept an eye on William. Didn't know what might happen with a mother like Glaucé. Married him early to a local girl who had all the virtues.

"She had a hard task with William. He was fighting the Bassetts. Didn't like the mill. Didn't like to lead movements for this and that. Hated the job of climbing on to a platform and getting off a lot of stuff about country, flag, and the Almighty.

"I came along. . . . My mother and father had a row over my name. All the Bassetts were on the side of mother. Father was stubborn. Wouldn't give in. I got the tag he wanted. Pindar Anacreon Bassett . . . heir to the Meggleton mills, nursemaid and counsellor to five hundred workers!

"Have a memory of a day when I was six. Couldn't have been more than six. Father had done something. Something that annoyed the Bassetts. He had been to London and had got mixed up in a scandal. It got into the papers. Came to Meggleton. Mill hands read it. Laughed over it.

"Half a dozen of the clan collected at the home of Samuel Bassett and marched on our house. Fell upon father. Talked and talked to him. Said he was a disgrace to his breed.

"After the clan went away father and I sat there in the sunshine. It was early summer.

"That morning I decided that sunshine was good. I wanted sunshine and dancing. . . . Father had recited a lot of poetry to me. Verse he had been taught by Grandmother Glaucé.

"Father died when I was twenty," he continued. "I became the owner of the Meggleton mills. There was a girl that my mother thought would be the right sort of guide and household monitor for me. The Bassett clan supported her. Night and day they sang her virtues. I wanted peace and quiet. I would have married a Gorgon. . . .

"The clan breathed freely. I became what this fool who wrote the magazine article calls one of the broad-shouldered men who are the village counsellors. I became president and patron of this, that, and the other thing. I climbed up on wooden platforms that had the flag wrapped around them and I talked of country and empire and the Great Ruler. I did! . . . I was Mr. Bassett of the mills. Of the mills! Not of the sunlight and green country and the sea and the mountains! No! *Of the mills.* . . . I was nurse and friend to five hundred persons with whom I had no bond whatsoever. Ninety-nine per cent. of them hated me. I could do nothing right. You see—you see my wife had made a mistake in marrying me. The Bassett clan had played on her vanity. Told her that she was the only one in town that could handle me, and that made her forget for a little while that she liked another man better than me. Liked him a lot better. . . . I knew that. She—she was a woman who didn't

(*Continued on page* 122)

COMMON MISTAKES
about
CONSTIPATION
by a physician

Probably more mistakes are made about Constipation and its treatment than about any other every-day recurrence. It is important that these mistakes should be corrected, as Constipation is easily the commonest complaint in this country, and sooner or later its neglect or wrong treatment exacts a penalty. Many mistakes are made as to the cause of Constipation, and it is frequently overlooked that almost any interruption in the daily routine of mind or body can bring about the complaint.

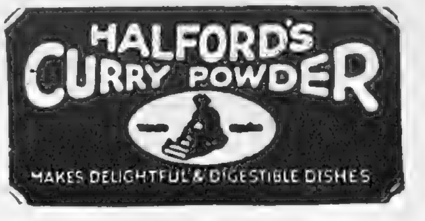
If mistakes are made as to the cause of Constipation, still greater mistakes are made as to its treatment. In the eager search for relief the patient does not pause to consider that "persuasion is better than force," and that laxatives which depend upon force for their effects (and most laxatives do) lead to ever-increasing doses and a drug-habit!

The Ideal Remedy

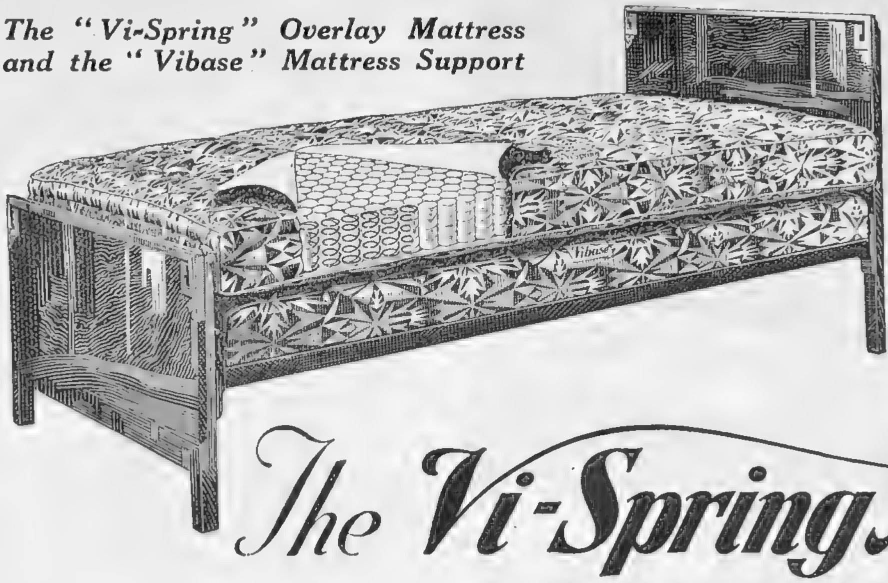
These mistakes of treatment cannot obtain if the remedy sought is M-O—or to give it its full name, Magnesia-Oil (Musterole Brand)—which is the result of a series of researches carried out for the purpose of producing a laxative from whose action force should be rigorously excluded. Attention was focussed primarily upon the *contents* of the intestine with the result that pure magnesia and pure liquid paraffin in a state of the most intimate sub-division expelled from the bowel its contents, without either tiring or irritating it. This essential ultra-microscopic sub-division, never hitherto attained, is the fundamental condition for complete success in a presentation of otherwise very simple substances.

Relief and right treatment are assured by insisting upon Magnesia-Oil (Musterole Brand) which does not form a drug-habit, but which very definitely promotes a natural and regular action . . . and that is why physicians prescribe and insist upon Magnesia-Oil (Musterole Brand) daily as the superlative remedy for constipation. Obtainable from all Chemists, price 2/9 and 5/-. Sole Distributors: THOS. CHRISTY & Co., 4/12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

Mrs. SHACKLETON
has a great demand for any kind of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return. Ladies waited on.
ONLY ADDRESS
122, Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
Tel.: 0707 *Kingston. Banker's reference.*



The "Vi-Spring" Overlay Mattress
and the "Vibase" Mattress Support



The World's greatest combination for perfect sleep

The Vi-Spring Mattress

The "Vibase" Mattress Support is well upholstered and covered in any of the handsome ticks to correspond with the "Vi-Spring" Mattress. In durability and appearance it is equal to the best supports of the box spring type; yet sells at practically the same price as the best unupholstered supports.

Ask your house furnisher to show you this luxurious combination.

Sold by all reliable house furnishers. Illustrated Catalogue sent post free on request to:

Vi-Spring Products Ltd.
12, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road,
Willesden Junction, London, N.W.10

For over 30 years this famous overlay mattress—the original mattress with pocketed springs—has set a standard of bed comfort that has never been equalled. Such is the reputation of the "Vi-Spring" that it is to-day the mattress which is used to equip the best appointed homes and hotels, and the great luxury liners.

The "Vi-Spring" is the only mattress made by craftsmen with over 30 years' experience in the manufacture of pocketed spring mattresses. That is why the "Vi-Spring" gives such luxurious comfort and such sound service.

Place this famous mattress on

The **'VIBASE'**
MATTRESS SUPPORT

and you have the world's greatest combination for perfect sleep.

PLAYER'S
MEDIUM
NAVY CUT
PLAYER'S
MEDIUM
NAVY CUT

GENEROUS

IN THE QUALITY AND THE QUANTITY THEY GIVE TO SMOKERS.

PLAYER'S

10 for 6D.
20 for 11½D.

The Full Value Cigarette

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

N.C.C.97

"My mind is on my driving . . ."

Modern busy women . . . living modern life . . . with its rush, and strain, make an ally of Kotex for the protection and comfort which it gives them.

Kotex is soft, a delicate lasting softness . . . comfortable . . . cooler . . . lighter than cotton wool, yet absorbs five times as much. And the Kotex soluble sanitary pad is specially treated for deodorization. Most important of all, Kotex is instantly disposable. No wonder 7,000,000 women throughout the world prefer Kotex . . . its comfort and immaculacy.

You can buy a box of Kotex for 1/-

Get it from your draper or chemist—sold in sealed boxes—1/- (6 pads), 2/- (12 pads).

Write to Nurse Adams at Kotex Ltd., Room C, 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, for information vital to you, and a copy of the instructive booklet, 'Preparing for Womanhood.'

KOTEX

An Empire Product (Made in Canada)

THERE'S ABSOLUTE SAFETY WITH KOTEX

THE SYMBOL OF SAFETY
GENASPRIN

SLEEP
safe and sound

Don't let sleeplessness worry you and affect your health. When you are overtired or excited take two tablets of Genasprin. Then you will be sure of sound *natural* sleep all night long. You will wake up fresh and fit because Genasprin leaves no after-effects.

GENASPRIN

(THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN)

brings Quick and Certain Relief in Sleeplessness, Headache, Rheumatism, Colds and Chills, Feverishness, Neuralgia, Influenza, Toothache, Nerviness, Women's Pains.

Bottles of 35 PURE Tablets 2/- From all Chemists.

let her feelings show, but—but she couldn't keep her liking for him at all times in the background. . . . He remained single. Fellow named Broderick.

"I had two daughters now. Two daughters that had grown up just as stiff and solemn as my wife. Just as critical. I wasn't a human being. I was a robot that ran the Meggleton mills, found the money to pay for their dresses and hats and things. . . . And the three of them—my wife and my two daughters conspired against me. I was an enemy in the house. Their eyes watched me. I felt their eyes. Hundreds and hundreds of eyes. Crept into the house with my shoulders stooped. Crept out again to the mills. Hell of a life. And I wanted sunshine and colour, and hot seas, and far away places. And I wanted to write poetry. . . .

"That's about all. This chap—this chap who wrote the article put the idea of bolting into my head. He asked me why my father christened me Pindar Anacreon. I told him. He said: 'Your father must have thought you were going to do something in the world.' Quietly, like that."

There was a long silence. The sea gurgled, gulls wheeled across the noon-burnished sky.

Bassett spoke in a lower tone. "Lacked the necessary courage to run," he said. "Never could do much alone. Had to have someone—someone who would understand. . . . Someone in the same position as myself. . . . Diane—Miss Strachey was keeping a whole family of loafers. Worked like anything to keep them. Mother, sister, father, and a big hulking brother. And they hated her. . . . We—we gave each other courage. Courage to pull up sticks and run. . . That giving of courage to another is bigger than anything. Bigger than the giving of heart and soul and body. Understand me?". . . .

"Must go now. Thanks for the drink."

It was just one week later that the *facteur* from La Gorbine startled me. The fellow, after handing me my modest mail, started up the strip of beach toward the *Villa Caprice*. I stared after him. He looked back and grinned. He thrust a dirty hand into his black box and held up a bundle of letters. I saw that two carried English stamps and that the addresses were neatly typewritten. I knew. I knew that Meggleton had located Pindar Anacreon Bassett. . . .

I did not see them that afternoon or the following morning. I think they hid from me. I felt certain that the bundle of letters had upset them.

On the third day Bassett met me on the beach. Abruptly he informed me that Meggleton knew where he was. The Mayor of Meggleton had written, the heads of the mills had written, so had his wife and his two daughters.

We sat down upon the beach and stared at the sea. A glorious thing was the Mediterranean at that moment.

Bassett spoke after a long silence. "Would you like to read these—these letters?"

I shook my head.

"Do," he said. "Please do!"

I read them. Read them all.

They spoke of duty. Always of duty. Duty to home, to offspring, to Meggleton, to the mill hands, to the fifty and one societies with which Bassett's name was associated as patron, president and everlasting giver. Duty to country, flag and God; and there wasn't a single word about Pindar Bassett's duty to himself! Not a single word!

I handed back the letters without comment. I was thinking of the thousands whose lives are like those of the Bassetts.

The voice of Pindar Bassett interrupted my musings. "It was unfortunate that I wanted to write verse," he said softly. "If—if it was some other urge I might have choked it back for—for the sake of the community; but if you wish to write poetry you must write poetry.

(*Continued on page 124*)

For more than a hundred years
HAMPTONS have specialized in the production of Home FURNISHINGS
which exemplify the
BEST TASTE at
the LEAST COST

The contents of Hamptons' book C. 507 "INEXPENSIVE Home FURNISHINGS," show, conclusively, that, in Hamptons' Showrooms there is always to be found an ample selection of inexpensive Furnishings of every description—tasteful, substantially-made Furniture, decorative and dependable Carpets, Curtains, Furnishing Fabrics, etc., all of which exemplify the best value for money obtainable anywhere. This book can be secured by filling in this coupon.

Please send me a copy of Hamptons' book C. 507.

Address..

....

SIGNED ....

A sitting room in the early XVIIIth Century English manner.
See Hamptons' Book C.505).

CABINET WORKS
and all Factories:
QUEEN'S ROAD,
BATTERSEA, S.W.8
Telegraphic Address:
"HAMITIC, LONDON."

HAMPTONS
Decorators · Furnishers

Showrooms and Head Offices:
PALL MALL EAST,
LONDON, S.W.1
'Phones: WHITEHALL 1020.
Hamptons pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain

---

HAVAS

MONTE CARLO, in winter, gives all her triumphs: triumph of luxury and international elegance, triumph of art and beauty, triumph of sport . . . . . and above all, **triumph of eternal sunshine.**

Exceptional theatrical and musical season, under the distinguished patronage of Prince Louis II of Monaco.

Golf Club of Mt. Agel (open all the year round—ideal temperature). Tennis at the Country Club (21 courts). Monaco Speed Grand Prix.

MONTE CARLO

HOTEL DE PARIS
HOTEL HERMITAGE
And 80 HOTELS

All information from—
SOCIÉTÉ DES BAINS DE MER,
Service V.E., MONTE CARLO.

THIS REALLY DOES WAVE!

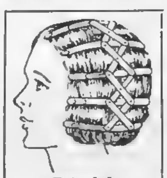
The Elma was Awarded 1st Prize & Diploma, Hairdressing Exhibition, Paris.

IT CANNOT FAIL

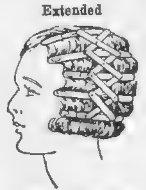
Actual photograph of head self-waved by "ELMA" user.

for every style of hairdressing

EVEN if you have never before attempted to wave your own hair, you will be surprised how beautifully you can do it with an "ELMA" Hair Waver. It makes natural waves automatically and with delightful ease. There is no "catch" about the "ELMA"—it does, and cannot fail to do, all that is claimed. The illustrations show how exceedingly simple and effective Hair-waving is with this brilliant invention. Just place it with combs extended over the damped hair, then gently press combs together. **The latticed combs moving in alternate directions make the desired natural wave formation,** and when the hair is dry beautiful lasting waves will be set all over the head. "Sound Advice on Waving at Home," supplied gratis with every "ELMA." **Every day brings unsolicited testimonials from delighted users,** eloquent testimony to its effectiveness. The "ELMA" combs (non-metallic) are flexible, fitting firmly into the hair to the shape of the head. It is feather light, is washable and will last a life-time in use. **You can count 4/- saved every time you use the "ELMA."** Just think of the money and time saved in years. The very first test will prove all our claims—no waiting for results, so get yours **now!** As a home waver "ELMA" is supreme. Its use will train even the most obstinate hair in the way it should go.



Extended



Closed –Waves Set

The

Elma

HOME HAIR WAVER

waves the hair all over the head and makes waves regular or irregular, deep or shallow as required. Simple instructions enclosed. There are **four models**—right-hand, centre, left-hand parting, or for hair combed straight back.

State which Model You Require when Ordering.

Price 7/6d. (Postage etc. extra outside U.K.). **Patented and obtainable from**

ELMA MANUFACTORY LTD. (Dept. 83), 231, Oxford Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1, or from Boots, Taylors and most high-class Chemists & Stores.

E. 26

Now they are coming to get me. My wife's brother and the Mayor."

ON an afternoon of imperial glory the two messengers from Meggleton, Yorkshire, reached La Gorbine. Pindar Bassett, Diane and myself had just returned from a little cruise in a small boat that Bassett had purchased from a fisherman of the village. With a bottle of *Château-neuf du Pape,* hurled accurately at her bows, Diane had christened her *Hippodamia,* after the beautiful wife of Pirithous that the drunken centaurs attempted to kidnap.

We had anchored the boat a hundred yards from the shore and had swum to the beach. Together we stood there, a little loath to go indoors.

It was then that we saw the messengers from Meggleton. They were coming down the stretch of sand that led to La Gorbine, a barefooted village boy acting as guide.

They were two tall men wrapped in a strange solemnity that was apparent then, although they were still a hundred yards away. They wore morning coats and bowler hats. They walked like pall-bearers.

I made a move in the direction of my own villa, but Pindar Bassett halted me. "Please stay," he said quietly.

Slowly the two approached, keeping step. The little boy, seemingly frightened, had dropped to the rear.

The two halted when they were within half a dozen steps of Bassett. "Good afternoon, Pindar," said the eldest, who I found later was Bassett's brother-in-law. "Mr. Widderly and I would like a private conversation with you."

"You can talk here, John," said Pindar gently. "I have no secrets. Fire ahead."

The brother-in-law looked at Mr. Widderly, who was Mayor of Meggleton. It had evidently been decided that Mayor Widderly would kick off. And, after clearing his throat, he opened up.

He talked well. I felt certain that he had rehearsed that speech on the way down through France. It was a good speech. Cleverly he built a frame for the dead Bassetts; a frame that was the little town of Meggleton. He took them, one after the other, handling their lives and their deeds with great cleverness.

Carefully he approached the conduct of the erring Pindar. Carefully, oh, so carefully. By metaphor and parable he spoke. He brought duty to the beach. He built her up. I saw her infancy. An enormous Gorgon with green murderous eyes and fingernails red with the heart's blood of men who slaved for unthankful wretches.

The mayor paused for an instant, then he swung hard at Pindar. In Meggleton a thousand affairs, not one of which as far as I could see would contribute the slightest pleasure to the millowner, were held up by his absence.

The oration came to an end. Diane Strachey sighed softly. Pindar was looking seaward where the *Hippodamia* sat on the opal waters.

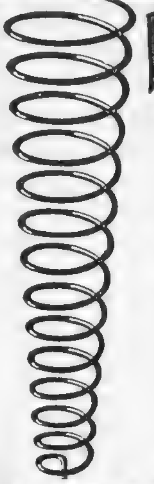
The brother-in-law cleared his throat and took a hand. "The mayor and I are here at great personal inconvenience, Pindar," he began. "We have come to bring you back. Mr. Widderly and I have resolved that we will not return to Meggleton without you."

There was an oppressive silence on the beach. I saw that dreadful hag, duty, waiting, her hard green eyes on Pindar. I wondered about Pindar. If he was a true poet, a great poet, he would thrust duty, wife, daughters, and the endless chain of communal affairs behind him, but was he? True poets are such rare persons. . . .

Suddenly Pindar Bassett moved toward the water. Slowly over the wet sand he walked into the sea. Diane followed him. Mayor Widderly, the brother-in-law, and I watched in silence.

The two waded in till the water was breast high, then, together, they struck out for the *Hippodamia.*

(Continued on page 126)



Leaden Feet!

Why do your feet feel like lead? *Hard floors*—that's the reason. Save your feet and double the life of your floorcoverings with Linovent. It absorbs the pound — pound — pound of heels and creates a cushioned surface that "gives" to your feet—and it's only 10½d. per square yard.

● WATERPROOF ● PREVENTS DRY ROT ● PREVENTS BOARDMARKS ● DEADENS NOISE ● HYGIENIC . . . SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE AND PARTICULARS.

UNDER THE LINO·PUT

10½D. SQ. YARD

LINOVENT

AND WALK ON SPRINGS

ENGERT & ROLFE, LTD. (Dept. 3),
POPLAR, LONDON, E. 14. M.C.6

ACIDITY CAUSES 90% DIGESTIVE TROUBLE

While many things, directly or indirectly, may cause stomach trouble, any medical man will tell you that over nine-tenths of all cases of indigestion are due to or accompanied by acidity and food fermentation. Excess acid accumulates in the stomach and turns the food into a souring, fermenting mass which produces painful gases and still more acid, and is usually directly responsible for indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, acidity, flatulence, and gastritis. To rid yourself of this harmful acid quickly, safely and surely, you should take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This not only gives quick relief by instantly neutralising stomach acid, but soothes and heals your acid-inflamed stomach lining. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which costs but 1s. 3d., is prescribed by doctors and used in hospitals because it is a genuine indigestion specific.

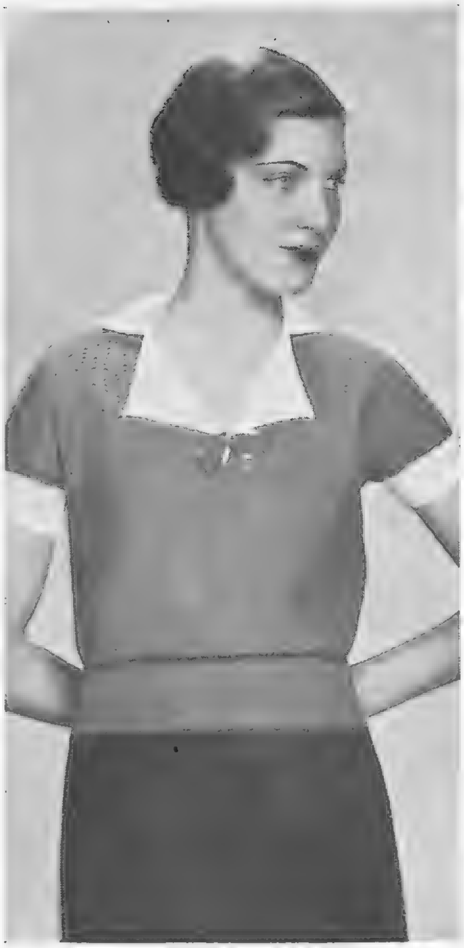
Telephone: Byfleet 274.

Lt.-Col. Richardson's
Pedigree AIREDALES
(For House protection)
WIRE FOX, CAIRNS
SEALYHAMS, SCOTCH
WEST HIGHLAND
COCKERS black, also red.
For Companions or Exhibition.
Largest selection on view daily; Clock House, Byfleet, Surrey, or seen London.
Export all parts.

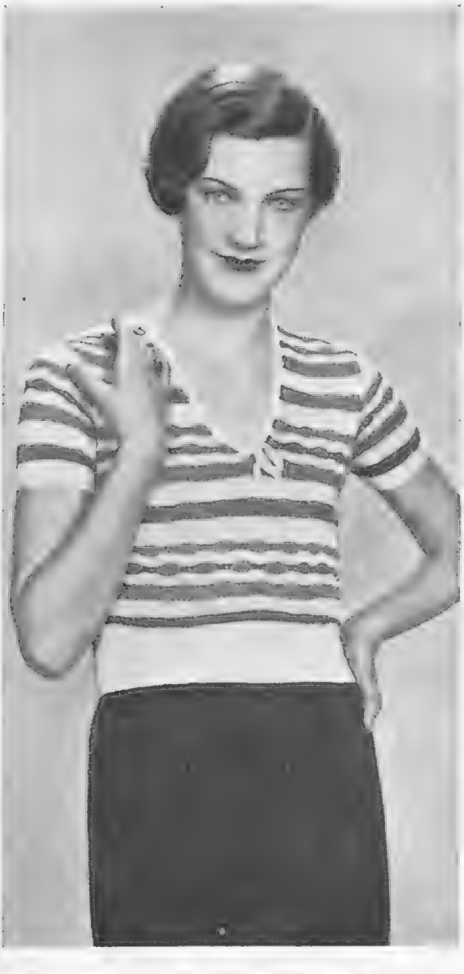
sweaters

feather the fashion nest

you're looking towards spring! so if you're a Sports wear enthusiast—or most especially if your dress allowance is limited or you earn what you wear, you'll adore these intriguingly novel sweaters at Marshall and Snelgrove's. they have a "way" with them that will fit in with your spring tailor-mades as well as the most exacting pocket-books.

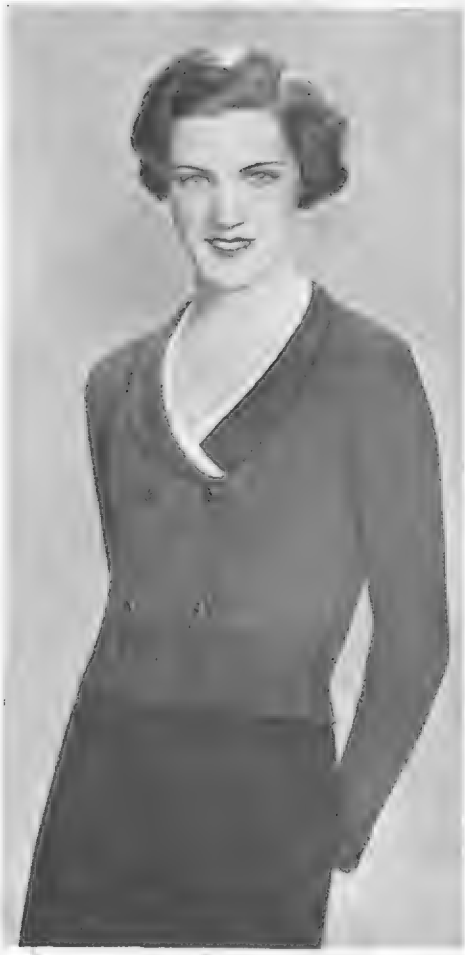


● **sweater** in a novel new stitch, very jaunty with its unusual collar and cuffs of white ribbed wool. in blue, green, red, yellow. stock fittings. **29/6**



SENT ON APPROVAL

● **sweater of irish linen thread** with silk stripes. in white/new green, white/royal/scarlet, white/nigger/orange, white/scarlet/black. 3 stock sizes. **35/9**



● **double-breasted sweater** in indian kashmir. in emerald, brass, navy, black, royal, canary, nigger, scarlet, etc. stock sizes and full fittings. **55/9**

A VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE

is now installed in Marshall and Snelgrove's material department on the 2nd floor. these excellent patterns with their attendant facilities in dress-making are available at the following prices:—

short coats, skirts, blouses and lingerie patterns - - 1/-

dress and long coat patterns - - 2/-

suits, dresses, etc., more exclusive, on better paper - 3/-

couturier (pattern of original paris model) - - - 5/-

marshall and snelgrove

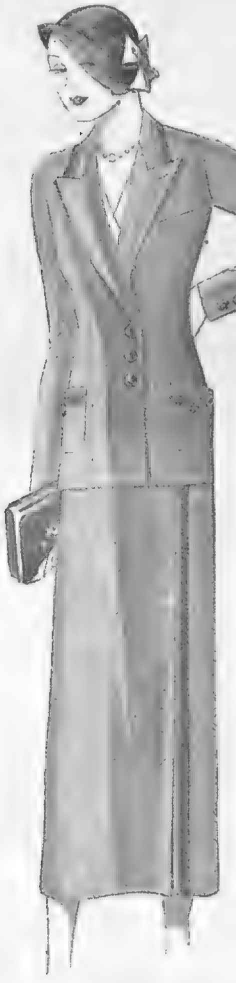
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET LONDON W1

debenhams ltd

telephone mayfair 6600

corot models by instalments

have you availed yourself of the opportunity of opening an instalment account with corot of bond street, and paying for your new spring outfit by convenient monthly instalments? by this means you can purchase the latest costumes, ensembles, coats, afternoon or evening gowns and pay for them by instalments without extra charge. call at the delightful showrooms and choose a corot model to-day, or if that is not possible, post the coupon below for full particulars and the latest corot fashion guide for the coming season



"saville row"

all the perfection of tailoring and the smartness that can only be attributed to the use of cumberland tweed, are to be found in this delightful costume. classic simplicity in cut and an attention to detail finish are shown in the smartness of its single breasted coat and front pleated skirt. coat is lined throughout. in many new colourings.

cash 8 gns **24/-** *monthly*

corot (dept. b.51c)
33, old bond st.,
london, w.1

post this to corot to-day
corot, ltd., 33, old bond street, london, w.1
free please send corot fashion guide and full details of instalment plan.
name ....
address ....
....b.51 c

The Urge Imperative

The little boat rocked softly as they approached. It seemed to be applauding their decision.

The two climbed aboard. Together, without hurry, they hoisted the sail of Tyrrhenian red. It caught a puff of warm air and became a flaunting breast that thrust itself out towards Africa. The boat sprang forward.

" Where—where are they going ? " cried the mayor, turning to me.

I shook my head. " I have no idea."

I sat myself down on the sand and watched the *Hippodamia* till the purple mist hid her from view. The two men from Meggleton remained standing. We did not speak. The small boy from the village who had guided the two would-be kidnappers of Pindar crept silently away. I think he was a little afraid.

When dusk came the mayor spoke. " They will not come back," he said, and his words suggested the croak of a bird of prey robbed of its food. " They—they will find another hiding place."

He turned and walked up the beach in the direction of the village, Bassett's brother-in-law at his side. I never saw them again. And I never saw Pindar Anacreon Bassett and Diane Strachey.

I HAVE just called up the Attic Press. I asked about the authors of *Castellamare*. The manager of the company referred me to a lawyer in the Temple from whom he received the manuscript of the book.

The lawyer was pleased to answer questions. He told me that Pindar and Diane were well and happy. They were living in Italy, but he had instructions that prevented him from giving their address to inquirers.

" You know there is no Miss Strachey now," he said.

" No ? " I cried.

" No," he repeated. " The former wife of Mr. Bassett divorced him and married another man. Meggleton chap. I believe the fellow was a girlhood sweetheart of hers. Never married. Waited for her, and all that. Yes, Pindar Bassett and Diane Strachey have been married some time. Yes, yes, I'll let them know how pleased you are at seeing the verses. They will be delighted. I don't know much about poetry, but I think they're good. I believe both Mr. Bassett and his wife are true poets !"

" You're right," I said, and I smiled as I thanked him for the information. I, too, thought Pindar Anacreon Bassett and Diane Strachey were true poets.

END

Would-Be's of the Theatre

(*Continued from page* 37)

leave him, no paper would mention it. If you marry a man and leave him, it might go right across a page.

A love affair, a kiss late at night, or a look at a last rose in the twilight—well, what is the use of things like this, unless the newspapers can make a splash of it ? A heart-pang is wasted unless it makes a part.

Even Hamlet's love story, you know, would, nowadays, have been merely a short report of an inquest after Ophelia's suicide. Nobody would have believed the ghost story, and, as for the duel at the end, it may have got into the American papers, where no one would have believed it, but that is all. A Court Circular would have said that Hamlet had caught a cold.

Now this age deals, as you will realise, merely with publicity.

When the press agent comes in at the door, Art will fly out of the window.

As people hate Art, get ten press agents.

If you don't, you will have to jump out of the window yourself.

Even then, if there is no press agent passing, no one will know, and so, just as you have wasted your life, so will you waste your death.
—Yours, ———

END

TALL QUEEN ANNE
11678
TEASETS 21 pcs 40/6
COFFEE SET 31/2
MORNING SET 20/-
THE HEIGHT OF FASHION

Shelley CHINA

THERE is a subtle air about Shelley China that makes one think of fragile grace, yet it is wonderfully strong, for it is china at its best.

The Sunset Pattern illustrated is carried out in black and yellow.

WRITE FOR LATEST CATALOGUE together with name of nearest suppliers.

SHELLEY POTTERIES LTD.
(Dept. B.E.), **Longton, Staffs**

LOVELY LASHES...
become a glorious reality !

Lovely Lashes ! Long, dark, silky Lashes—not just for a day or a week, *but for all time !* LASHTONE paves the way to *natural* eye-beauty. A few applications and long sweeping lashes become a glorious reality. The *only* scientific lash tonic on the market, LASHTONE is harmless to the most sensitive eyes. It is *not* an eye black and can be used with equal success for the eyebrows as well. Go to your Chemist to-day.

Lashtone

From all leading Stores: Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylor's and other high-class Chemists; Hairdressers, Beauty Parlours, etc. Price 2/6, or Sample tube 1/-, direct from Brydges (London) Ltd., Imperial House, Regent Street, W.1.

Warm as toast!

It isn't just chance that more Belling Fires are sold than any others. It's because they're so reliable — so good to look at . . . .

And because they heat the whole room so quickly.

Happy kiddy!

THE "VICTOR" FIRE
Small, reliable and efficient, and made on a very firm base. The sloping firebars avoid the possibility of scorching carpets.

Supplied in black and mottled enamel (brown, green, pink or blue). 2 k.W. size from **£1 5s. 0d.**

★ WRITE for free 72 page catalogue, giving details of over 30 different "Belling" Fires from 17s. 6d.

British Made

"BELLING" ELECTRIC FIRES

OBTAINABLE FROM EVERY ELECTRICAL SHOP OR SHOWROOM
BELLING & CO., ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX.
London Showrooms:
313, REGENT STREET (1 min. north of Oxford Circus).

SEE THE "BELLING" COOKER ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 108

3

Please Help

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (FREE) is the first Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research. It is equipped with the most up-to-date appliances. Poor patients are admitted free. A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

Help is urgently needed to meet the cost of the New Wing, which comprises a Radiological Department and accommodation—now provided for the first time—for "middle-income" patients who can contribute towards their cost.

Please send a donation or subscription to the Secretary.

The New Wing of the Cancer Hospital.

The Cancer Hospital (FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Bankers: Coutts & Co.

Secretary: J. Courtney Buchanan, C.B.E

Off comes your hat— *and your hair does what?*

ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR

Does your hair fly up as soon as your hat is lifted? If so, you're another man who needs Anzora. Just a little of this famous hair fixative will keep your hair set all day long—smart, glossy and immaculate. Sold in 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 bottles at all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc.

ANZORA VIOLA, containing oil of violets, for dry scalps.
ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., LTD., LONDON, N.W.6.

The Children's SALON

Patrons:

H.R.H. The Princess Royal,
H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

Three Hundred Salon Cinderellas see 'Aladdin' at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith

Waiting for the curtain to go up was next best thing to the show itself, but it was a bigger thrill still to be taken behind the scenes and snapped with the Slave of the Lamp (Gordon Munro) left, and the Geni of the Ring (Sylvia Cecil)

NEWS of the MONTH

AT the moment of writing, before all bills have been submitted, it looks as if the deficit in connection with the Cinderellas' afternoon at the pantomime will be in the neighbourhood of £7. Shocking! Yes, I know the tax gatherer is the man to anathematise, and I can assure you I don't spare him in my thoughts.

Now, however, that we have recovered a little from his depredation, I am hoping that the ever kind hearts of Saloners will help us to wipe out this debt. It is possible that those who could not spare anything earlier will now be able to come to the rescue. Meanwhile the heartiest thanks for their generous donations are due to:—Jem Russell, Mrs. and Beryl Ellis, Anonymous, "Bradford," Irene McClure, Mrs. and Sonia Saxe-Cohen, Anne Black, Ivy L. Winkley, Winifred Benemy Milcie Da Costa, Mrs. B. Porter, Sylvia Roberts, Joan Colyer, Christabel Musson, Sheila and Pamela Clavering, Maureen and Pamela Twells, Audrey Jones, Peter Ray, Una Wood, Elizabeth Perkins, Lena Recaldin, Mrs. and Christina Collinge, Joan Cohen, Margarete and Peter Recaldin, Ada Brabham, Joan Wyatt, Molly Hall, Theodora Fuller, Annie Waters, Mary A. Jones, John Waterhouse, Rachel Cunningham, Betty Metchim, C. Richens, M. Turnbull, Yvonne Earle, Isobel McFarlane, Betty Weir, Pamela Searight, and Ursula Moss.

The £5 Quarterly Prize for August, September and October, 1931, has been won by Barbara Stallibrass, M.C.S. 1408. Next in order of merit: Zenobia Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 2738; G. Anthony Hern, A.C.S. 1407; Marjorie Naylor, G.C S. 5355; Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242; Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422; Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281. I would particularly like to congratulate the Associates on making such splendid efforts.

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, December 16

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration to a well-known Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to Ann Hannay, G.C.S. 5898. Hon. Mention: Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356; Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Jessie Wilkes, G.C.S. 4291. Hon. Mention: Jill Maunsell, G.C.S. 5693; Marjorie Griffiths, G.C.S. 5884.

Needlework Competition.—A Novelty. Prize 10s. Awarded to Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Pencil Sketch. Prize 10s. Divided between Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242, and Nora Reed, M.C.S. 3211. Hon. Mention: Patricia Hepburn, M.C.S. 3261.

Literature Competition.—"Goodbye to 1931." Prize 10s. Awarded to Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126. Hon. Mention: Olive Dwyer, M.C.S. 3150; Jean E. G. Fletcher, M.C.S. 3319.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—"A View From a Window." Prize 5s. Awarded to Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422. Hon. Mention: Michaela Danckwerts, A.C.S. 1441.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Clare Ackroyd, A.C.S. 1190. Hon. Mention: Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433.

Award of Prizes, January 1

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Portrait. Prize 10s. Awarded to May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523. Hon. Mention: N. Hopwood, G.C.S. 5733. W. J. Austin, G.C.S. 5886.

Literature Competition.—A Sonnet on the New Year. Prize 10s. Awarded to Vera Hollingworth, G.C.S. 5867. Hon. Mention: Catherine Baldwin, G.C.S. 5191; Jessie Wilkes, G.C.S. 4291.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary Champion, G.C.S. 4772. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration to a Fairy Tale. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. Cedric Rogers, M.C.S. 3318. Hon. Mention: Dorothy Guillaume, M.C.S. 3228; Iris Minshull, M.C.S. 3321.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Stella Bull, M.C.S. 3302, and Joan Hibbit, M.C.S. 3132. Hon. Mention: A. Janes, M.C.S. 2859.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Veronica Price Harris, A.C.S. 1281. Hon. Mention: Daisy Higgins, A.C.S. 1197.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Awarded to Ursula Scott Morris, A.C.S. Hon. Mention: Dinah Ginsburg, A.C.S. 1515.

Future Competitions

March—April

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competition.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. A Landscape Study. No. II. Closing date, April 4th. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, April 18th. A Portrait Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, April 4th. Review a Recent Book. No. III. Closing date, April 18th. A Lyric.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, April 4th. Anything Embroidered. No. III. Closing date April 18th. A Traycloth.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. A Design for a Cretonne. No. II. Closing date, April 4th. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, April 18th. A Design for a Poster Advertising Soap.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. A Lyric. No. II. Closing date, April 4th. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, April 18th. A Short Story.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, April 18th. Do-As-You-Like in Wool.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. A Pencil Sketch of a Jug and Tumbler. No. II. Closing date, April 4th. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, April 18th. A Design for a Wallpaper.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, April 4th. A Paper on 'Planning A Holiday.' No. III. Closing date, April 18th. A Short Story.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. Closing date, April 18th. Do-As-You-Like.

Open to All: Age taken Specially into Account

Snapshot Competition.—First prize 10s. Second prize, 5s. Closing date, April 4th. Any Outdoor Scene.

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.

and Competition Circles

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

Conducted by
"LEVANA"

NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS

(December 16th)

Olwen Lawton.—Sound and fresh in outlook, but weak composition, particularly towards the end, robs this interesting argument of much of its force.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The foreground figures are out of scale; too big. The main group is attractive in design, but the children are a bit doll-like. Colour charming. The story is clever and bright but the plot too obvious.

Norman Bunker.—The latter half is good, well expressed and interesting. The first part insists too much on the interpretation of the word, which after all is a contraction, meaning something other than "Farewell," originally.

Jessie Wilkes.—A delicious little fantasy, which would gain greatly if its tendency to caustic comment were emphasised. Better to err in that direction than in the sentimental one, especially for the modern market.

Florence Cook.—A happy analogy, which should be better worked up. The end is too abrupt. Otherwise, very well done.

Douglas Burton.—This arouses the interest but fails to satisfy it. A statement of the vision is not sufficient. Some further significance must be suggested if the reader's attention is to be held.

May W. Harrison.—Well designed, but the method lacks style and so fails as an illustration to such a type of poem. An accurate transcript from Nature is not required. It is her spirit which must be distilled—in pictorial terms.

Irene McCoy.—Impressive by reason of its sincerity, but the end, well done as it is, must be linked up with the rest of the plot. In effect, it is now almost a detached event.

Clare Ackroyd.—The yarn is a good deal too involved. Also it is a pity to model your detail on the cheaper types of crime fiction. This sort of story can be as fine and individual as any other if sufficient effort is made to avoid mechanical effects.

Marjorie Griffiths.—Feeling and imagination excellent, but the treatment is too realistic, and the use of body colour in this fashion destroys the transparent charm of the medium. The lighting of the landscape is very arbitrary with this STORY. Your interesting town would be bathed in sunset glow.

Daisy Higgins.—The character of the tree has been well seized, but accents are too equal throughout, and thus a good composition loses interest. Emphasise chief points in a sketch of this type, and treat the rest as subsidiary.

Michaela Danckwerts.—The background is over-vivid. But the figure shows distinct promise and a strong feeling for design. Facts have now to be mastered, however.

Patricia Hepburn.—Very tenderly and perceptively recorded, and the complicated perspective well managed except in one instance, where vases, etc., seem to be standing upright on a sloping surface!

Florence E. McCoy.—Much of this is told with your usual ability, but as a whole the plot is too thin and drawn out.

Betty Weir.—A bright artistic pencilling, full of character and go. Of course, with the lantern as source of light the effect would be quite different, and anyway it would not emit rays. Still, this is nice, free work.

Doreen Hamby.—A lighter touch would much improve this very interesting paper.

Marjorie Naylor.—A better foreground is demanded. So much unexplained black draws attention from the chief characters, who do not compose very happily either with the landscape or one another. Some first rate work in the other surroundings.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—One of the best things you have done. I don't think there is anything to criticise.

Barbara Booth.—Attractive in method and character admirably seized, but weak anatomically, particularly in the left arm. Back your natural gifts with sound study and you should do very well.

Sybil Stallibrass.—A rather heavier framework would have been advisable, but this is a delightful novelty, and charming in its stitchery.

Dinah Ginsburg.—Another time see that the heaviest part of the design is used to mask the unavoidable join. Otherwise very capably carried out and good artistic promise.

Olive Dwyer.—A most charming little paper. Quite one of your best efforts, so far. Take great care in the choice of words. "Coldness" is at best only a slipshod expression.

Patricia Gorges.—A good attempt at a very difficult thing. "Rode on" suggests movement in a horizontal direction. I think you could find a better expression if you tried again.

Honor Fielding.—The embroidery is very well done, but the plain sewing is not on so good a level. Both, of course, are equally important.

S. Curtis.—A much more subtle treatment is necessary to get away with this plot. I was misled at first, but soon saw the development ahead. An interesting idea worth working at again.

E. Hallis.—A very good idea, but needing rather more careful treatment immediately following the accident, in the beginning. The hospital, etc., would not get into John's mind unless he had a waking interval there. You must arrange for something like this.

W. J. Austin.—The composition would have gained greatly if the main trunks of the trees had kept to a straighter line. Vividly imagined, but rather arbitrary in its light and shade. Still, very interesting.

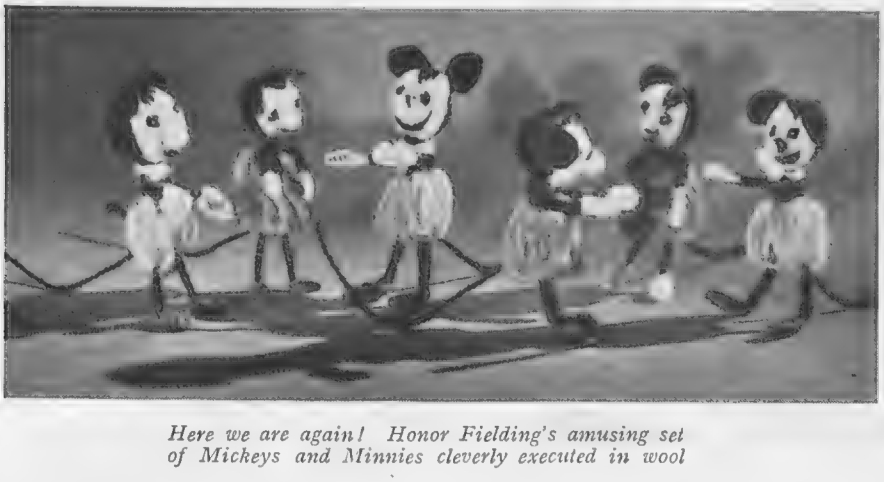
Barbara Stallibrass.—Freshly written but a rather localised view. Personal matters are interesting but they should be related to a background of wider scope, in such a subject.

Maureen Twells.—Your life study has many good points, though it is tight in method and not quite sure of anatomical fact. The legs don't flow on to the body quite naturally, and with such a low horizon one would expect more foreshortening. Quick sketches on a much smaller scale would teach you more in a given time.

Mabel Sanders.—Delightfully dainty and saleable. Your clever fingers have rarely achieved anything prettier.

No Name or Number (Seated figure, back view).—A clever little study badly needing accentuation to relieve its dim greys. Good work, but a softer pencil would have given much more flexibility of outline and tone.

Betty Crowther.—Although the detail is as usual very good, as a whole you have not done the best for your plot. The dénouement wants more incisive treatment.



Here we are again! Honor Fielding's amusing set of Mickeys and Minnies cleverly executed in wool

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIXTH SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post March 15th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best description in not more than 300 words of the moment when an ardent Baconian is supposed suddenly to discover a manuscript of one of the plays in a script similar to the Shakesperian signature.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—March 15

HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVENTH SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post March 29th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best verse in four lines describing an aeroplane overhead gleaming in the sun.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—March 29

Results of 120th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best triolet on "December."

Awarded to G. M. Hudson.

Hon. Mention: "Hannah May," A. M. Waters, Dorothy Swift, Trixie Ford, Catherine Lawrence, May Belben, B. Paul, Rosa Vine, B. Gibbs, H. Hadley, F. Peel, Vivien Jameson, H. M. Hancock, M. Scott Morris, Julia Binfield, F. A. Edinborough.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best collection of schoolboy "howlers." Not more than six to be submitted.

Awarded to "Heather."

Hon. Mention: B. Paul, May W. Harrison, B. Richardson, Doreen M. Hamby, C. Lawrence, May Belben, "J. A. B.," D. Avril, J. H. G. Gibbs, A. M. Waters, Vivien Jameson.

Results of 121st Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best words for a carol.

Awarded to Julia Binfield.

Hon. Mention: "Una," John A. Bellchambers, Rosa Vine, "Heather," Evelyn Heaver, A. M. Waters, F. A. Edinborough, G. M. Hudson, S. Christine Straker, M. E. Young, M. A. Jacob, H. Hadley, Gertrude Pitt, Mabel Asher, G. S. Ryder.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best rhymed dissertation on Christmas pudding. *Awarded to G. S. Ryder.*

Hon. Mention: F. A. Edinborough, Trixie Ford, "G. G.," May W. Harrison, "Heather," H. M. Hancock, G. M. Hudson.

Maternity Wear

SMART AND INEXPENSIVE

Illustrated Price List on request.

A delightful and Practical Dress carried out in all materials, trimmed Ponycloth or reversible satin. From 8½ gns.

Richard Sands & Co.

Dress Show being held March 2nd.

187A–189A, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

When the first spring sunshine tempts you to discard your heavy winter coat and to venture out in your neatly-tailored suit, a sleeveless pull-over knitted in "Beryl" Fine-spun Angora will provide the necessary warmth without bulkiness, and at the same time add a distinctive touch to your ensemble, especially if you choose one of the bright contrasting shades in which "Beryl" is obtainable. "Beryl" Angora is very finely spun, and knits into a light, supple fabric deliciously soft to the touch. No other Angora knits up in just the same way, and it washes splendidly. Instructions for knitting a pull-over from 3 ozs. of "Beryl" are given in "Helps to Knitters" Booklet No. 294, price 2d. post free, together with free samples of wool, from Dept. 53, Patons and Baldwins Ltd., Alloa, Scotland, or Halifax, England.

BERYL

Fine Spun Angora Yarn

A FURIDA (regd.) Product

100% BRITISH MANUFACTURE

42

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR
A Necessity since 1793!

It was realised 138 years ago that Rowland's Macassar Oil was the perfect hair dressing, because it was something more than just a dressing. The secret is its very close resemblance to the natural oil of the scalp. It gives life to all varieties of hair, keeps it rich and thick and prevents greyness.

Of Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers—3/6, 7/- & 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD., 22, Laystall St., Rosebery Ave., E.C.1.

Big Business (*Continued from page 27*)

were erected in all parts of India, China, Japan and other Asiatic countries.

The influence of the new organisation was immediately felt, not merely in the Far East, but in Europe and in countries as distant as Africa and Australia, but although much success was achieved, and the co-operative arrangement between Shell and the Royal Dutch worked smoothly and effectively, it was apparent that combination of the dual interests was the desirable situation from every standpoint; each company was complementary to the other.

Viscount Bearsted accordingly proposed a complete merger of the interests of the Shell and Royal Dutch Companies, which was accomplished in 1907 by the formation of two new companies to which the assets of both groups were transferred.

From the British point of view, the resulting amalgamation had a great significance. To Holland the possession of oil supplies for national purposes was of far less importance than to Britain, to whom it was of immense value.

Prior to the amalgamation between Shell and the Royal Dutch, the interest of British capital in oil-fields was insignificant. It was confined to Borneo and limited interests in Russia and other countries.

The production of petroleum in British hands probably did not exceed 2 per cent. of the world's production.

The prospects of finding large quantities of oil in British territory were extremely slender, and, in spite of all the developments that have taken place in recent years in all parts of the world, the production in the British Empire is still less than 5 per cent. of the world's production. Apart from India, whose production is practically all absorbed locally, most of it is produced by the Shell Group in Sarawak, Borneo, Egypt and in Trinidad.

The Shell Transport and Trading Company has retained its British identity both in its directorate and in its holding of shares. Of the total authorised capital of £43,000,000, £36,121,361 has been issued to the public, and the vast majority of the shares are held by British subjects in all parts of the world.

An interesting feature of the expansion of Shell was its development—five years after the association with the Royal Dutch Company—in the United States.

The firm's interests in the United States are now represented principally by the Shell Union Oil Corporation, and they are now responsible for one-eighth of the oil production of California, one of the greatest producing States. In 1930 its total production in the United States was 5,500,000 tons, representing nearly 25 per cent. of its total output throughout the world.

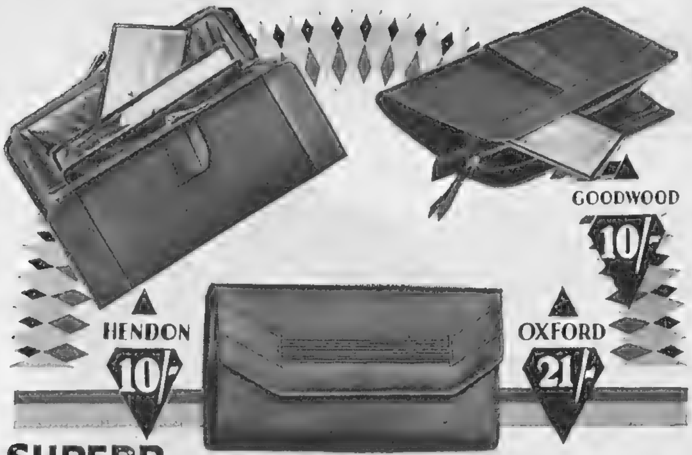
The debonair Lord Bearsted's tens of thousands of employees have placed 130 oil fuel stations at all the main ports of the world. They are situate at both ends of the Suez and Panama Canals. Others have been placed at Cape Verde Islands and the Azores, between Africa and America, and tanks are to be found at all important places in Asia, on the Coast of Africa and South America, in Australia and New Zealand—indeed, in every part of the globe.

An oil-driven steamer leaving the Port of London, and travelling to every part of Europe, through the Mediterranean to India, China, Japan, the Philippines, Java, Australia, New Zealand, the West Coast of America, through the Panama Canal to New York and thence back to London can find one of the company's tanks at every port of call.

All this from the Victorian popularity of the first shell-laden trinket that the modern maiden would consider too horribly vulgar even to look at!

But she pays tribute to the business of the Samuels, just the same, when she drives her car. . . .

END



SUPERB IN QUALITY & DESIGN

Shillacraft Handbags are of British material and manufacture, and clearly demonstrate the superiority of British bags over all others.

"HENDON" A particularly smart, useful pochette in best Morocco Leather. This bag, made with strong British Frame, is art silk lined throughout, with divided centre division. Fitted with large mirror in pocket and expanding handle at back. Size 10" x 6½" **Price 10/-**

OXFORD" Best Morocco Underarm bag with new overhanging Morocco gussets to prevent contents slipping out. Lined best art moiré. Strong British frame, divided centre pocket, large mirror on ribbon. Flap decorated with uncrushable cording. Expanding strap handle at back. Round base made in a soft finish. Size 10½" x 6¾". **Price 21/-**

"GOODWOOD" An attractively designed pochette in best Morocco. British Lightning Zip Fastener, art silk lining throughout. This model is made with two useful outside pockets and is fitted with a framed purse and large mirror. The "GOODWOOD" has a thumb strap on front and a neat yoke decoration. Size 10" x 6½". **Price 10/-**

Stocked Everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining we will send you name of nearest stockist of "Shillacraft" bags. Write—

"HANDBAGS OF DISTINCTION"

Shillacraft

FOR THOSE WHO LOVE NICE THINGS

This Seal is your Guarantee.

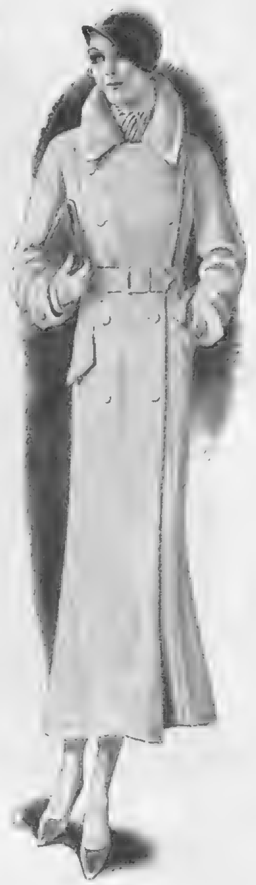
W. SHILLAKER & CO., LTD., 8-10 Half Moon Passage, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1.

STUDINGTON

CAMEL COATS

AT

FEBRUARY PRICES



RAIN, HAIL, WIND, snow and sunlight—England's pretty regular mixed grill. And we get it whether we want it or no.

The Studington Camel Coat cares naught for such things. Superbly light, soft and comfortable, it carries a woman through thick and thin amicably.

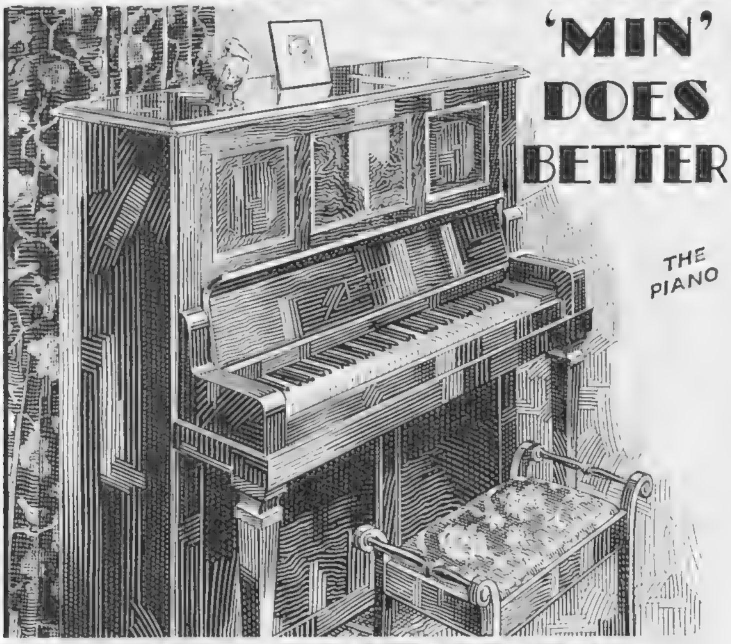
5 to 8 Guineas.

Patterns and catalogue on request. But why not try one on?

Agents in most towns or direct from

STUDD & MILLINGTON
LTD.
67-69, Chancery Lane, Holborn, W.C.
51, Conduit Street, Bond Street, W.

ANOTHER JOB THAT 'MIN' DOES BETTER



MIN

THE HALF MINUTE POLISH

will quickly give a wonderful brightness to your Piano. A little 'Min'—a quick rub—it's a matter of about half a minute to obtain this beautiful finish. Also excellent for white enamel Paint and Glazed Tiles. Try it, you'll agree that it is truly called the half MINute polish.

Tins 6d. and 1/-

If your dealer does not stock, please write to **CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., Chiswick, W.4**

Warded off influenza

"LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over. On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone."—A. R. C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing . . . going . . . gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your nearest chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

MADE IN ENGLAND
MUSTEROLE
BRAND
MUSTARD OINTMENT

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

Catalogues on Application.

Phone: Regent 0189.

WOODROW LTD

46, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

By Appointment.

Woodrow Hat

AGENTS FOR DEXTER COATS

Woodrow's Heavy Silk Scarves, in lovely mixed colours, from 12/6

Ladies' own Hats reblocked or remade and trimmed at moderate charges.

A selection of Hats by Post on receipt of London Trade Reference or an amount on deposit.

Woodrow Hat

B. & E. **"The Tor." Ideal Sports Hat,** in stitched tweed, serviceable and smart, brim caught up at side back, with dainty natural feather mount **32/6**

This hat can be supplied in all sizes and a variety of tweeds.

Ladies' own material can be used, ½ yard required, price for making, **21/-.**

B. & E. **"The Elaine." Becoming Hat** for smart Matron, in hand-made ciré coarse plait in chestnut brown, trimmed with laced felt leaves, in beautiful contrasting colours **42/-**

This hat can be supplied in any size or colour to order in 4 days.

Use Larola—Beauty's Protector

Beautiful women will tell you that beauty depends upon a clear skin and a fresh complexion . . . they have made the bloom of youth their captive—with Larola. Keep *your* face, arms and hands snow white and smooth, your cheeks aglow with radiant loveliness. Even when winter winds blow their worst Larola affords complete protection from all forms of skin soreness. Get a bottle to-day and use it every morning.

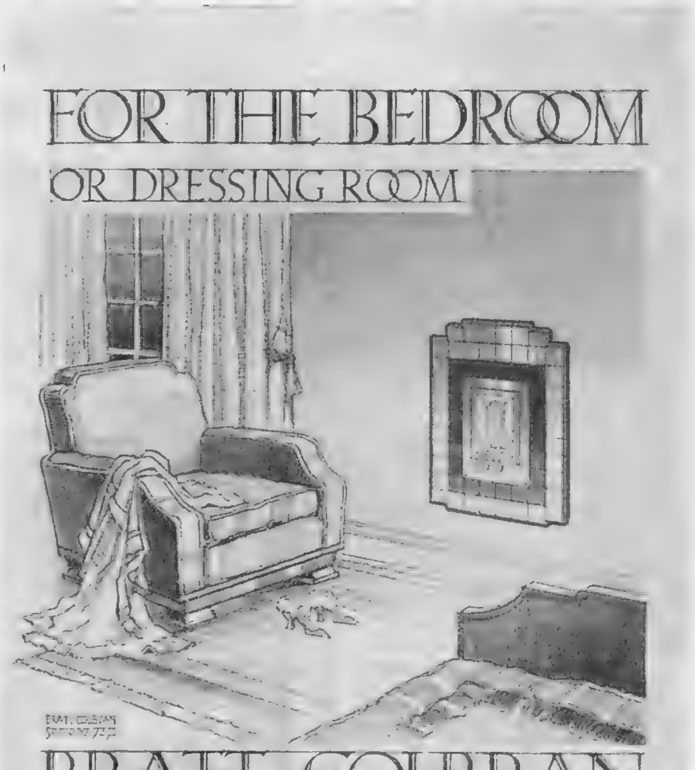
BEETHAM'S

Larola

1/6 and 2/6 a bottle.

From all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from:

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

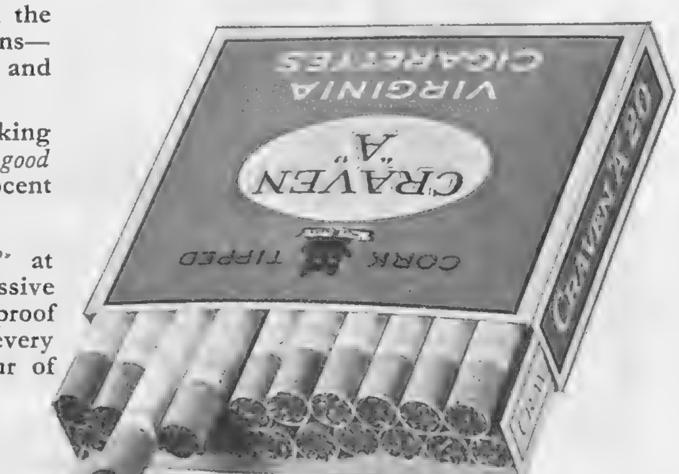


WHY do so many people in all walks of life write *voluntarily* in praise of CRAVEN " A "? (we have their letters for anyone to see). Why do smokers remain loyal to CRAVEN " A ", year after year, preferring them to all others? If you could visit Arcadia Works, the most Hygienic Cigarette Factory in the World, you would find conclusive answers to these questions—in the care, patience and watchfulness of Carreras' methods and ideals.

Carreras test *and adopt* every advance of science for making Cigarettes purer and finer. Craven " A " are unvaryingly *good* Cigarettes made from pure, mature Virginia Tobacco, innocent of adulteration of any kind.

The perfect condition of Craven " A " at packing time is protected against excessive dryness or dampness by the moisture-proof " CELLOPHANE " wrapping around every packet. Mark well the tone and flavour of these FRESH Cigarettes.

Wherever an Englishman travels—whatever his pursuits—there you will find Craven "A".



Arcadia Works set the highest standard in both precept and practice of Cigarette making.

CRAVEN "A"

Ten for sixpence - Twenty for one shilling

• MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS •

Give your Home this bright touch

Mansion Polish will quickly give a cheery touch of brightness to every room in the house. So easy to use, this highly concentrated wax polish gives a brilliant finish to Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum.

MANSION POLISH

In Tins 6d., 10½d., and 1/9

Large Household Tin containing 2 lbs net 3/-

FOR DARK WOODS USE DARK MANSION

In Convalescence

When the digestive powers are weak or impaired the 'Allenburys' Diet is pre-eminently suitable as a basis of feeding. It replaces with advantage milk and milk dishes commonly employed in sickness and convalescence. Made from selected whole wheat and fresh creamy milk with added Vitamin D, it is just what you require.

In tins at 2/1, 4/- and 7/6 of all Chemists

'The Allenburys' DIET

EASY TO MAKE PLEASANT TO TAKE

Send 3d. in stamps for ¼ lb. trial sample of the 'Allenburys' Diet.

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.,

37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

Are you a CONNOISSEUR-COLLECTOR?

Unusual Treasures Unusually Inexpensive

That treasure you have sought for years—to complete your collection—always, so far, elusive—you may find it at our Showrooms.

There, in three spacious floors, are displayed rare works of old masters, charming because of age, beauty and rarety. Each is a bargain—each keenly wanted by someone. They are inexpensive because we are at Peckham, not in the West End. Look round once and you will visit us often.

You will not be asked to buy. Everything priced in plain figures. To the connoisseur there is no more pleasant way of spending a day.

Near trams. Electric trains to Peckham Rye station.

AUSTIN'S

9—23 PECKHAM RYE

LONDON S.E. 15

TELEPHONE NEW X 3163

Buses Nos. 37, 63, 78, 82, 112, 121, 621, 12 pass the door.

FOR BARGAINS THAT CANNOT BE BEATEN GET OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

Beauty is Priceless

but young and old can obtain it by using Dr. Dys's preparations.

FOR over 50 years smart Parisiennes have used Dr. Dys's wonderful products to retain their youthful appearance. **DR. DYS'S SACHETS** and **CREAMS** form the basis of a simple but effective beauty treatment which can be carried out in your own home with great success.

Send for Price List and Brochure "Plus que Belle," which will be sent post free on application to the sole agent

ROBERT SERVENTI, 23/25 MADDOX ST., W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 5854.

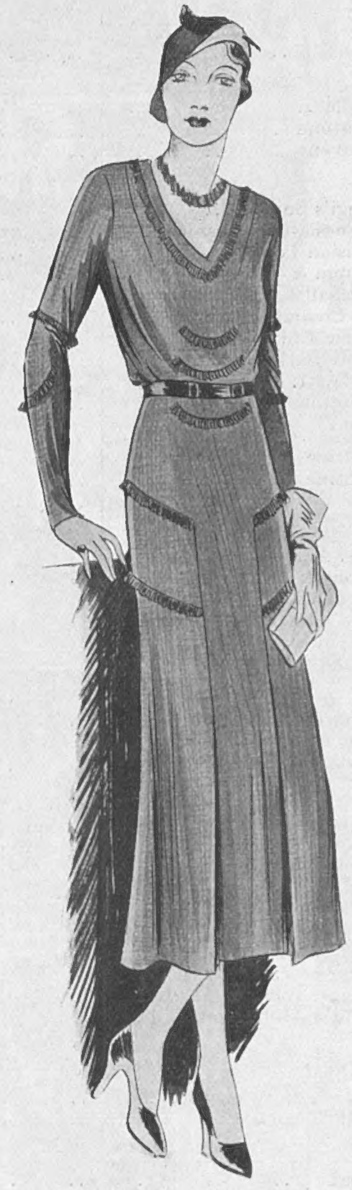
Obtainable from all leading Hairdressers and Stores or direct from the Sole Agent

Woollands

Exclusive NOT Expensive

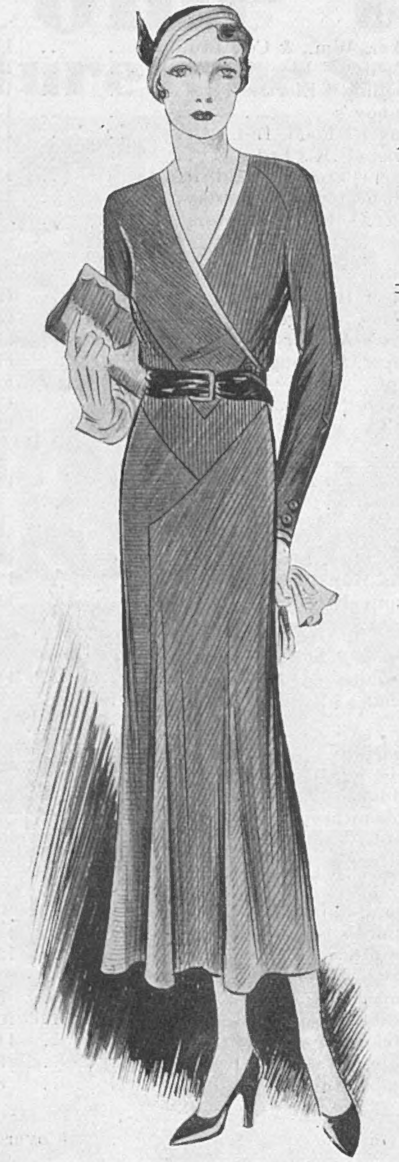
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

Court Dressmakers and Ladies' Tailors



Day Frock woven in wool, with an attractive trimming of self material, and patent leather belt to match. In a large range of new colors including black.

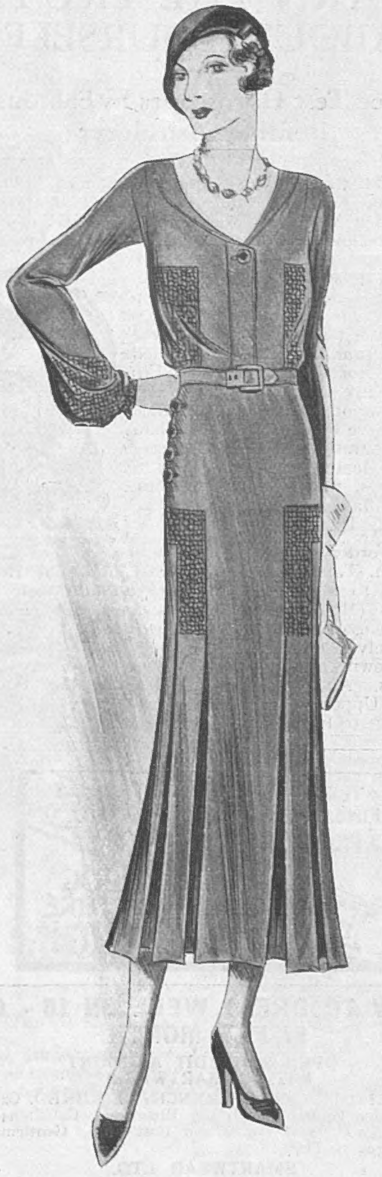
Price 98/6



Morning Gown in novelty woollen material. Patent leather belt to match, and piping of white at neck. Beautifully tailored in several new colors. Also Black.

Price 6 Gns.

All three frocks can be sent on approval.



☞

Tailor-made Day Frock for Town wear, in new season's woollen material with insertions of drawn thread embroidery in self material, making an attractive trimming to the skirt. Black and several lovely colors.

Price $10\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.

WOOLLAND BROS. LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE S.W.1. Phone: Sloane 4545

The
'All-Purpose' Wagon
Regd. Design 768351.

When the flaps are down, flanges prevent china and glass from slipping off. Made in two heights: ordinary table height, 2 ft. 7 in. high; lounge table height, 2 ft. 1 in. high, suitable for serving tea from a lounge chair or settee.

When opened as a Table the flanges fit into grooves in the top leaving a smooth surface, 2 ft. by 3 ft.

Prices, either height, mounted on rubber castors:
Oak - - - £2 5 0
Mahogany - - £3 3 0
Figured Walnut - £4 10 0
If with baize-lined drawer 15/- extra
Carriage on Country Orders, 2/6 extra. Carriage to Scotland and North of Ireland, 5/- extra.

Write for our Booklet, "The Charm of Style."

WM.
SPRIGGS
& Co., Ltd.
Complete House Furnishers
238, TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1

LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELF

Free Test Horoscopes by Famous Bombay Astrologer

Hundreds who have tested the skill of "Pundit Tabore," famous psychic, proclaim him the modern wizard of Astrology. GEORGE MACKEY of New York believes that the Bombay expert must possess some sort of second-sight. Applying the ancient science to useful purposes, Tabore has built up an enviable reputation. The accuracy of his predictions and the sound, practical advice contained in his Horoscopes have served to win many new adherents to Astrology and to place the science in a more elevated position than it has heretofore held. His Horoscopes deal with such subjects as Business, Speculation, Finances, Love affairs, Matrimony, Travels, Friends, Enemies, etc.

REGD. TRADE MARK

In order to popularise his system, Tabore is sending FREE Partial Horoscopes to all who write and send him their full names (Mr., Mrs. or Miss), address, date, month and year of birth, all **clearly written** or printed by themselves in block letters, together with 6d. (of their own country) to pay postage and misc. expenses. Address: "PUNDIT TABORE," (Dept. 603), Upper Forjett St., Bombay VII, India. Postage to India is 1½d.

THE FINEST TONIC & PICK-ME-UP
BENBOW'S
DOG MIXTURE
In Bottles, from 2/6
2, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, LONDON, E.C.1

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON 10/- OR £1 PER MONTH.
OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH "SMARTWEAR."

NO DEPOSIT. NO REFERENCES REQUIRED. Call or Write for Ladies' Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue to Dept. A.10. Sent Gratis and Post Free. Gentlemen's Catalogue to Dept. C.75,
SMARTWEAR LTD.,
263-271, Regent Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1.

Index to Advertisers

MARCH, 1932.

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, Britannia & Eve, 346 Strand, W.C.2.

Page

A
Allenburys Diet .. 134
Aluminium Castings Co. .. Cover ii
Anzora .. 127
Arden, Elizabeth .. 109
Aristoc Stockings .. 105
"Atora" Suet .. 111
Austin Motor Co., Ltd. .. 95
Austin's .. 134

B
Baker, Wm., & Co., Ltd. .. 116
"Belling" Electric Cookers .. 108
"Belling" Electric Fires .. 127
Benbow's .. 136
Benger's Food, Ltd. .. 114
Berlei (U.K.) Ltd. .. 3
Beryl (Patons & Baldwins, Ltd.) .. 130
"Bisurated" Magnesia .. 124
Bratt Colbran Radiators .. 132

C
Cadbury's Cup Chocolate .. Cover iv
Cancer Hospital, The .. 127
Celebes Storage Co., Ltd. .. 110
Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton .. 116
Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd. 116
Corot .. 1, 92, 126
Craven "A" .. 133
Cyclax .. 113

D
Debenham & Freebody .. 117
Dunlop .. 81

E
Electrolux, Ltd. .. 120
Elma Home Hair Waver, The .. 124
Empire Big Tree Burgundy .. 110

F
Field's "Nell Gwynn" Solid Dyed Candles .. 112
Forhan's .. 98

G
Genasprin .. 122
Gibbs Dentifrice .. 94
Goddard's Plate Powder .. 116
Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company, Ltd., The .. 109
Gorringes .. 83

H
Haig, John, & Co., Ltd. .. 106
Halford's Curry Powder .. 120
Hamptons .. 123
Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd. .. 3
Henry Heath, Ltd. .. 91
Horlick's Malted Milk .. 103
Hotel de Londres, Antwerp .. 114
Houbigant .. 89
Humber Ltd. .. 84

I
Icilma .. Cover ii

Page

K
Kotex .. 122

L
Larola .. 132
Lashtone .. 126
Linovent .. 124

M
Maggi's Soups .. 114
Magnesia-Oil (Musterole Brand) .. 120
Mansion Polish .. 134
Mappin & Webb, Ltd. .. 85
Marshall & Snelgrove .. 125
Min Cream .. 131
Moirée Ltd. .. 118
Monte Carlo .. 123
Morley, I. & R. .. 101
Musterole .. 131

O
Ovaltine .. 4
Ovaltine Rusks .. 86
Oxo .. 90

P
Paris Academy of Dressmaking .. 120
Patons & Baldwins, Ltd. .. 130
Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes .. 121
Pond's Extract Co. .. 93
Pressed Steel Co. .. 115
"Pundit Tabore" .. 136

R
Richardson, Lt.-Col. .. 124
Riley Cars .. 119
Rowland's Macassar Oil .. 130

S
Sands, Richard, & Co. .. 130
Serventi, R. .. 134
Shackleton, Mrs. .. 120
Shell .. 87
Shelley China .. 126
"Shillacraft" .. 131
Smartwear, Ltd. .. 136
Spain .. Cover iii
Spriggs, Wm., & Co., Ltd. .. 136
Studd & Millington, Ltd. .. 131

T
"Tengol" .. Cover ii
Treasure Cot Co., Ltd. .. 112
Twilfit Corsets .. 100

V
Vapex .. 118
Vauxhall Cadet .. 99
Vi-Spring Mattress .. 121
Vita-Weat .. 107

W
Woodrow, Ltd. .. 132
Woolland's .. 135
Wright's Coal Tar Soap .. 82

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Britannia & Eve

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To The Publisher of
BRITANNIA & EVE,
346, Strand, London,
W.C.2

Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE Monthly for.............. .....months commencing with the........................issue, for which I enclose ....

Name ....

Address ....

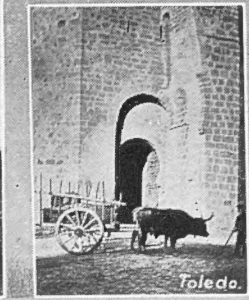
Date...1932

Printed by W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397 P. L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d.; and for Canada 14s. per annum; 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

Salamanca.

Seville.

Segovia.


Toledo.

Seville.

Come to picturesque Spain

Alicante.

Alicante.

Murcia.

Segovia.

Segovia.

Toledo.

Avila.

Avila.

Pontevedra.

Guadix.

Seville.

Seville.

Seville.

Asturias.

Toledo.

Seville.

Seville.

Toledo.

Aragón.

Aragón.

Aragón.

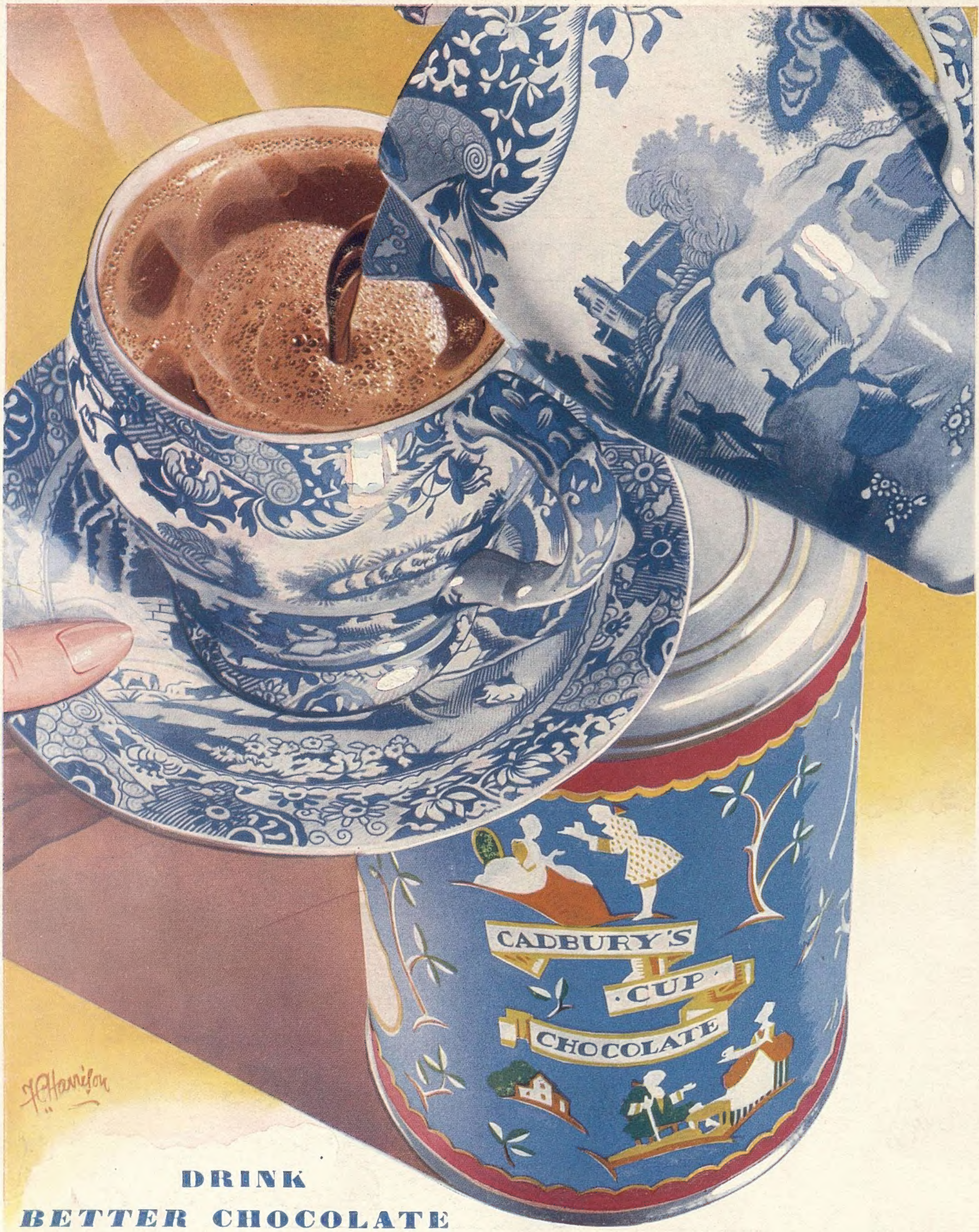
Galicia.

Galicia.

Where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

Comfort unexcelled by any other country in the world, and at a minimum price. Spain being an essentially inexpensive country.

● For full information: PARIS, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; ROMA, 9, Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR, 63-67, Main Street; NEW-YORK, 695, Fifth Avenue; BUENOS AIRES, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158. At London and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, American Express, Dean & Dawson, Compagnia Italiana Turismo or any other Travel Agency.



DRINK BETTER CHOCOLATE

Never was chocolate so rich and well-favoured brewed so simply as Cadburys 'Cup' Chocolate. How quickly the soft flakes dissolve! How luscious is the beverage that greets you—how full of the true chocolate flavour!

In ½-lb. and 1-lb. tins, 9½d. and 1/6

Special Cup Chocolate Services, in the famous Spode's Blue Italian Ware (as illustrated), can be obtained from all China Stores